

THE SONG LORE
OF IRELAND



REDFERN MASON

Julian Hudson
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THE SONG LORE OF IRELAND

THE
SONG LORE OF
IRELAND

*Erin's Story in Music and
Verse*

BY
REDFERN MASON



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To My Mother

FOREWORD

ERIN's bardic poems, ballads and folk-songs carry her story back to the Christian dawn and even earlier. They are history with the added charm of a personal note, a thrill of actuality, not to be found in annals and chronicles. They sing the hopes and fears of the people in epic moments of their national life. When we read the story of Clontarf, we sympathize in a far-off way with the issues there decided. But who among us feels the loss of Brian as did his friend Mac Liag, the poet? He wrote of the dead monarch, as an aide de camp might have written of Washington, as Rudyard Kipling has written of Lord Roberts. This poetic narrative of battles fought and won is a golden commentary extending throughout the whole course of Irish history. In many cases the poets were participants of the scenes they described; for it was the bard's duty to accompany his prince on the field of battle and incite him to deeds of valor. The songs about Hugh O'Donnell and Patrick Sarsfield were sung by men whose fortunes were bound up with those of their leaders. Music was made to serve the selfsame end, and the twofold tradition is as vivid as it is intimate. This tradition enables us to appreciate the true inwardness of Irish history in a way that the tomes of the annalist utterly fail to do.

From the cradle to the grave the Irishman's life is set to music. It begins with the lullabies of infancy; keening ends it, when the spirit leaves the body. Work has its songs as well as play; there are love-songs and dances, and never are the songs so beautiful as when the lover is poet. Devotion turns to song instinctively; so do joy and sorrow, longing and despair. Nothing so great, nothing so small but the Irishman may put it into verse and enrich it with melody.

In telling this story the attempt is made to place in relief everything that throws light on the character of the Gael—his manner of life, his ideals, his attitude toward the supernatural. The spirit in which the task is undertaken is frankly Irish. No writer taking the traditional English view of dominant races and subject peoples could do it justice. For ages England has tried to make Ireland English—English in custom, English in speech, English in religion. The experiment has lasted seven centuries; yet the Irish are almost as Gaelic to-day as ever. More than that, they have made Irishmen of the invaders themselves. Norman barons, Elizabethan adventurers, Stuart "Undertakers," Cromwellian Ironsides, all have come under the spell. If it had not been for difference in religion, Ireland would have presented a united front to England, and Erin's right to govern herself could not have been withheld. When, therefore, reference is made to persecution, the intention is not to establish invidious distinctions, but to draw attention to the alien spirit of English rule.

It was the words of an Irish servant girl that set the writer thinking on this subject. He was a boy then. It was the time of disturbances and coercion acts. He asked the girl what it was the Irish people wanted. "They want to be free," she answered. Every English lad is brought up to believe that England is the home of liberty and that, where the Union Jack flies, slavery cannot exist. Yet here was an Irish girl, palpably sincere, who said Ireland was not free. Her words lay in the writer's heart, germinated and bore fruit in the belief in Ireland for the Irish. There is nothing in this attitude of mind disloyal to England's best self; for true love of fatherland cannot rest on the slavery of others.

The more the songs of Ireland are understood—the story they tell, the conditions which gave them birth, the nature of Gaelic music and the manner of its preservation—the better the Irish genius will be appreciated, and from appreciation springs sympathy, which is the mother of helpful kindness.

The plan of the work is simple. In the opening chapter it is shown how music and song formed an organic part of the most ancient Irish civilization—a civilization which long antedates the Anglo-Norman invasion of the twelfth century. It is then explained how this tradition was kept alive through long ages by the bards, minstrels and harpers. Chapter three dwells on the extraordinary fact of the preservation of Irish music independent of any written record. The nature of Irish music is the theme of chapter four, and a description follows of the part played by

song in the daily life of the people. Fairy mythology and spirit lore and the tales of the Red Branch and the Fianna lead naturally to a discussion of the more strictly historic aspect of Irish song. The last four chapters are practically a history in verse and melody of the struggle of the Irish with the stranger from the field of Clontarf to the "Dawning of the Day" of relative freedom.

The writer's thanks are due to Dr. Patrick W. Joyce and Dr. Douglas Hyde for their kindly interest and the permission to use musical and poetic examples. Obligation to Dr. George Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and Gall," to the poems of Mr. Arthur Perceval Graves and Mr. William Butler Yeats is also gladly acknowledged.

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The Song Lore of Ireland

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS

MUSIC and poetry were the means by which the ancient inhabitants of Ireland gave expression to their deepest feelings and reached out toward things beyond the world of sense. Together they form a tradition—a tradition still vital and operative, through which we touch hands with the poets and musicians of a past that antedates the Christian era. The golden chain of music-makers unites us with the harpers who sat in their appointed places on the hill of Tara and, with their music, “softened the pillow” of Cormac Mac Art, high-king of Erin. That was in the first century after Christ. Bards and minstrels taught their craft to younger men and the successors of Cormac’s servitors knelt before St. Patrick, when he came on his apostolic mission. “Never,” one of them exclaimed, “never again shall my harp sing the praises of any God save Patrick’s God.” And from that time forward they accompanied the saint on his missionary journeys. Bard and minstrel led the rejoicings over the defeat of the Danes at Clontarf, and mourned the death of Brian and Murcad. The songs of Erin were carried into the Holy Land by Irish harpers; minstrel heroes penetrated into the camp of the Anglo-Norman invaders and emulated

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the deeds of Saxon Alfred. They sang Erin's songs in hall and cottage, in defiance of Tudor kings, fanning the flame of patriotism with tales of dead heroes and old-time battle fields. Poets and musicians, themselves proscribed, grieved for exiled Tyrone and Tirconnel; they sang the dirge of Owen Roe O'Neill. They mourned the ire of Cromwell, and women and children murdered in hundreds about the cross of Drogheda. With a loyalty as devoted as it was misplaced, they upheld the cause of the dissembling Stuarts. In happier moments, all too few, they exulted with Patrick Sarsfield; they sang the praises of the Rapparees; they gloried in the charge of Clare's men at Fontenoy. In the Penal Days they were partners in danger and martyrdom with Ireland's priests, hunted like beasts of prey, with no place to lay their heads. Never in the long night of seven centuries of foreign oppression have these men ceased to proclaim the cause of Irish nationality. Languishing in prison, done to death as traitors, they were still true to their cause. From the coming of Strongbow to "Ninety-Eight," from "Ninety-Eight" to our own day, the poets of Ireland have sung to authentic Irish strains an Erin by right free and independent, in chains truly, but with soul unfettered, irreconcilable to any ideal save that of Ireland for the Irish, "from the center to the sea."

Irish song is the expression of the Celtic genius in music and verse, in everyday life and in history. Understood aright, it will turn foreign contempt of Erin to foolishness and expose to scorn the false

shame of a few unworthy Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen when Erin and the things of Erin are spoken of. John of Salisbury tells us that in the Crusade headed by Godfrey of Bouillon the concert of Christendom would have been mute had it not been for the Irish harp. Gerald Barry, the Welsh monk and historian, hater of the Irish though he was, declares that Erin's harpers surpass all others. That was in the twelfth century. Ireland's musical skill had won her fame long ages before that, however. When the wife of Pepin of France wanted choristers for her new abbey of Nivelles, it was not to Italy, to Germany, or to England that she sent, but to Ireland. That was in the seventh century. In Elizabethan days the songs of Ireland won praise even from her enemy and traducer, Edmund Spenser. Shakespearean enigmas, long insoluble, become plain in the light of the poet's acquaintance with Celtic lore. Bacon of Verulam declared that of all instruments the Irish harp had the sweetest note and the most prolonged. Irish airs found their way into the virginal books of Tudor and Jacobean days. Byrde and Purcell wrote variations on Irish tunes. As in peace, so it was in war. England's battles have been fought and won to Irish music. The United States won its freedom to the strains of "All the Way to Galway," known all over the world as "Yankee Doodle," and, while the English marched out of Yorktown, the pipes squealed the tune of "The World Turned Upside Down." Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Berlioz all confess the beauty of Irish melody.

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People have not always acted, however, as though they were aware of these facts. Only a generation has gone by since a professor of Trinity College had the courage of his ignorance to declare that, prior to the coming of the Normans and Saxons, Ireland had no culture worthy of a civilized race. The maker of that observation focussed in one small identity the ignorance and prejudice which, for centuries past, have made English people incapable of understanding the Irish character. At the very time that this official know-nothing was airing his folly the patient labors of Irish archaeologists were bringing to light treasure of Irish art and literature which to-day fills the scholars of the world with delight and amazement. It is as though a new planet had swum into the firmament of knowledge.

The great pathbreaker of scientific Celticism was Eugene O'Curry. There is in the ability of this remarkable man to extract from ancient manuscript the spirit of the Gaelic past something seer-like and druidic. His work is an evocation of centuries long imagined dead, but, in reality, only sleeping, like the princess in the fairy-tale, until a lover's kiss should awaken them. O'Curry dissipates the night of misconception, amplifies the mental horizon of humanity, and re-creates the ancient Celtic world.

What O'Curry did for Celticism in its literary aspect, George Petrie achieved in the domain of music. The work of these men and of scholars like Dr. Douglas Hyde, the Joyces, Dr. Sigerson, and their coadjutors enables us to take a view of Erin in what

may be termed her lyric aspect; to see her when, moved by joy or grief, she seeks solace in song. Then the Irish folk is its own historian. The songs of the people are free from guile or pretense or the bias of the professional historian; they tell what is in the singer's heart, its loves and its hates, its longings, its aspirations, its ideals. They are the cry of the natural man; the people sing them with the accent they use when they speak to God. Nothing is too great, nothing too small, for these confidences entrusted to poetry and music. The intimate things of family life are in them—the mother to her baby as she croons it to sleep, the lover to his sweetheart, the father by the side of his motherless children. Theirs also is the song of the thrush in the morning; the voice of the plowman urging on his team; the reek of the peat smoke is in them; they echo the hue and cry of hunter and hounds and the music of the waves on the beach. They are Erin's own speech. In days of oppression and secrecy she is Kathaleen na Houlihan, she is Moireen na Cullenan; she is the "Little Black Rose." In later days, when the dawn appears not so hopelessly far off, she is Erin's glorious self and her smile puts new courage into Irish hearts.

Strange words to be penned by an Englishman; yet what Briton would not write them, if Erin were Britannia and Britannia Erin.

The earliest allusions to music in Irish story refer to the harp, or, to give it its ancient Celtic name, the cruit. The harper figures in the most ancient

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tales and the harp is regarded as the primitive instrument. Its origin is the theme of the most ancient legends. O'Curry, in his Gaelic explorings, came across an old story with the title of "The Defense of the Great Bardic Company" in which the unknown author tells how the first harp came to be made. It is the tale of a man and his wife. Cull, the son of Midhuel, is the man, and Canoclach Mhor the woman. Canoclach hated her husband and fled away from him. But he as persistently followed her. Through forest and wilderness she still flew before him and, in her wanderings, she reached the seashore of Camas. As Canoclach walked over the ribbed sand, she came upon the skeleton of a whale and the wind, passing through the sinews of the dead monster, made a murmuring. Listening to this strange music the woman fell asleep, and her husband, who was hard on her trail, came up. He greatly marveled how it was that his wife had fallen asleep and, casting about in his mind for a reason, he decided it must be the sounds made by the wind in the tightly strung sinews of the whale. Then the latent artist in Cull asserted itself. What nature had effected by chance he would do by design. He went into the wood and, taking a limb of a tree, he made it into the framework of a harp. He put strings upon it made from the sinews of the whale, and that is how the first harp came to be made.

This tale of Cull and Canoclach belongs to the same family of stories as the Grecian fable of the lyre. This human nature of ours demands a starting

point from which to set out on the road of inquiry. If history and personal experience have nothing to say the imagination builds up a rainbow-hued might-have-been. The fable of the harp is a fantasy of this kind framed of "such stuff as dreams are made of." It sorts well with the Celtic temper and will serve admirably as a point of departure.

A constant mingling of fact and fancy characterizes these early Celtic tales, and it is oftentimes no easy matter to draw the dividing line between them. A story of the warfare of the Tuatha de Danann and the Fomorians illustrates this difficulty. It also shows that, even where the imagination appears most unbridled, there is apt to be a sub-stratum of truth which it is worth the utmost pains of the investigator to find. This battle is supposed to have taken place about 1800 years before the Christian era. On the one hand were the Tuatha de Danann, the then possessors of Ireland, a mysterious people who are supposed to have migrated from Greece and whom the Celtic imagination endowed with magical powers. On the other hand were the Fomorians, the sea-born people, vikings of an earlier age. That this conflict took place in the remote past and that the Fomorians were defeated with great slaughter is credible tradition. For we must remember that the national self-consciousness of the Irish people has been uninterruptedly Celtic for more than 2000 years. The speech of the Irishman of the twentieth century is in essence the same speech as the Gaelic of his ancestor in the days when the Roman eagle

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saw Erin afar off, but did not adventure near. The laws of pagan Ireland, with comparatively slight revision, persevered until the time of the Stuarts, and their spirit dwells in the heart of the people to this day. So it is with the genius of Gaelic poetry and music. The Irish people were never conquered in the sense that the people of Gaul and Britain were conquered. They never lost their language; their racial characteristics continued vital and aggressive; enemy after enemy was assimilated. Danish sea kings became Irishmen; the Norman settlers in Ireland forgot their native speech and were soon "more Irish than the Irish themselves"; within a hundred years of Oliver's battles, the descendants of Cromwell's Ironsides were talking Gaelic, and as Irish in their way of thinking as though they had been the issue of an unbroken succession of Irish ancestors. This tenacity of racial instinct makes Irish tradition a living link between the Celtic past and the civilizations of to-day. Each successive wave of foreign immigration only served to enrich the main Celtic stream.

Imbedded as it were in the chronicle of deeds of blood, we find details which throw a vivid light on Irish culture. Treasure trove of this kind is found in this ancient battle of the Northern Moytura fought between the Fomorians and the Tuatha de Danann. In addition to the story of the fighting, it gives us a classification of music which was in use among the ancient Irish long before the birth of Christ. An episode in the battle accounts for the introduction of this apparently extrinsic matter.

The Fomorians, in their retreat, carried off the harp of the Tuatha de Danann. This loss was regarded as a serious matter, possibly on account of the value of the instrument, possibly also because of magical virtues attributed to it. The King of the Tuatha de Danann, his Dagda or chief druid, and a champion named Ogma set out to try to get it back again. They found the Fomorians feasting and there, on the wall of the banqueting chamber, hung the harp. But the music was silent within it, for the instrument was spellbound and would not answer to any touch save that of the Dagda. The druid called to the instrument and, leaping down from the wall, it charged through the feasting Fomorians, killing nine unfortunate persons who happened to be in its way. What follows may best be told in O'Curry's translation of the Gaelic original:

It (the harp) came to the Dagda: and he played for them the three feats which give distinction to a harper, namely the Soontree (which, from its deep murmuring, causes sleep): the Gauntree (which from its merriment causes laughter); and the Goltree (which, from its melting plaintiveness, causes tears). He played them the Goltree until their women wept tears; he played them the Gauntree until their women and youths burst into laughter; he played them the Soontree until the entire host fell asleep. It was through that sleep that they (the three champions) escaped from those who were desirous to kill them.

This is not the language of musical savants; it is the language of poetry. But it is admirably descriptive and, even at this day, we can feel its substantial accuracy, due allowance being made for bar-

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dic warmth and the impressionableness of an unsophisticated race. While the classification does not include all the varieties of tune made use of by the Irish at the present day, nevertheless it indicates three kinds of melody which they have always cultivated with singular felicity. The Soontree, or sleepy music, is represented by Erin's lullabies, which are admittedly the most beautiful in the world; the Goltree, or music of sadness, includes the keens and laments; the Gauntree, or mirthful music, embraces the jigs and reels danced on many a village green in happy hours.

If this classification were set forth in a single manuscript only it might seem of comparatively small significance. But it recurs again and again and its manifestations are strikingly various. In one the Preludes of the Cooley Cattle Raid which took place in the first century of the Christian era, and is celebrated in an epic that is to the Irish what the Song of the Nibelungs is to the Germans, an account is given of the origin of these "three feats which give distinction to a harper." The description is obviously an allegory; but it is none the less interesting on that account. The three classes of music are called three brothers. Their mother was Boand, one of the fairy people, from whom the Boyne has its name, and their father was Uaithne, a name of three-fold significance, one meaning being harmony in poetry or music. Here is the pith of the legend, for which also we are indebted to O'Curry:

At the time that the woman (their mother) was in her labor, it was crying and mourning with her in the intensity

of her pains, at the beginning. It was laughing and joy with her in the middle of them at the pleasure of having brought forth two sons. It was repose and tranquillity with her on the birth of the last son, after the weight of the labor: and it was on that account that each one of them was named after a third part of the music. Boand then awoke from the repose. "Accept thou thy three sons, O passionate Uaithne," said she, "in return for thy generosity: namely, crying music, and laughing music, and sleeping music."

Another interpretation of the three names is given in the story of the wooing of Scathach by Finn Mac Cool, foremost of the champions of the Red Branch, that pagan chivalry which has given Erin so many burning names. Scathach and Finn fall in love with each other at first sight. Before she follows her lover to the bridal couch, Scathach asks for the harp.

The household harp was one of three strings.

Methinks it was a pleasant jewel:

A string of iron, a string of noble bronze

And a string of entire silver.

The names of the not heavy strings

Were Suantorrgles: Geantorrgles the great:

Goltarrgles was the other string,

Which sends all men to crying.

If the pure Gollteargles be played

For the heavy hosts of the earth,

The hosts of the world, without delay,

Would all be sent to constant crying.

If the merry Gentorrgles be played,

For the hosts of the earth, without heavy execution

They would all be laughing from it,

From the hour of the one day to the same of the next.

If the free Suantorrgles were played

To the hosts of the wide universe,

The men of the world—great the wonder—

Would fall into a long slumber.

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Here each of the three kinds of music is associated with a particular string. Are we to accept the idea of a three-stringed harp literally? Or were there three different registers, one of strings of iron, another of silver, a third of bronze? It is easy to associate silver with the sweet music of slumber and iron with woe. Nor is it inconceivable that bronze may have the ring of light-heartedness. But unless the strings were stopped by the fingers into different lengths so as to produce different notes, after the manner of the violin, we should only have a single note for each kind of music.

We can only hope that literary or archaeological store as yet unrevealed will give us the key to the mystery. An old sculpture at Ullard, dating back to the ninth century, shows us that in those days the Irish were familiar with the idea of a harp without a forepost, and O'Curry hoped that the bogs—which at once conceal and preserve so much of Ireland's past—will deliver up one of the antique instruments.

Meanwhile these ancient stories of the harp and the makers of music are proof incontestable of the possession by the ancient Irish, centuries before Saxon or Norman set foot in the land, of a musical aesthetic to parallel which we must turn to the ancient Greeks. In the story of Cull and the harp the attitude of the Celt is that of the natural philosopher; he is scientific, rationalist, experimental. In the tale of the Dagda, on the other hand, he looks upon the phenomena of music through the windows of the soul. The harp will give up its secret to none

save the Dagda alone, and he is the possessor of supernatural powers. The realm of the supernatural was not so remote from the ancient Celts as it is from us. Even within the last two hundred years, we find the people attributing the beauty of the music made by certain harpers to a fairy mistress, who dwelt within the instrument and whispered to her lover. In the allegory of Boand and Uaithne, music is given human form, with a fairy woman for mother and harmony incarnate for sire. Melody, the element of music in which the highest creative genius expresses itself, is given a supernatural origin; while harmony, the part of music into which calculation most enters, is credited to man. Music is thus defined as a human art, with an added quality borrowed from the supernatural.

Nor is this idea only to be met with in the poems of learned bards. It finds expression in the term "Fairy music," a phrase coined by the people to describe certain melodies of a haunting subtlety, such as the famous "Song of the Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow." So rich is the folk-lore of this phase of the subject that the songs of faerie and the spirit world will claim treatment apart.

The belief that music is the result of the mingling of the human and the supernatural is the deepest word of the Celts on the philosophy of the art. Perhaps it is the deepest word ever uttered; for what have Grecian subtlety, Roman order, or German transcendentalism said which carries us further?

CHAPTER II

THE BARDS AND MINSTRELS

IF we would enter into the spirit of Irish song our minds must be impressed with a definite image of its makers, what manner of men they were, their training and discipline, the place they filled in public life. Fortunately, on this subject we have authentic information going back many centuries.

The ancient Irish drew a sharp distinction between the bard and the musician. The bard was a poet, learned in the complex metres of Gaelic verse, a composer of panegyrics and elegies, of odes and satires. When, as was often the case, his verses were intended to be sung, he generally entrusted that duty to a vocalist, whom an instrumentalist accompanied upon the harp. The sole occupation of the bard was poetry and it gave ample scope for the play of his gifts. If he was a man of ability and character, swift to catch the drift of public sentiment and give it eloquent expression, his voice would take on almost prophetic ring; he became patriarchal, the counselor and judge of kings. This seer-like aspect of the bardic character has riveted itself on the popular imagination, and time and error have distorted the image into the picturesque but unhistoric harp-player, white-robed and bearded, with which all are familiar. Alas! for sentiment, that druidic wight is pure fantasy and misconceit; he never had a historic original.

Before Dane, Norman and Saxon had begun to break up the primitive Gaelic polity, the bard had a legal status as definite and stable and more honored than the professions of lawyer and doctor to-day. The would-be bard was apprenticed at an early age to an ollave or doctor of the craft and followed a novitiate which varied in length according to the degree of hardship aspired to. The highest bardic rank was that of a File or arch-poet and to graduate to this office asked a dozen years of a man's life. Master and pupil lived together and, under the traditional law of the Brehons or Gaelic judges, the master was bound to teach the student his art without harshness, while the latter had to render his master obedience and help to support him. Not all the novices, however, went through the exacting twelve years' course. Bardic knowledge sufficient to equip the average practitioner of the art was given during the first seven years. As a natural consequence bardship had different degrees. We are told in the Book of Rights that the rights and privileges of the kings "are not known to every prattling bard." "It is not the right of all bards, but the right of a File to know each king and his right." For the File was doctor among poets. Bardic rights and privileges were guarded by the law; the bards had their allotted place at the royal table; it was even specified what part of the roast should fall to their share. They were the friends of kings. Brian Boru used to visit his arch-poet, Mac Liag, and gave him rich presents. The voice of the bard was heard

in the councils of the kingdom; no man was beyond reach of his sharp-toothed satire. So great indeed was their power at one time, and so notorious their abuse of it, that the extinction of the whole bardic order was seriously contemplated. But St. Columba acted as peace-maker; a compromise was arrived at and thereafter the bards were subject to a stricter discipline.

To the primitive bardic age we may probably refer the rann or verse in which are set forth the qualifications of poets. They are to have:

Purity of nature, bright without wounding;
 Purity of mouth without poisonous satire;
 Purity of learning, without reproach;
 Purity of husbandship.

Every great chief had several bards and they ranked according to ability. It was the duty of the ard-file or chief bard to celebrate the deeds of his master and the family, to make birthday odes and compose laments. He accompanied the chieftain into battle; he sang the glories of the clan in the very presence of the enemy; he was the eye-witness of his master's prowess. Such was the bardic estate in the Celtic prime. But the inroads of the Danes and the desolation which they spread over the land weakened the ascendancy of the ancient order. The Norman invasion swept away much of what the Danes had left. Yet so tenacious are the Irish of established tradition and usage, that Camden, the English historian, writing in the last quarter of the sixteenth century,

tells how the chieftains have their brehons, or judges ; their historians, physicians, bards and harpers. The pursuit of these professions was hereditary, one family devoting itself to medicine, another to poetry, a third to music. Each man had land assigned to him for his support.

These professions were taught in Irish colleges, which were so highly considered that kings and princes took a personal interest in them. They were indeed in direct lineal succession with the Irish schools to which, in the seventh and eighth centuries, the young noblemen of Britain and the mainland of Europe had resort, as the home of learning. Even to the last the professors were eminent scholars, and in early days the appointment of the examiners lay with the arch-poet of the king.

Valleys and woodlands remote from the city were chosen sites for the colleges, and no youth from near by was allowed to be a student, for fear lest family and friends should hinder his work. The college itself usually consisted of a long, low group of white-washed buildings, warmly thatched. The interior was monastic in its simplicity. There was a large general meeting hall where the students gathered. Here the chief ollave or doctor would address them and give out a subject for poetic composition ; here too centered the social life of the school. Early in the morning the students assembled and, having heard a discourse and been given a subject to work upon, they breakfasted and retired to their rooms. A bed, a clothes rail, a couple of chairs were all the

furniture. Window there was none; for the ollaves believed the light of day and glimpses of the world without incompatible with the concentration necessary for bardic composition. The student flung himself on the bed and gave his mind to poetic creation. To have a fine idea was not sufficient; it must be expressed in orthodox form. Towards the close of day a servant came round with candles and each student wrote down what he had composed. Supper followed and the evening was spent in social converse.

In the Gaelic prime students were billeted on the people, like soldiers, or maintained by patrons. Even in later days the people from round about would bring provisions and, at the beginning of the school year, the students made presents to the professors.

The old order lingered on till the close of the seventeenth century, though many of the bards were killed during the Cromwellian invasion. It was the war between William of Orange and the Jacobites and the penal laws, however, that brought final destruction on the ancient Gaelic academies. The Williamite code made it a prison offense for any Catholic to teach. That ordinance, rigorously enforced, dealt a death blow to the bardic colleges. They utterly ceased to be and, if it were not for a description in the "Memoirs of Clanrickarde," published in 1720, even the all too meager account here given would be unavailable, though references to the schools are frequent in Gaelic literature for more than a thousand years.

It must not be imagined, however, that the mem-

bers of the individual professions always kept themselves within the strict letter of their calling, or that everyone who made poetry was a bard, or everyone who played or sang a musician. Even in the heyday of Celticism we find the professions coquetting with each other. For example, we are told in the *Book of Lecan* that "When Felin Mac Crifin, monarch of Erin, was in Cashel of the Kings, there came to him the abbot of a church, who took his little eight-stringed harp from his girdle and played sweet music and sang a poem to it." Here we have a churchman who is also both musician and poet. The fact is significant, for we may be sure that, if ecclesiastics played the harp, bards often did the same, though it was no part of their profession. Adamnan, the seventh-century biographer of St. Columba, tells us that the poet Cronan "sang verses after the manner of his art." Here the poet was a musician also.

Passages in poems dating from the thirteenth century onward picture a type of artist who was both poet and musician. Gilla Bride Mac Conmee is a good example. Mac Conmee, who was born in Ulster towards the end of the twelfth century, took service under Donnchadh Cairbre O'Brien, chief of the Dalcassians. His long sojourn in Alba or Scotland earned Mac Conmee the surname of Albanach. O'Brien sent him to try to recover a harp which had fallen into the hands of the Scotch. In this mission, however, Albanach was unsuccessful, and he laments his failure in a poem which the good fortune that

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watches over works of genius has brought down to us. Was Albanach a poet or a musician? That is the question. The manner of the poem calls him a poet: its matter proclaims him a musician. He surely had in him the stuff of which bards are made. Even in O'Curry's literal translation we feel the glow of genius. He asks that the harp may be brought to him until, upon it, he may forget his grief. He wishes for the life of the evergreen yew tree that he may have the keeping of the harp in repair. What is this if not the authentic speech, the idiom, of the musician?

Bring unto me the harp of my king,
 Until upon it I forget my grief—
 A man's grief is soon banished
 By the notes of that sweet-sounding tree.
 He to whom this music-tree belonged
 Was a noble youth of sweetest performance.
 Many an inspired song has he sweetly sung
 To that elegant, sweet-voiced instrument.
 Many a splendid jewel has he bestowed
 From behind this gem-set tree;
 Often has he distributed the spoils of the race of Conn,
 With its graceful curve placed to his shoulder.
 Beloved the hand that struck
 The thin, slender-sided board;
 A tall, brave youth was he who played upon it
 With dexterous hand, with perfect facility.
 Whenever his hand touched
 That home of music in perfection,
 Its prolonged, soft, deep sigh
 Took away from us all our grief.
 When into the hall would come
 The race of Cas of the waving hair,
 A harp with pathetic strings within

Welcomed the comely men of Cashel
 The maiden became known to all men
 Throughout the soft-bordered lands of Banba;
 It is the harp of Dunshann cried everyone—
 The slender, tall and fragrant tree,
 O'Brien's harp! sweet its melody,
 At the head of the banquet of fair Galkran;
 O! how the piper of songs Gaebran called forth
 The swelling tones of the swelling chords.
 No son of a bright Gaedhil shall get
 The harp of O'Brien of the flowing hair;
 No son of a foreigner shall obtain
 The graceful gem-set, fairy instrument!
 Woe! to have thought of sending to buy thee,
 Thou harp of the maidens of fair Limerick—
 Woe! to have thought of sending to purchase thee
 For a rich flock of Erin's sheep.
 Sweet to me is thy melodious voice,
 O maid, that wast once the arch-king's;
 Thy sprightly voice to me is sweet,
 Thou maiden from the Island of Erin.
 If to me were permitted in this Eastern land,
 The life of the evergreen yew tree,
 The noble chief of Brendon's hill,
 His hand-harp I would keep in repair.
 Beloved to me—it is natural to me—
 Are the beautiful woods of Scotland.
 Though strange, I love dearer still
 This tree from the woods of Erin.

Albanach does not stand alone, however. Chance
 has preserved for us some verses written by a poet
 who was confessedly both a singer and a player upon
 the harp. Deonad Mor was his name, Lenox his
 home; and he flourished in the fourteenth or fifteenth
 century. The picture of the poet-musician, worn in
 years, with faltering voice and fingers that no longer
 sweep the strings with their old mastery, is documen-

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tary. It would have fascinated Balzac. Here are two verses of the poem, in Dr. Sigerson's translation:

Grieve for him whose voice is o'er
When once more called to meet with men;
Him whose words come slow as sighs,
Who ever tries and fails again.

Never now he swells the air,
Nor rolls the fair and faultless lay—
Harp he cannot set aside,
Nor wake, when tried, its minstrelsy.

Other examples may be cited. First, in order of time, comes Carrol O'Daly, with whose name tradition has linked that loveliest of melodies, "Eileen Aroon." A hundred years ago it was commonly thought of as "Robin Adair" and, with its added Caledonian lilt, few ever dreamed that it came from Ireland. But when Thomas Moore wrote "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye," the melody was heard once more in Irish form and took its place as the queen of folk song. But the endearing refrain, "Eileen Aroon" ("Eileen, Darling")—has in it an appeal that Moore cannot rival. Moreover, the song has enriched Gaelic with the salutation, "Cead mille Failte," "A hundred thousand welcomes," surely the most hearty welcome in any language. Tradition says the song is the outpouring of O'Daly's passion for Eileen Kavanagh. Kavanagh was a chieftain and the family drove O'Daly out of the country and tricked Eileen into believing her lover untrue. Careless now what became of her, she agreed to marry the

man of her kinsmen's choice and the time was fixed for the celebration of the nuptials. But there came an uninvited guest, none other than O'Daly himself. Nobody recognized him in his harper's disguise, not even Eileen herself, until, taking up his harp, he burst into this devout love song. While he sang "Wilt thou or wilt thou go with me, Eileen Aroon?" she gave him a glance that was answer enough. That night the lovers fled away and were united. It is a legend and it ought to be true.

Rating the evidence at its lowest worth, it shows that people were familiar with the idea of artists who were at once poets, composers and instrumentalists. To modern ears the word minstrel describes him most accurately

As late as the reign of Elizabeth, the makers of verse and its singers were regarded as two different professions. Edmund Spenser says that the Irish have bards who are to them "instead of poets," and adds that their profession is "to set forth the praise or dispraise of men in their poems and rhymes," which compositions, he declares, "are at so high request and estimation amongst them that none dare to displease them for fear of running into reproach beyond their offense and to be made infamous in the mouths of men." What follows closely touches the point at issue—"For," says our author, "their verses are taken up with a general applause and usually sung at feasts and meetings by certain persons whose proper function that is which also receive some great rewards and reputation besides."

Down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the bardic strain continues. Then came the penal laws like a blight, and the schools were destroyed. Shane Claragh Mac Donnell is the last Irishman to whom the title of bard can accurately be given. Those who apply the name to Carolan are slipshod in their use of terms. Mac Donnell was exclusively a poet and lamented Erin's misfortunes in the great bardic manner. He was a "rank" Jacobite and, on several occasions, he had to save his life by fleeing from his enemies the bard hunters. John Tuomy, who mourned Mac Donnell in a fine lament, might have been a bard in the strict sense of the term had he been given the proper training. But he had to get such education as he could in the "hedge schools"—classes held by roadway, under the canopy of heaven, and taught by men who risked imprisonment as Catholic schoolmasters to give Irishmen the education they wanted. Even the bardic sessions held at Bruree and Charleville, where poets recited in friendly rivalry before the people, were suppressed.

The bard must tread the higher walks of poetry; his verse must tell of Ireland's past or voice her aspirations. When, therefore, people call Turlough O'Carolan the "Last of the Bards," they are guilty of a solecism. O'Connor of Balinagare, Carolan's patron, called him an *oirfideadh*, a musician. This name is too narrow, however, to be accurate. Carolan was a harpist of remarkable skill, though the story of his having vanquished Geminani, the distinguished violinist, in a trial of skill must, be relegated to the

limbo of fable. He did earn that musician's commendation, however, by correcting a composition which had been altered to deceive him. But it was in original composition that Carolan showed his real genius. His songs and harp pieces are melodious and full of character, in spite of his mistaken imitation of Corelli. As a poet he won wide celebrity, though he rarely essayed anything but sentimental ditties and drinking songs, dedicated for the most part to his patrons. What he might have done, if he had had his sight—he was blind from youth up—and if he had had such a musical training as fell to Bach or Handel, can only be conjectured. Beethoven, glancing over a few of his songs, was quick to perceive the genius in them. The stories told of Carolan show him to be a high-spirited, chivalrous gentleman. In his youth he had a sweetheart, Bridget Cruise, whose name lives in one of his songs. When the pair had been parted twenty years and more, Carolan went on a pilgrimage to the wild locality known as St. Patrick's Purgatory. Assisting some of the company in a difficult place, he took the hand of a lady. "By the word of my gossip," he exclaimed, "that is the hand of Bridget Cruise." And he spoke truth. The episode is slight enough; but it could only have happened to an extraordinary man. In his last illness Carolan asked O'Flynn, the butler at Alderford, the residence of his lifelong patron, for a drink. O'Flynn gave him some whiskey and, after draining it off, Carolan addressed his attendant in the following verse:

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I have traveled round, right through Conn's country,
And I have found millions strong and valiant;
But, by my baptism, I never found in any part
One who quenched my thirst right, but William O'Flynn.

It was the last flash of the poet's genius, and soon afterwards he closed his eyes in death. The butler at Alderford should not be confused with that churlish O'Flynn who once refused O'Carolan admission to the wine cellar. Him the poet immortalized in an ironical quatrain:

Alas! O Dermot O'Flynn,
That it is not you who guard the door of hell;
For it is you who would not let anyone approach you
Wherever you would be doorkeeper.

When the news of Carolan's death got abroad, the whole country poured forth to do him reverence. Sixty clergymen, Catholic and Protestant alike, were present at the funeral. They loved the man and knew that he stood for something that was best in the Irish race. The wake lasted four days and Carolan's old friend, Mrs. Dermot, joined the women mourners, "to weep," as she said, "for her poor gentleman, the head of Irish music." Hardiman tells how "on each side of the hall was placed a keg of whiskey, which was replenished as often as empty." Nor was the dead man without friends to mourn him in numbers he himself would have loved. His admirer, Mac Aib, wrote a lament which Dr. Sigerson has put into English:

My grief, my wounding, my anguish,
My sickness long,

Thy sweet harp-chords now languish
 Without touch or song.
 Who hence shall make music, vying
 'Mid chiefs for aye,
 Since thou, my friend, art lying
 Cold in the clay?

St. Francis, St. Dominic, listen,
 St. Clare and all,
 Ye host of the saints, who glisten
 On heaven's high wall;
 Give welcome to Torolach's spirit
 Your ramparts among,
 And the voice of his harp hear it
 With glorious song.

When Ireland lost her independence, Norman and Saxon did all they could to uproot everything that recalled the old order. Bard, harper, minstrel, and story-teller, those who entertained the Irish gentry with the poetry and music of their race, were regarded by the invaders with peculiar displeasure. But the things which made the foreigners hate the whole artist tribe, endeared them to all ranks of the Irish people. Even the English of the Pale came under the spell and, disregarding the law, they gave the singers hospitable entertainment.

The gravest charges brought against the brotherhood were licentiousness and enmity towards the English. Spenser complains of the bards that, "So far from instructing young men in moral discipline, they do themselves more deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldom use to choose unto themselves the doing of good men for the ornaments of their poems; but whomsoever they find most licentious in

life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellion, him they set up and glorify in their rhymes, him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow." There is in this statement a kind of truth that is more misleading than downright lying. The especial favorites of the bards were the pagan heroes Cuchullin and Finn Mac Cool, Oisín and Caoilte, men whose lives do not square with Christian morality. But neither, for that matter, do the lives of some of the English kings, which Shakespeare made into plays. Yet Spenser never protested against the immorality of Shakespeare. There is probably some truth in Spenser's assertion that the bards led the chieftains into riotous excess; but he fails to show, that, in so doing, they were falling any lower in the moral scale than their contemporaries of England, France, Spain and Italy. Of this we may be sure: the offenses of the bards would have attracted little attention, if their poems had not been an expression of the unconquerable spirit of the Irish race—

"The firm resolve not to submit or yield."

It would be folly to advance on behalf of the bards any claim to virtue higher than the prevalent morality of their time. They were artists and had the artist's prodigal disposition. But they were at least as virtuous livers as the frequenters of Chaucer's Tabard; the example they set was as innocent as that

of the brotherhood of the Mermaid; they were as staunch upholders of the ten commandments as the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth.

Spenser's indictment is based on the assumption that there is something inherently vicious and perverse in rebellion against British rule. He vilifies the Irish bards with the same pen that exalts Queen Elizabeth into a paragon of virtue and beauty. He was intruded into Desmond's manor of Kilcolman, and part of the estate of 3028 acres and chief rents made over to him had belonged to Lord Thetford. He came over to Ireland a stranger; he never learned the language of the people and there still exist records of complaints made against him of encroaching on his neighbors, taking the land of poorer folks, wasting the wood and turning the corn to his own account. His mood is ferocious even for a confessed enemy, for he deliberately advocates a policy the object of which is to drive the Irish into such straits that they will "consume themselves and devour one another"!

Yet Spenser is forced to admit the art and invention of the bards, though he only knew their work at second hand.

"Yes, truly," he says, "I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely they savored of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodlye ornamentes of poetrye; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of theyr owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them,

the which it is great pittye to see soe abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which would with good usage, serve to beautifye and adorne virtue."

If the bardic poetry had not shown a spirit unconquerably Irish and national, its morality would never have been called in question. But the virtues of the bards were "sanctified and holy traitors" to them. They loved Ireland and, for that fault, they suffered misrepresentation, want, imprisonment, confiscation, death itself. But no persecution could extinguish their patriotism. For centuries their poetry and their music kept alive the national spirit and, if the world asks for their deathless monument, it may be found in the long line of cruel exactments by which the English government vainly tried to effect their extermination.

As long ago as the Parliament assembled at Kilkenny by Edward the Third, in 1367, the "Bards, minstrels and rhymours" entered upon their long martyrdom. Edward and his advisers noted with alarm that life in Ireland was fast turning Normans and English into Irishmen, and they suspected the bardic company of an important part in the transformation. To check the process the Parliament issued a mandate to the sheriff and seneschal of the liberty of Kilkenny, forbidding the "entertainment" of these persons. If the bards and minstrels might no longer be "entertained," their livelihood was taken from them. But the Parliament over-estimated its power. An act which made high treason of inter-marriage between the invaders and the native popula-

tion and forbade the putting of English children to nurse in Irish homes was too sweeping to be practical. But it was there to serve at need as an engine of oppression. It might always be invoked when a pretext was wanted for some act of tyranny.

Sixty years later, in 1435, it was determined to move in the matter more vigorously. It had been complained that comedians, harpers, bards and others "went among the English and exercised their arts and minstrelsies, and afterwards proceeded to the Irish enemies and led them upon the king's liege subjects." So Henry the Sixth ordered his marshals in Ireland to imprison the harpers, and, to whet their zeal, he allowed them to appropriate to their own use the gold and silvers, horses, harness and instruments of the captives. The bait held out was an attractive one; but the measure seems to have been abortive; for, in 1481, an act was passed forbidding the entertainment of harpers as guests.

Henry the Eighth acted with characteristic craft. He made it law that any person who should make verses "To anyone under God on earth except the king" should lose his goods. From time immemorial the bards had sung the praises of the chieftains, proclaimed their genealogies, incited the living to emulate the prowess of their ancestors. The Henrician act seems to have had little more effect than its predecessors. Possibly it too was meant as a threat rather than an ordinance to be rigorously enforced.

A sterner policy was adopted when Elizabeth came to the throne. The time for threats had gone by.

An act was passed directed against poets and musicians indifferently, grouping them under the one contemptuous name of "rhymers." It sets forth that these "rhymours" "by their ditties and rhymes, made to divers lords and gentlemen in Ireland, to the commendation and high praise of extortion, rape, ravin and other injustice, encourage these lords and gentlemen rather to follow these vices than to leave them." The act continues "That for making the said rhymes rewards are given by the said lords and gentlemen" and concludes that "For the abolishing of so heinous an offense, orders be taken." The nature of those orders may be gathered from the fact that O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, hanged three poets. In 1578, Sir Lucas Dillon, chief baron, was ordered to punish all malefactors, meaning thereby all rebels, rhymers and Irish harpers. He obeyed by hanging a priest and Rory oge, a brehon. To rid North Wicklow of "Bards, rhymers and other notorious malefactors," he issued a proclamation, warning them that they would be whipped if they were caught in that part of the country after ten days and with death after twenty days.

These orders and enactments were part of a general policy which aimed at the destruction of all that savored of Irish custom or spirit. The temper of the government may be gathered from articles between Sir John O'Reilly and the Irish privy council, drawn in 1584. Sir John is expressly forbidden to assemble the queen's people upon the hills, to keep brehons or to suffer the brehon law to be used within his coun-

try. Lastly, "He is not to use or keep within the house any Irish bard, carroghe or rhymer; but, to the utmost of his power, shall remove the same from his country."

But the bards and minstrels were not to be silenced. So, in 1606, the lord lieutenant of Munster issued a proclamation, ordering the marshals of the province "to exterminate by martial law all manner of bards, harpers, etc." This was no unauthorized act of tyranny; it was the mature determination of the government. Ten days after the issuance of the mandate, Queen Elizabeth wrote to Lord Barrymore, ordering him "to hang the harpers wherever found and destroy their instruments."

With what thoroughness the government policy was carried out we may learn from a poem written by one of the proscribed bards, Andreas Mac Marcuis, about 1607. The translation is by Dr. Siger-son:

Homes are heartless, harps in fetters,
Guerdons none for men of letters,
Banquets none, nor merry meetings:
Hills ring not the chase's greetings.

Songs of war make no heart stronger,
Songs of peace inspire no longer,
In great halls at close of day,
Sound no more our fathers' lays.

While the musicians of the Elizabethan court were writing down Irish tunes for fair ladies to play on the virginals, the men who sang those selfsame tunes in Ireland were suffering persecution. The ex-

perience of Mac Marcuis was typical of the fate that had befallen the whole tuneful brethren. A bard of the North, in the service of Aedh (Hugh) Mac Anghosa, who had fled the country, leaving his dependant protectorless, exclaims:

If a sage of song should be
 In the wage of court or king,
 Ha! the gallows bars the way,
 Ah! since Ae from port took wing.

Under the rule of James the First the persecution of bards and minstrels went on hand in hand with the planting of the lands of the Irish chiefs with English and Scotch settlers. About 1620, O'Gnive, chief bard of the Nials of Clanboy, composed a lament for his bardic brethren. These verses are an account of what was actually taking place under the eye of the poet, himself marked out for destruction.

Fallen the land of learned men,
 The bardic band is fallen;
 None now learn the song to sing;
 For long our fern is fading.
 Scan the schools made hard to steer
 In Ulster's land and Leinster;
 Southward 'tis so; nine in ten
 From fine and foe have fallen.
 Connacht, crafty forge of song,
 Is also hurled headlong.
 Doom and gloom have hushed the harp;
 For us no room, no rampart.

During the war between Charles and the Cromwellians, harpers, minstrels and wandering musicians

had to carry letters of identification, made out by the magistrate of the place to which they belonged. Without those papers they could not travel. When the Cromwellians gained the upper hand musical instruments of all kinds were destroyed, organs in churches because the Puritans thought the organ godless, the harp because it helped to keep alive the national spirit. Lynch, in his "*Cambrensis Eversus*," says that, "After 1641 the harp was broken wherever it could be found and thus all memory of its form and materials will be unknown and lost to our immediate posterity." But Lynch underrated his countrymen's secretiveness and tenacity.

Throughout the penal days, following the accession of William of Orange, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, poet and minstrel shared the fate of the persecuted clergy. They followed their profession by stealth, hiding away in glens and caves, hunted by prize seekers as wolves were hunted in days of old. Yet hard though their lot was, it had in it something heroic which compensated for many miseries. Outlawed and ostracized though they were, these men represented the ancient culture of Erin, and the people loved them.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the long tyranny wore to an end. The ancient songs were heard in the land once more; but the bardic order was dead. Men sometimes say the Irish harp is dead likewise; but that is no true word: the genius which made the harp of Erin famous throughout Christendom will yet awaken it to new life.

What would we not give for the autobiography of one of the old bards—the chronicling of his daily doings, the company he moved among, and the scenes he saw? It would be one of the most interesting books in the world. Perhaps the unharvested treasure of Gaelic hidden away in old rooms may bring to light some such story and enable us to look on the past through eyes which saw as no latter-day historian can hope to see.

Fortunately for us, the darkness which enshrouds the lives of the bards does not cloak from view the story of the harpers. These melodious servitors of the Gael were the peculiar interest of that first serious investigator into the subject of Irish song, Edward Bunting. Thanks to him, we possess a comparative abundance of curious lore concerning performers on the harp.

It has already been shown what an important part the harp played among the Irish of pre-Christian days and how, after the people had been converted to the faith of Christ, even churchmen used the instrument to accompany themselves in singing. Irish literature shows that down to modern times the harp never ceased to be the musical instrument of the whole people in preference to all others. Hardiman quotes an MSS. history of Ireland, written in 1636, now in the library of the Irish Academy, which throws vivid light on this point. According to this authority “The Irish are much addicted to music generally and you will find very few of their gentry, either men or women, but can play upon the

harp; also you shall find no house of any account without one or two of these instruments, and they always keep a harper to play for them at their meals and all other times, so often as they have a desire to recreate themselves or others which come to their house."

No body of men ever led more picturesque lives than did these harpers, in spite of the fact that they were often chosen for their profession because of the affliction of blindness. They played for kings and great ladies; they traveled far and wide and, when they were dead, Scotland and Ireland quarreled over their possession, as the seven fair cities quarreled over Homer. Rory dall (blind) O'Cahan, in Scottish story Rory dall Morison, is called by Bunting, "the first of our later harpers." He was contemporaneous with James the First, who sent for him and placed the royal hand on his shoulder. A courtier felicitated O'Cahan on the honor that had befallen him. "A greater than King James has placed his hand on my shoulder," said Rory. "Who was that, man?" cried King James. "O'Neill, sire," said the harper. On another occasion, Lady Eglington peremptorily bade him play a certain tune; but Rory, indignant at the slight, rose and left the castle. But the dame expressed her sorrow and the musician forgave her. He wrote the tune, "Da mihi manum" in token of reconciliation.

There is the closest connection between the minstrelsy of Scotland and that of Ireland. Jameson in his "Letters from the North of Scotland" says

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that "Till within the memory of persons still living, the school for Highland poetry and music was Ireland and thither professional men were sent to be accomplished in those arts." Eminent harpers passed and re-passed between the two countries. The Hebrides and the Scotch Highlands were a sure asylum for Irish bards and harpers in time of persecution. One harper, Thomas O'Connellan, they made baillie of Edinburgh. Tradition credits O'Connellan with the composition of "The Dawning of the Day" and "Planxty Davis" (also known as "The Battle of Killiecrankie"). O'Connellan is further said to have taken into Scotland the original "Lochaber," the composition of which is assigned to Miles O'Reilly of Killincorra, County Cavan. Connellan himself was a native of Cloonamahon, in Sligo, and he died at Loughgurm, County Limerick, before 1700. When Thomas was dead, his brother Laurence, said to be the composer of "Molly McAlpin," for which Moore wrote "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave," went to Scotland, taking with him his brother's compositions. The fame of the brothers filled the whole Gaelic Northland, both Erin and Alba. An ode to William O'Connellan attributes his power over the strings to the inspiration of a fairy, an explanation of musical skill as old as pagan Ireland.

There is no heart's desire
Can be felt by a king
That thy hand cannot snatch
From the soul of the string,

By the magical virtue
 And might of its sway;
 For, charmer, thou stealest
 Thy notes from a fay.

Forced to leave their native land, some of these itinerant harpists went far afield and led adventurous lives. Acland Kane, a native of Drogheda, where he was born in 1720, made his way to Rome and played before the Pope and the Pretender. Leaving the Eternal City, he traveled to Madrid, where there was a large colony of expatriated Irishmen. Kane soon wore out the welcome of his friends, however, and had to make his way to Bilbao afoot, carrying his harp on his back. His latter years he spent in Scotland, where he died in 1790. O'Kane was burly and probably choleric. It is related that, when he offended his Highland patrons, "they cut his nails, so that he could not play till they grew to their proper length"—a form of punishment which seems about as rational as gagging a nightingale.

As the old order decayed and the ancient Irish families grew more and more impoverished, the harpers lost cast. They ceased to form part of the household of the hereditary chieftains and had to eke out a livelihood by traveling about the country, staying a week with this family, a month with that, always welcome, always feasted, veritable lords of misrule to the younger generation. Their besetting sin was riotous living; but, seeing that they were under the ban of the law, and had no constant ser-

vice, there is little wonder in that. Perhaps the greater marvel is that most of them behaved so decently. Still they sank low from their old estate. Imagine the shock to the worshippers, when Thady Elliott struck up "Planxty Conor" in the most solemn part of the Mass. Thady used to accompany the service at Navan Chapel on his harp and he was guilty of this gross irreverence to win a bet. Under the old régime, the Brehon law would have meted him out severe punishment. But now the Brehons were no more;—the harper was a masterless man and it was against the law to say Mass. Owen Keenan, who belongs to the same age as Elliott—the first half of the eighteenth century—marks the same sure decadence of the class. He fell in love with the French governess of his patron, Mr. Stewart, of Cookstown, County Tyrone, and, notwithstanding his blindness, he tried to emulate Romeo and climb to his lady's window by a rope ladder. But his master jailed him for a house-breaker. Keenan outwitted him, however, for the time at least. Another blind harper, Higgins by name, made the jailer's wife drunk, stole the keys and liberated his friend, who, with a boy on his back, made his escape. Keenan was recaptured, however, and came within an ace of conviction at the assizes. Then he emigrated to America with his Juliet, who forsook him. Sir Mawlby Crofton and other officers, quartered at Oswego, told how Keenan came there, quarreled with the company, "beat them

very prettily and took a Miss Williams from them all."

Some such promiscuous amorist of the harp is celebrated in that old song, the "Sosheen Bawn," or "The White Coverlet." It tells how a harper called at a farmhouse and played the gallant with the rich housewife's daughter with such effrontery as to rouse the latter's ire. Determined to get rid of him, she asked him to help her to twist a straw rope. The unsuspecting harper consented. As he twisted the rope he had to back away from the good-wife, and, when he had passed the threshold, she slammed the door in his face. In the following verse, translated by Dr. Hyde, the harper is pleading his suit with the daughter of the house:

If thou art mine, be mine, white love of my heart;
 If thou art mine, be mine by day and by night;
 If thou art mine, ever enshrined in thy heart;
 And my misfortune and misery that thou art not with me in
 the evening for wife.

The maiden answers:

Do you hear me, you silly, who are making love?
 Return home again and remain another year as you are.

To which the harper rejoins:

I came into the house, where the bright love of my heart was
 And the hag put me out, twisting of the Suggaun (straw
 rope).

The melody with which this song is associated,

"The Twisting of the Rope," is a perfect example of the waywardly artistic. It was almost the despair of Moore, when he wrote for it, "How dear to me the hour," and he describes it as "one of those wild sentimental rakes which it will not be easy to tie down in sober wedlock with poetry."

Fortunately for the precision of our knowledge of the ancient way of playing the harp, Bunting enjoyed the privilege of the friendship of Denis Hempson, an old harper who, born in 1695, lived to the patriarchal age of 112. Bunting says that he "realized the antique picture drawn by Cambrensis and Galilei, for he played with long crooked nails and, in his performance, the tinkling of the small wires under the deep notes of the bass, was peculiarly thrilling." Hempson lost his sight by smallpox, when a boy, and he was taught the harp by Bridget O'Cahan, for, as Hempson said, confirming the statement made in the manuscript history quoted above, "In those old days, women as well as men were taught the Irish harp in the best families and every old Irish family had harps in abundance." Bunting tells how, in playing, Hempson "got the strings between the flesh and the nail, not like other harpers, who pulled it by the fleshy part of the fingers alone. He had an admirable method of playing staccato and legato, in which he could run through rapid divisions in an astonishing style. His fingers lay over the strings in such a manner that, when the stroke was with one finger, the other was instantly ready to stop the vibrations,

so that the staccato passages were heard in full perfection."

Bunting did his best to encourage the performance of the Irish harp by promoting annual meetings and competitions. But the old harpers died off and there were few to learn their art. It seemed as though the harp were irrevocably doomed to extinction. But so too did the Irish language, and to-day Gaelic is being revived all over Erin. The Irish genius which made the harp what it was can resuscitate the old glory of the harp, and the music of the ancient Gael will be heard in the land once more.

CHAPTER III

HOW THE SONGS CAME DOWN TO US

THE bards and musicians form individual strands in the tradition which links us with the Celtic past. Another strand is the people themselves—the common people, the peasantry. Singers from pure love, musicians untaught by any teacher save God, men and women, from childhood to age, bore their part in preserving Ireland's birthright of song.

A truly remarkable circumstance about this tradition is the fact that until recent times it was independent of written record. The Irishman did not know what it was not to trust to his memory; to this day the Irish piper rarely makes use of notes; as for the people at large, they sang the old tunes because they could not remember the time when they did not know them. A mother crooned their infancy with lullabies; the sound of the spinning song was as familiar to them as the glow of the peat on the hearth. Without conscious effort, they learned a number of songs which became part of their being, like the language they spoke. Strains of gladness and sorrow, tunes wedded to the tasks of daily life, left an indelible impress on the mind. It is in facts like these that we must seek an explanation of the survival of Irish music.

It may be objected that, though such a tradition will hold good for a number of generations, it does

not furnish sufficient grounds for belief in the high antiquity attributed to many examples of Irish melody. In our slavish regard for the written word, we are apt to forget the tenacity of the human memory. We need a Coleridge to remind us that a fact once apprehended by the human mind is retained for ever. If we forget, it is not because the record has been destroyed, but because the throng of impressions prevents its coming to the surface. Touch the right note of suggestion and it will emerge anew. But the life of the Irish peasant was simpler than the life we lead to-day. The chambers of the memory had fewer guests and they were better entertained. In the whirl of modern existence, one impression crowds upon another so quickly that our mind is a blur, rather than a succession of easily recoverable images. If it be true, as we are told, that the liturgies of the East were handed down orally, from master to novice, for hundreds of years, and thus preserved in their original purity, there can be no difficulty in believing in the perpetuation of Irish music, independent of any written record. For music, especially when it is associated with words, is infinitely easier to remember than liturgical sentences.

The Irish musician was not deemed competent unless he knew his music as perfectly as the storytellers knew the tales of Deirdre and Finn Mac Cool. That is the reason why no use was made of notation. If it had been thought necessary to write down the old tunes, the Irish people could easily have done

it—none better than they. People sometimes rush to the conclusion that, because the old melodies were not recorded, the Irish must have been ignorant of notation. An appeal to history will quickly dismiss this fallacy. The monasteries of St. Gall and Ratisbon, renowned from the beginning for the cultivation of the Gregorian chant, were founded by Irishmen. Between these great centers of musical learning and Ireland there was continual intercourse. It is obvious, therefore, that, if the Irish had chosen to write down their melodies, instead of leaving them to the safeguarding of popular remembrance, they could have done so. Their own priests, at home, were thoroughly conversant with the Gregorian notation and could easily have used it for secular purposes as it was used in other countries. But it never occurred to them to do so. The Irish cherished their songs so dearly that artificial aids to memory would have struck them as a needless encumbrance. The monstrous idea that the old tunes could die only dawned on the Celtic mind in an age of decadence. Even persecution was powerless to suppress them, for the persecutors themselves came under their spell. A more dangerous enemy was the gradual Anglicization of the people. The spirit which made people whip their children for talking Irish was little likely to breed affection for Irish songs. But the deadliest enemy of all was famine. The calamities of the years 1845-6 did more to destroy Ireland's music than either the intolerance of the Saxon or the supineness of the Celt. The old folks, those natural depositaries of tradition and lovers of the

ancestral song, died off in thousands, and the young people, growing up in a land blasted by misfortune, had nobody to teach them the ancient lore of the race. Many fled to America, and, if their children to-day are ignorant of Irish music and poetry, it must be written down, not as a fault, but as a misfortune. Fault or misfortune, the present generation ought to remedy the defect.

The famine would have dealt Irish music its death blow had it not been for the patriotism of a few noble-minded men. These men were the collectors and recorders of Irish songs and dances. Burke Thumoth, who published a book of Irish airs as far back as 1720, was the pioneer in this truly Irish undertaking and he had one or two imitators in a small way in the same generation. But the systematic work of collecting the old music really began with Edward Bunting, who, between the years 1796 and 1840, published three volumes of Irish tunes, the majority of them taken down from the playing of the last sad remnant of the Irish harpers. But Bunting, enthusiast though he was, had little science, and the crowning achievement of Irish song collecting was done by that great Celticist, Dr. George Petrie, one of the brightest names in the annals of Irish art and letters, the worthy brother in antiquarian research of Eugene O'Curry. From boyhood days the collecting of the old tunes was Petrie's passion. Throughout his long life of usefulness, whenever he heard an Irish melody which was unfamiliar to him, he noted it down. His holidays he spent now in one province, now in another,

penetrating into little frequented parts of the country, sometimes with O'Curry for companion, always with his faithful notebook and his beloved violin.

When we feel grateful to Thomas Moore for "The Meeting of the Waters," we also owe thanks to George Petrie, who took down the air from the singing of an old peasant woman in Sligo and thus found the poet his inspiration. To Petrie melody was "that divine essence without which music is as a soulless body" and, of all national airs, he considered those of Erin the most beautiful. Yet, with the modesty of a true scholar, he belittled his work as a collector, called it a hobby, a recreation, whereas, in reality, it was the life work of a man whose spirit was "finely touched" to music and destined to do a work for Erin worthy to rank with the achievements of her greatest warriors and sages. He took almost infinite pains to secure a correct record of the songs he noted down. Though not a musical pedagogue and, therefore, liable to unessential errors which a precisian would not fall into, Petrie had the greater gifts of a fine ear and a keen sense of rhythm. Added to this he possessed the crowning virtue of a philosophic conception of the way in which a collector of folk-songs should do his work. He never fell into the sin of which Moore and his musical collaborator, Sir Thomas Stevenson, were so often guilty: he never modified an ancient melody to suit modish ideas of musical beauty. His honesty was invincible; he set down what he heard with the exactitude of an archaeologist.

Petrie's biographer has left us a picture of him, at work in the island of Aran, and it is at once a charming tableau and an inspiring proof of Petrie's artistic sincerity.

"Inquiries having been made as to the names of persons 'who had music,' that is, who were known as possessing and singing some of the old airs, an appointment was made with one or two of them to meet the members of the party at some little cottage near to the little village of Kilronan, which was their headquarters.

"To this cottage, when evening fell, Petrie, with his manuscript music book and violin, and always accompanied by his friend, Professor Eugene O'Curry, used to proceed.

"Nothing could excel the strange picturesqueness of the scenes which night after night were thus presented.

"On approaching the house, always lighted up by a blazing turf fire, it was seen to be surrounded by the islanders, while its interior was crowded by figures; the rich colors of whose dresses, heightened by the firelight, showed with a strange vividness and variety, while their fine countenances were all animated with curiosity and pleasure.

"It would have required a Rembrandt to paint the scene. The minstrel—sometimes an old woman, sometimes a beautiful girl or a young man—was seated on a low stool in the chimney corner, while chairs for Petrie and O'Curry were placed opposite, the rest of the crowded audience remaining standing. The song having been given, O'Curry

wrote the Irish words, when Petrie's work began. The singer recommenced, stopping at every two or three bars of the melody to permit the writing of the notes, and often repeating the passage until it was correctly taken down and then going on with the melody exactly from the point where the singing was interrupted. The entire air being at last obtained, the singer—a second time—was called upon to give the song continuously, and, when all corrections had been made, the violin—an instrument of great sweetness and power—was produced, and the air played as Petrie alone could play it, and often repeated."

For half a century Petrie pursued this labor of love, and some idea of the monumental character of his achievement may be gathered from the fact that he collected no fewer than 2000 Irish tunes. A proportion of these are variants, put on record because of the light they shed on the growth of melody. Allowing for duplications of this kind, there still remains a collection of some 1800 Irish melodies—a treasury of folk-song the equal of which no other country in the world can boast. Ireland, the Cinderella among nations, kept at home to be the servant of her more fortunate sisters, has dreamed dreams in the solitude of her chimney corner, dreams so beautiful that even her rivals are moved when they hear them. Most inspiring thought of all, the memory of these songs has been kept green, not so much by the great and noble, though they have borne their part, as by the common people.

It is a fascinating occupation to try to trace the melodies to their origin. We marvel and rejoice at the humbleness of the sources whence such beautiful melodies flow. That pathetic love-song, "I once loved a boy," was noted down by the daughter of Smollett Holden from the singing of a servant girl. The air now known as "My Love's an Arbutus," from its association with Mr. Graves' lovely song, was obtained by Petrie from the singing of an old gentleman who had learned it in childhood. "The Smith's Song," in which some forgotten Irish composer, by making a tune out of the strokes of the sledge on the anvil, anticipates the conceit, though not the air, of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," was sung by Mary Hacket of Glenshane. The ballad singers of Dublin streets have proved a veritable mine of melody. Decrepit, blind, penniless, they still had something which to-day the world would not willingly let die. Poor in fortune, they were rich in the things of the imagination, and what is that but the highest riches in the final analysis of worth? Farmers whistled Petrie their plow tunes; girls sang him milking songs; fishermen, beggars, students, parish priests, fired by the collector's enthusiasm, gave him of their melodious store. When the complete Petrie collection was issued a year or two ago, under the editorship of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Dr. P. W. Joyce, who had communicated to Petrie a large number of songs, was delighted to find that his old friend had punctiliously honored the receipt of each by affixing thereto the name of the contributor. Old Owen Connellan, professor of Gaelic languages at

Queen's College, Cork, bowed beneath the burden of fourscore years and thirteen, was moved to send Petrie a song which he had learned in childhood from his mother, who lived to the great age of 110. Another tune was overheard as it was sung by a little girl at the foot of Slieve Gullán and noted down. In a narrow but essential sense of the word the Petrie collection is the work of a single enthusiast; but it could never have come into being without the loving co-operation of the song-loving people of Ireland.

Who composed these melodies? Nobody knows. In a way, it may be said that they had no composer; they are a growth rather than an individual creation. Sung by many generations, often in localities far removed from one another, adapted successively to poems of varying sentiment, they have been subject to continual modification. Districts have their own versions which contrast curiously with one another yet bear so strong a family likeness as to place the existence of a common original beyond question. A hundred generations in Erin's "Forge of Song" have labored half unconsciously to frame such masterpieces of melody as "The Last Rose" to give the air the name by which it is best known, and "The Coulin." Is it said that they lack the impress of individual inspiration? They have the even rarer virtue of being the musical expression of the genius of the Irish people.

Such is the view commonly taken by folk-lorists to-day. But it was not always so. Less than a century ago Edward Bunting laid down the law that a melody once determined, never changes. If

Bunting had traveled about the country as Petrie did and gone into the homes of the people, he would never have made such a foolish assertion. The truth would have been driven home upon him that a tune may exist in many forms, subtly differentiated one from another in contour, metre and rhythm. It was inevitable that it should be so. Who has not been haunted by a melody which refused to crystallize into exact form, but lingered in the memory, uncertain and nebulous? A person of warm fancy and musical gifts will often unconsciously make good the hiatus out of his own imagination. It may even happen that the modified tune is better than the original. In Irish music this has happened in innumerable instances. The absence of an authoritative version to which appeal could be made, encouraged change. Many persons too are given to varying whatever they whistle or sing. In the unmusical this may be a vice; in those who have a talent for melody it is artistic self-assertion. Instrumentalists are particularly prone to this habit. They love to vary a melody in such a way as to bring out the characteristics of violin, flute or harp.

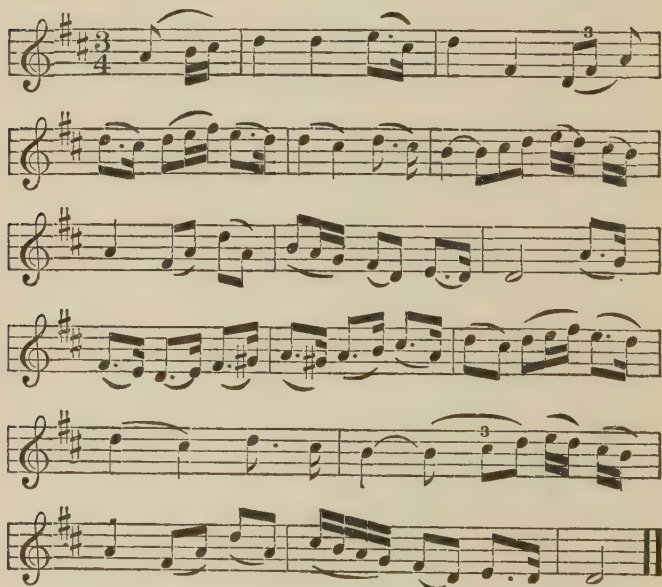
Both these tendencies are illustrated again and again in the growth of Irish melody, and the adventures of a melody are oftentimes as interesting as those of an individual. Glance for a moment at the fortunes of that beautiful air, "The Coulin." Tradition links it with an edict passed by the Parliament of Kilkenny in the fourteenth century. This law forbade the "Degenerate English," who were fast becoming assimilated by the native population

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and forgetting their origin, to wear their hair in the "coulin" or headdress of the Irish. Naturally the coulin became a symbol of loyalty to Erin, and the Irish maiden in the song—unfortunately its words have not come down to us—is said to have expressed her preference for the lad who wore his hair in the national manner over the stranger.

Several well-contrasted variants of the air of "The Coulin" have come down to us, and we will examine three typical examples. Here is the melody in its most familiar form, which is also the form accepted by authorities as the most perfect.

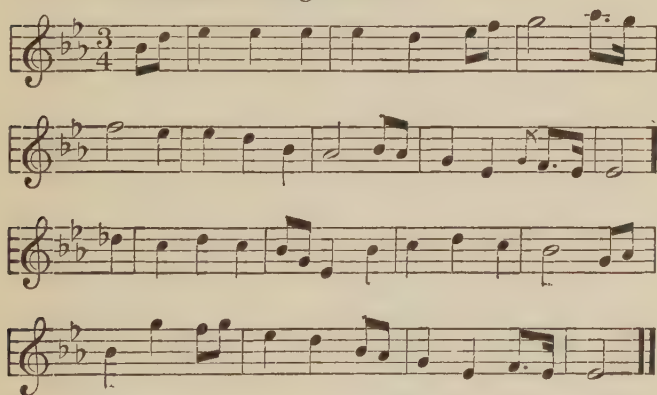
Ex. 1. The Coulin.



For this melody it was that Moore wrote

“Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see.” It is one of the fairest jewels in Ireland’s crown of song. The contour has the unaffected elegance of a lily and Chopin himself never infused greater variety of rhythmic charm into a composition of like proportion. How has this perfection been arrived at? Is “The Coulin” the little masterpiece of some individual musician whose name has not come down to us, or does it represent the

EX. 2. *The Coulin as sung in Clare.*



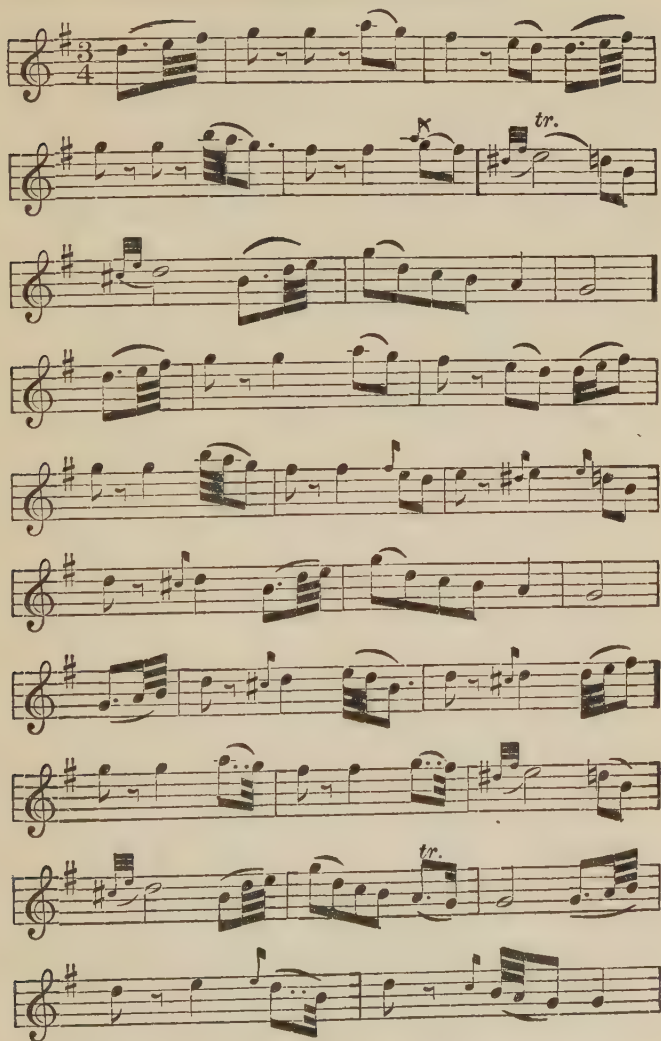
refining labor of many generations of singers? Assuredly the latter alternative is the correct one; for, if the song had come into being perfect, like Pallas from the brow of Zeus, we should never find any such ingenuous version of the strain as Teague MacMahon learned in County Clare and gave to Petrie. The tendril-like elegancies of the familiar tune are absent. There is wide divergence too in melodic outline. Yet the identity of the two airs admits

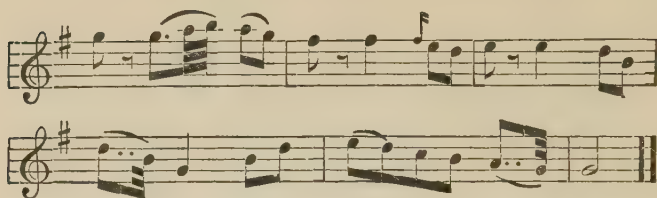
of no doubt. Reason and instinct alike persuade us that this is near kin to the air which gradually developed into the "Coulin" we all love to-day.

Fortunately for our right understanding of this interesting problem in melodic evolution, Edward Bunting has preserved us an instrumental version of "The Coulin" which goes back to the close of the seventeenth century. Bunting, it will be remembered, was commissioned to write down the tunes played by the harpers at their famous meeting at Belfast in 1791. The most notable figure in that gathering was Denis Hempson, a musician of patriarchal age, in whose playing Bunting believed he could discern the remains of a noble artistic tradition. Hempson played for his young friend "The Coulin" as he had learned it in 1700, when a scholar of Cornelius Lyons, one of the last of the heroic race of harpers. This version is here reproduced; it shows the harper's disposition to regard the tune he was playing as a sort of given theme and to fret-work it with ornamentation of his own devising.

It is easy to see how a player with a touch of genius, perceiving the golden possibilities in a simple strain, might convert it into a great melody. The primitive melody was, in all likelihood, the outcome of deep feeling in some person of musical genius, who may or may not have been a musician, for the gift of melody, like that of poetry, is the prerogative of no class, but a gift from Almighty God. The Clare tune probably comes nearest to the germinal strain. Perhaps some harper enriched it with the

Ex. 3. The Coulin embroidered by harpers.





vine-like embellishments which we all love, and it may be that the bars of contrasting rhythm, which form so dainty an episode in the master version (Ex. 1), were added by a piper with a head full of jigs and reels. But this, of course, is pure conjecture and aims not so much to lay down the law concerning the growth of this particular melody as to indicate the influence commonly operative in the development of Irish music.

CHAPTER IV

THE NATURE OF IRISH MUSIC

EVERY people begins its adult musical life with an equipment of notes which is its musical stock in trade. These notes bear a regular proportion one to another and form what musicians call a scale. Of scales there is a great variety owing to racial preferences in the matter of tone. The Moors, Saracens and Arabians are fond of the semitone, which is the smallest degree of sound recognized in modern music. It used to be believed that they used quarter tones; but the investigations of Julien Tiersot tend to discredit that view. The Hungarians love the poignant interval of the augmented second (from E flat to F sharp). Among the ancient Celts the interval of the whole tone was preferred above all others. Irish tunes have come down to us composed entirely of whole tones, and the ancestral proneness to skip over the semitones manifests itself even to the present day. Moreover, in many songs, the half tones, even when employed, are of such secondary importance that they may be omitted without prejudice to the character of the tune. They are often mere connecting links—"passing notes" theorists would call them—or used for ornament. The gamut of five tones is the primitive Celtic scale, the soul of Irish music. Every pianist must have noticed

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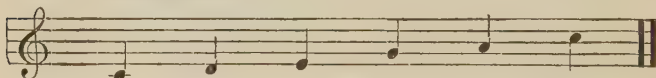
the markedly Celtic effect caused by playing only on the black keys. He may not have known, when so engaged, that he was taking music on the ancient Irish scale, adapted to the key of G flat major.

Here is the primitive Celtic scale adapted to the key of C major. By its side is the major scale in use to-day. The major scale consists of five tones and two semitones. The semitones occur on the fourth and seventh degrees of the scale, and if we omit these notes, the Celtic scale remains.

Ex. 4. Major Scale.

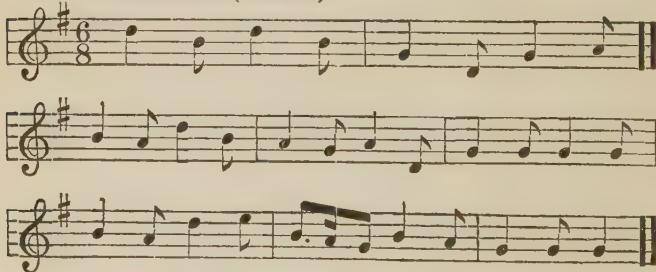


Ex. 5. Celtic scale.



Here is an example of an ancient melody based on the primitive Celtic scale:

Ex. 6. Luimneach (Limerick).



It is in the key of G major and the fourth and seventh notes (the *fah* and the *si*) in this key are C and F sharp, respectively. A glance shows that

they are absent. Clearly we have here a tune in the old scale of five tones.

These gaps in the ancient scale caused by the omission of the half-tones are one of the most characteristic features of Irish music. They confront us in airs of all ages, from the earliest to the present day. Nevertheless, before the Irish could express themselves musically, with perfect completeness, these breaks in the gamut had to be filled up. For, beautiful and characteristic though the five-tone scale undoubtedly is, the task of realizing the musical destiny of the Celtic race was beyond its powers. It was incomplete. The half-tones are indispensable to musical thought. How the Celts acquired a knowledge of them we can only conjecture. The wind, which often sighs through the whole gamut, may have supplied the missing intervals. Or the lesson may have been learned by virtue of what has been called the divine faculty of error—that gift which enables man, as it were, to stumble on truth. A singer of defective ear might happen by accident on the missing notes of the scale in the presence of a hearer of fine musical perception. No doubt the discovery had to be made many times before the new notes were assimilated. Hundreds of melodies based on scales which have only one of the two semitones testify to the gradual character of the evolution.

In its purest form so famous an air as that now commonly known as “The Last Rose of Summer” is based on one of these transitional scales. In this case the fourth of the scale—the *fah*—is wanting.

The history of this air is typical. As we have it to-day, even the crudities introduced by Moore have been eliminated; it is not the primitive melody. It has passed through many transformations; it has grown from beauty to beauty. One of its best known variants is "The Young Man's Dream." This tune also lacks the fah. On the other hand, it is true, as Mr. Grattan Flood points out in his "History of Irish Music," that "The Last Rose" is related to the seventeenth-century air, "Ned of the Hill," in which the fah is present. But even if, in growing to the perfection of "The Last Rose" the air was deliberately lopped of the fourth of the scale, the Celtic genius which dictated the change was true and authentic. If an unquestionable example of this class of air be asked for, "The Little Red Lark" will serve admirably.

A whole literature has grown up about this melody of "The Last Rose." Poets have loved it and the great composers have praised it. Beethoven has left us a setting, it inspired Felix Mendelssohn to write his beautiful and too seldom played Fantasia; Flotow introduced it into his opera of "Marta" and Hector Berlioz, the great French romanticist, declared that the beautiful folk-song "disinfected" the whole work. Charles Wolfe, author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," was moved by it to write the following lines:

Sweet mourner, cease that melting strain.

Too well it suits the grave's cold slumbers;

Too well—the heart that loved in vain

Breathes, lives and weeps in those wild numbers.

Nor did Moore fail to hit the spirit of the strain in his pathetic poem, which is the lament of the rose and its requiem. It is true that Moore maltreated the melody by introducing a showy cadenza and made a chromatic alteration of the air quite out of keeping with its Celtic genius. But his verse atones for his defective musicianship. His beautiful lyric has familiarized the whole world with one of Erin's loveliest airs and sowed the seed of sympathy with Ireland in the hearts of freemen wherever the sun shines. Nor is he to be blamed too severely for musical shortcomings, which were rather those of the generation in which he lived than his own. How unerringly his poet's instinct seized upon the true meaning of the air may be gathered from the fact that in "The Young Man's Dream," the legitimate ancestor of the air, there is an Ullagone, a lament, possibly the composer's tribute to some dead and gone beauty.

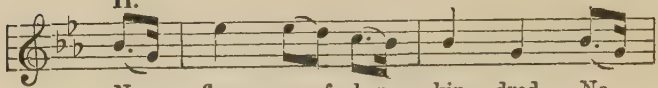
Here is "The Last Rose" in its authentic guise:

Ex. 7. The Last Rose.

I.

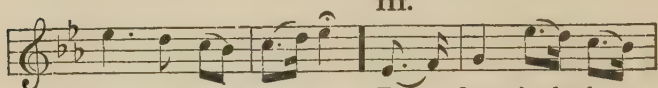
'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left
 bloom - ing a - lone; All her
 love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone;

II.

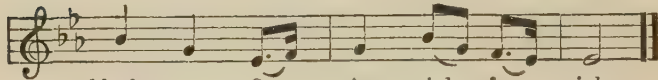


No flow - er of her kin - dred, No

III.



rose - bud is nigh... To re - flect back her

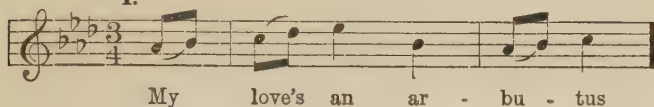


blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.

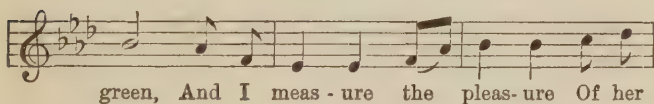
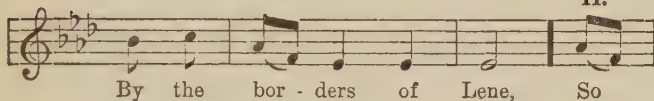
Melodies without the *si*, the seventh degree of the scale, are much more numerous than those without the fourth. The seventh, *si*, is the most elusive member of the tonal family and in modern music, one of the most characteristic. It is the absence of the seventh which gives its peculiar charm to "The Meeting of the Waters." Something, at least, of the lovelorn beauty of "For Eire I'd not tell her name" is due to the same cause. Perhaps there is no better example of the type than the melody, "I rise in the Morning with my Heart full of Woe." It is best known because of Arthur Perceval Graves' song, "My Love's an Arbutus," and the exquisite setting written by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. Every bar is a thing of beauty and every trait is truly Irish. Its movement is gently wavelike and, where the seventh is omitted, the ear is caressed as by the brogue softly spoken.

Ex. 8. My Love's an Arbutus.

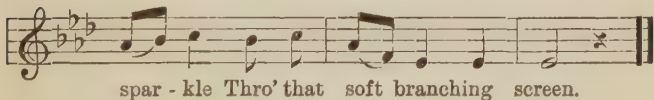
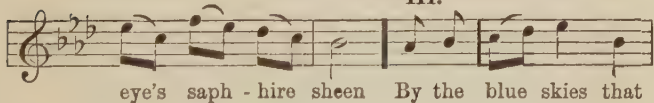
I.



II.



III.



This fondness of the Irish for the impression, sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous, caused by leaping over the fah and the si of the scale, they have never lost. Even in tunes in which all the notes of the gamut are used, the beloved trick of speech will still assert itself.

Many influences have made themselves felt in the unfolding of the musical genius of the Irish, and the

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most important was the music of Christianity. It has been suggested of late years that the reverse was the case and that the music of the Church received its characteristic color from Ireland. Ireland gave to Germany not only Christianity, but an important part of her liturgy. Gerbert, writing in the tenth century, says that St. Columbanus and his companion, St. Abbo, "Not only imbued our Germany with the light of Christian faith, but also with the principles of ascetic living." "Doubtless," he continues, "the first rule for arranging ecclesiastical services among us as made up of psalms, canticles, hymns, collects and antiphons" was derived from the same source. At Bobbio, in Italy, a monastery founded by the Irish, they still preserve the Antiphonary of Bangor, a manuscript of the seventh century. It is matter of certitude, that Ireland gave Germany her first lessons in musical art. Ireland's influence on England, through St. Columba and the monks who converted Northumbria, was likewise musical as well as religious. Celtic melodies have undoubtedly found their way into the liturgical volumes. The introit, "Salve Sancte Parens," composed by the Irishman Sedulius in the sixth century, still holds its place in the Roman Gradual, and so does the same churchman's hymn "A solis ortu cardine," the very words of which are knit together in the Irish manner. But as a melodist, Sedulius thought in the Greek idiom. The scales which give Gregorian music its distinctive character are of Grecian origin. The flat seventh, one of the most dis-

tinctive features of that music, formed part of the musical system of Hellas centuries before the birth of Christ. On the other hand there is no evidence to show that Gregorian characteristics were present in Celtic music before the conversion of Ireland to Christianity.

Two Church scales in particular have impressed themselves on the Irish imagination. By far the more generally used of the two is a minor scale with a flat seventh. It has its nearest equivalent on the piano in the key of A, using only white notes. The other is a major scale with a flat seventh, and may most conveniently be represented by the scale of G, using only the white keys. These modes, as they are called, may be started on any note in the gamut,* adapted to any key.

* For the help of persons who may wish to work out these modes in detail it may be explained that the essential thing in a scale or mode is the order in which the tones and semitones succeed one another. The Mixolydian mode, for instance, only differs from the scale of G major in having for its seventh F natural, instead of F sharp. The church scale of A, using only the white notes, is the primitive minor scale. It is called the Hypodorian mode and it has for its seventh G natural, whereas the modern minor scale has G sharp. In both Mixolydian and Hypodorian modes the seventh is flattened; in other words it is a whole tone below the eighth note, or tonic. In the Mixolydian mode the semitones occur between the third and fourth and sixth and seventh degrees respectively, in the major scale they come between the third and fourth and seventh and eighth degrees. In the Hypodorian mode the semitones come between the second and third and fifth and sixth notes: in the minor scale now considered most perfect they occur between the second and third and seventh and eighth. The old modes

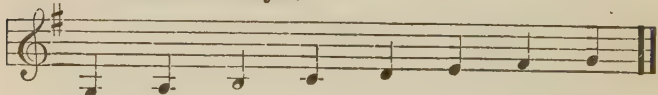
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Incidentally it may be remarked that, although the piano is the most convenient means of expressing these different scales, it is not a good one. For the piano is an instrument of compromise. It uses one key to express two notes: C sharp and D flat are identical. On stringed instruments like the violin, there is a subtle difference—only a few vibrations, it is true, but still appreciable by the human ear—between C sharp and D flat, D sharp and E flat, and so on. If we wish to get a true idea of the scales we must have recourse to violin, viola or 'cello. If all Irish tunes could be played on these instruments, instead of on the piano, their beauty would be more may be applied to any key of our modern system. They may begin on any note of the keyboard. Here are the four scales:

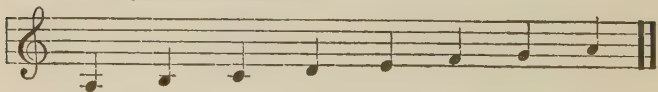
Ex. 9. **Mixolydian Scale.**



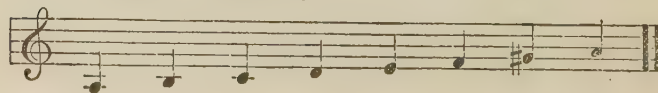
Ex. 10. **Scale of G Major.**



Ex. 11. **Hypodorian Mode.**



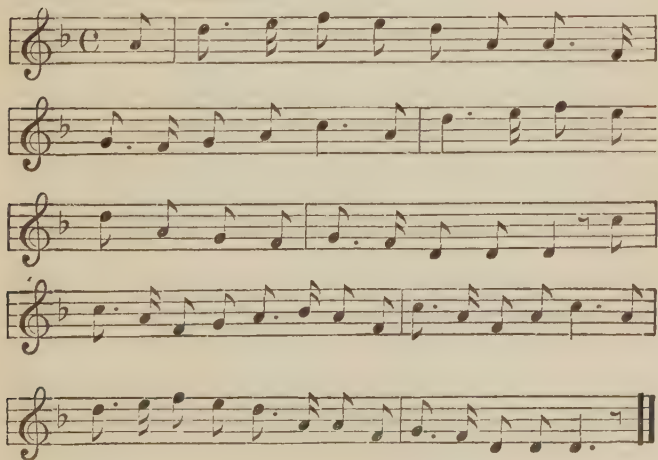
Ex. 12. **Scale of A Minor.**



clearly evident than any keyed instrument can make it.

These ancient scales sound strange, almost grim, to the unaccustomed ear; but familiarity reveals great beauty in them. The Hypodorian mode—which is really the minor mode in its oldest form—is of peculiar spirituality. It may be adapted to any key. Perhaps there is no more beautiful example of a melody in this old mode than “O Arranmore.” It is sweet and sad and Moore’s words are full of a tender sorrow. From the flat in the signature and the commencement of the air on D, a superficial observer might jump to the conclusion that it was in the key of D minor. But, if that were the case, there would be a C sharp in the melody, whereas the C remains natural throughout. It is the flat seventh of Gregorian music.

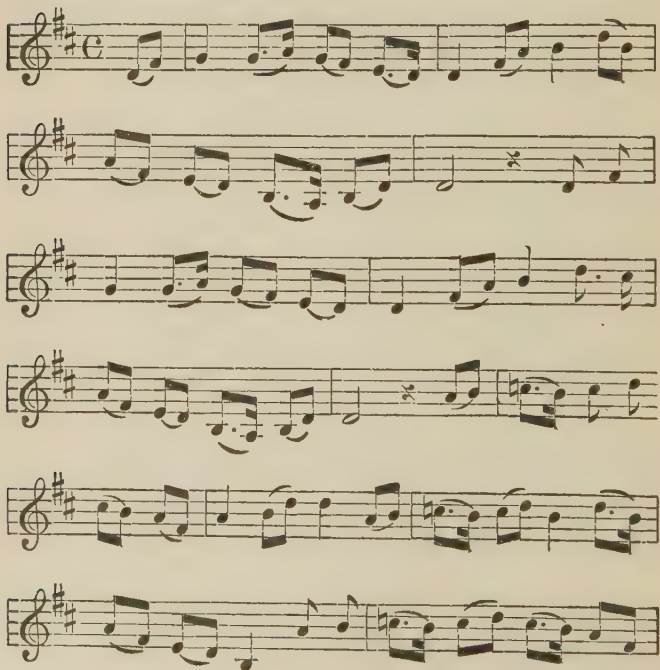
Ex. 13. O Arranmore.

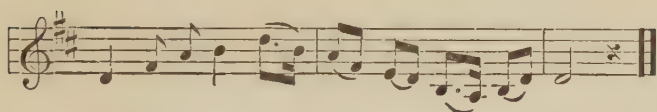


Men and women in all parts of the world have paid this song the tribute of tears, little dreaming, for the most part, that something of their emotion was due to the idealism of men who worked and died more than a thousand years ago.

Airs based on the major scale with a flat seventh are much rarer than melodies in the Hypodorian mode. A beautiful example is "Uileacan dubh O"—a title which Dr. P. W. Joyce parallels with the English "Alack and well-a-day!" Its affinity with the ancient plain-song will strike the hearer at once

Ex. 14. **Ullachan dubh O.**

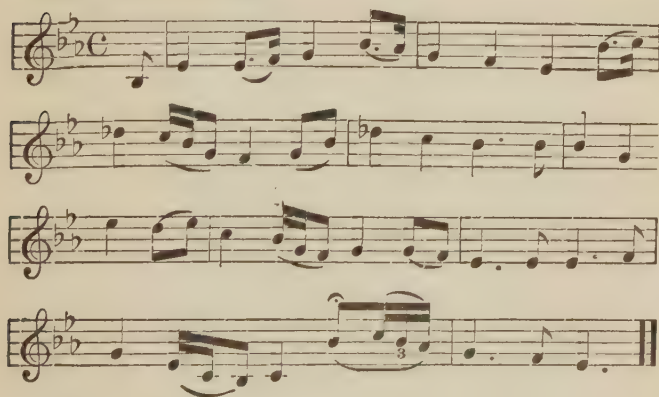




If we could retrace the footsteps of the Irish race along the shores of time we should surely find that in far-off days people listened with delightful ears to the strangely new melody of the Church and eagerly made its peculiar traits their own.

To us moderns the raised seventh, or "leading note," as it is called by theorists, seems easier to sing than the flat seventh. But its acceptance in Irish music seems to have been gradual and the allegiance of composer or singer has remained divided between the two progressions. Sometimes the seventh appears in both forms in the same tune.

Ex. 15. Be n-Erinn i.



"Ben Erinn i" exemplifies this uncertainty. Indeed, this remarkable air, which is an apostrophe to

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Erin, summarizes, in the small space of a single period, the principal characteristics of Irish music. It is in the scale of E Flat. The first time D (the seventh of the scale) appears, it is flattened, suggesting Gregorian influence. Two bars further on, it is naturalized; the leaven of modernism is working. In the little passages of embroidery, first the fourth is skipped, then the seventh. The five-note scale of the ancient Celts is still potent, in spite of the lapse of ages.

We have now investigated the nature of the material of which Irish music is made; but before we can be said to have covered the subject as a whole, we must inquire into Ireland's contributions to musical form and harmony.

Wagner was right when he said that poetry and music were man and wife and that the woman was music. Irish music is a long and infinitely various commentary on this fact. It is difficult to conceive an Irish tune without words. Every air has a mood so definite that it provokes inquiry as to the nature of the poem with which it is associated. Even the dances, which, of all music, would seem least to demand the inspiration of words, are no exception to this rule. In many cases the songs have come down to us. In others the name irresistibly suggests a story, an idyll, a legend, a joke. Who can resist the belief that a story—and a good story, too—is linked with such airs as "What shall I do with this silly old man?" "The old woman lamenting her purse," "Take a kiss or let it alone," "Hush the

cat from the bacon," "Last night's funeral" and hundreds more besides? Verse not only dictated the mood of Irish music, but gave it form as well. The melodies split up into divisions and subdivisions; the sense of symmetry and balance is everywhere to be felt. The length of the strains and the number of accents in the Luimneach (Ex. 6) are those of a verse of four lines, each line consisting of eight syllables. When the air is sung, it divides into two sections, which balance each other. These sections are called phrases, and their wave-like ebb and flow is an expression of the great rhythmic law which is the basis of all poetry and music. We pause in the middle of the tune where the first phrase ends, but only momentarily: it is not until we have sung the whole melody that the sense of finality is established. This period, as theorists call it, performs the same office in music as a sentence in speech. It is a coherent, self-sufficing affirmation and the smallest perfect form. The musical genius of humanity first found satisfactory expression in this naively simple structure.

But though the single period form sufficed for the expression of individual moods, its inflexibility made it inapplicable to songs of varying emotion. Singers began to grope about for a vehicle which should be capable of expressing successive shades of feeling. A partial solution of the difficulty was found in the simple expedient of tacking a second period on to the first. This second period must, of course, be related to its neighbor in spirit and often

takes its form as well from some detail of the principal strain. But it must furnish the element of diversity, of contrast. The single-period form establishes the fundamental principle of oneness, of unity. The double period form contributes the principle of diversity. This arrangement of contrasting periods is known to musicians as binary form and, in the hands of the great composers, it has shown remarkable power of expression. To the primitive Irish singers it must have seemed like the discovery of a new world. Moods might change and passion deepen, but the melody would tell the tale as well as the words. Perfectly simple examples of two-period form are rare. Generally speaking, one period or the other is repeated, sometimes both. But a few songs have come down to us which consist solely of two periods, uncomplicated by repetition. "The Cruiskeen Lawn" is one of them. It opens with a period of ten bars. The second part of the song is an abbreviated period of six bars, to which the chorus is sung. Another fine example of binary form is the air "The Red Fox," for which Moore wrote "Let Erin Remember."

But though this discovery of binary form opened up a new world of possibilities to the musicians of Erin, it did not make them master of that world. The disadvantage of the two-period form lay in its lack of conclusiveness. It seems as though the singer had started off on a musical excursion, struck out along a new path, and forgotten the way home. In securing that feeling of contrast without which

there can be no musical progress, the early singers lost something of their hold on the principle of unity. It is to the everlasting credit of the Irish that, first of all musical peoples, they developed the means of reconciling these divergent principles and, in so doing, opened up avenues of musical development which made possible the work of a Beethoven and a Wagner. The device is simplicity itself, but it is the simplicity of Columbus' egg. It consists in a return to the primary idea or theme after the section of contrast. In this way a composition may be a unity and yet contain within itself the element of contrast. The credit of the flash of theoretic genius

Ex. 16. Eileen Aroon.



I'll love thee ev - er-more, Ei - leen a - roon!



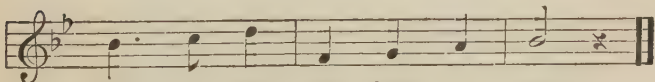
I'll bless thee o'er and o'er, Ei - leen a -



roon. Oh! for thy sake I'll tread



Where plains of May - o spread, By hope still



fond - ly led, Ei - leen a - roon.

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is given to Carrol O'Daly, who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and the song in which he gave definite expression to it is "Eileen Aroon."

The air is easy of analysis and its structure, once understood—an easy matter—will give the reader a key to the appreciation, in essentials, of the highest forms of musical composition. The song consists of three parts. The first is a period made up of a phrase twice repeated, to which the following words are set:

I'll love thee evermore,
Eileen a roon!
I'll bless thee o'er and o'er
Eileen a roon!

Then comes the contrasting section, which consists of four bars of melody markedly different in character from what preceded it. This section accompanies the words:

Oh! for thy sake I'll tread
Where plains of Mayo spread,

The end of this section, as will be felt by anyone who sings or plays it over, does not convey the impression of finality. On the contrary it awakens the desire for a sequel. Consequently the return to the primary theme, which constitutes the third part of the song, is all the more grateful. But it will be noticed that O'Daly did not confine himself to any mere textual repetition. He was too good a musi-

cian for that. Having established the identity of the third part with the first, he gives the melody freedom. Even in determining the oneness of the song, he enriches its diversity. The words of this concluding section are:

By hope still fondly led,
Eileen a roon.

Among theorists the plan on which this miniature musical edifice is built is known as ternary form or three-part song form. There is a lapse of a century or more after the composition of this tune before continental Europe made satisfactory use of Ireland's discovery, and it would be churlishness to refuse her the credit of this greatest achievement in the evolution of musical form.

All Irish melodies have not the formal simplicity of the examples quoted in the present chapter, however, and some of the airs chosen to illustrate the growth of tonality will indicate the lines along which developments of form may be looked for. "The Last Rose," for example, exactly parallels the construction of "Eileen a roon." It consists of three parts, the third being a confirmation of the first. The first part is a period, consisting of a phrase of four bars sung twice. The words to this section of the tune are:

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.

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The element of contrast is a phrase of four bars which even the untrained ear will recognize as lacking in the element of finality. It is set to the lines:

No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,

The germinal part of the melody, the principal subject, as it would be called in a sonata or symphony, recurs with the words

To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

"My Love's an Arbutus" also embodies the tripartite idea. Here the principal strain is an abbreviated period of four bars, set to the verse

My Love's an Arbutus
By the borders of Lene.

It does not need the learning of a musician to recognize the completeness of this theme. Moreover, that outstanding feature of Irish melody, the thrice-repeated terminal note, emphasizes the idea of conclusion.

The contrasting section is the same length as the principal strain; but it differs from that member in being repeated. On its second appearance, however, it is gracefully varied. This twice-sung phrase has the following words:

So slender and shapely
In her girdle of green,
And I measure the pleasure
Of her eyes' sapphire sheen.

The third part, corroborating the first theme and rounding the song to a perfect close, both in verse and melody, has the two lines:

By the blue skies that sparkle
Through that soft branching screen.

It is not till the last three measures that the ternary character of "Uileacan dubh O" (Ex. 14) is established. But the return at that juncture to the concluding and most beautiful part of the principal theme is at once grateful to the ear and satisfying to the intelligence. In "The Coulin" (Ex. 1) the section of contrast—we should call it the subordinate theme, if the composition were a sonata—is only four bars long. But it fulfills its office perfectly. The change from the long-drawn-out elegiac notes to a rhythm of alternate long and short notes suggestive of the dance, is striking and beautiful. Even this brief subordinate theme closes with a glance at the principal theme.

This same air of "The Coulin" affords a good example of the vine-like elegance of melodies molded by Celtic rhythm. The old musicians were scrupulously obedient to the laws of metre; but they moved so easily in their self-imposed bonds that, in airs like the "Lament for Owen Roe O'Neil" (Ex. 39) and "The Twisting of the Rope" they seem almost to have emancipated themselves from the limitations of measured music.

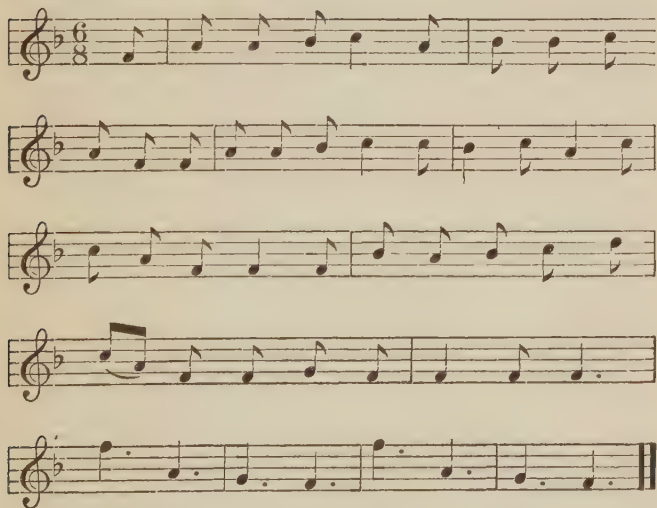
Here and there in the writings of authors up to the twelfth century we find references to Irish music

which suggest that harmony—then in its crude beginnings on the continent of Europe—was more advanced in Ireland. Mr. Grattan Flood is inclined to believe that the words “*Modulabiliter decantare*” in St. Adamnan’s life of St. Patrick refer to the singing of hymns in counterpoint by Irish monks. About the year 653 St. Gertrude of Brabant sent over to Ireland for St. Foilian and St. Ultan to come to teach her nuns of the abbey of Nivelles the art of psalmody. She would hardly have done this if music had been cultivated to as high a pitch in her own country or in Germany. John Scotus Eriugena, the famous Irish schoolman, who died in 875, is the first author to refer to the primitive form of harmony known as organum. Northumbria, famous above the rest of England for the skill of its inhabitants in singing in parts, owed Christianity to St. Aidan and his Irish missionaries, and we have seen that music was an essential part of Celtic Christianity from the earliest times. Taken separately, these facts may seem very slim testimony upon which to base any claims on behalf of the Irish to a superior knowledge of harmony. Cumulatively, however, they form a body of evidence that cannot be disregarded. If the proof of the Celtic origin of harmony is slight, that of other European peoples is slighter still. At the same time, it would be idle to make an exclusive claim on behalf of any race to the discovery of either harmony or musical form. It is in the highest degree probable that crude harmonies were sung and played by ancient peoples long

before the Christian era. On behalf of the Irish, however, we may with a modest assurance claim that they seem to have shown a greater natural aptitude than any other people for the practice of form and harmony.

Two facts in the popular lore of the subject support this view. One is the use, time out of mind, by the Irish pipers, of a primitive kind of harmony. The Scotch pipes, on the contrary, were purely a melody instrument. The other fact is the survival of an air with a traditional undersong, or *cronan*. This air is the famous "Ballinderry," which was given to Bunting by Dr. Crawford of Lisburn.

Ex. 17. Ballinderry.



Och - one! Och - one! Och - one! Och - one!

The air is linked by Arthur Perceval Graves with a young woman's lament for her lover at sea.

While she sings the upper part, the neighbors, gathered around, commiserate her by singing a softly murmured Ochone! Ochone—(alas! alas!) intoning the words on four notes, which are again and again repeated and, at the close, sung in unison by both soloist and chorus. This is an authentic example of a folk-song bass, and a remarkable thing about it is its form, which is that of the “ground,” or fixed bass, much favored by Henry Purcell and carried to perfection by John Sebastian Bach. With these four regularly recurrent notes the peasant singers of Ireland, combining them with the soprano melody, made the two principal chords in music, dominant and tonic, the pillars on which has been erected the towering superstructure of modern harmony. When these primitive musicians had shown the way all the world might follow.

CHAPTER V

SONGS OF JOY AND SORROW

THE life of the Irishman has been set to music from the cradle to the grave. His earliest recollections are the lullabies with which his mother crooned him to sleep, ditties of the old folks in the chimney corner, songs the women sang while they spun the flax. In boyhood his feet began to move to jigs and reels. Work had its music likewise, and love awakened tender strains of its own. For sterner moods there were songs of freedom, and legend lived in airs of Deirdre and Finn Mac Cool. Sorrow recalled laments and death evoked the piercing note of the keen. The Irishman has songs for every age, every mood, every state of life.

As love is the beginning of all things, with love-songs we may best begin a chapter on the Irish music of daily life. Erin's most beautiful love-songs echo the passion of the peasant muse. Poets are amorists rather than lovers; for them the conceit is commonly more than the sentiment. But when the peasant sings of love, he does so because it has made his life a poem. He is tormented by a delicious pain and he seeks relief in song. By and by the singer is forgotten; but the song lives on. For these songs have a simplicity, an earnestness, as fine as the passion that inspired them.

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The love-songs which linger most tenderly in the memory are those which tell of the wooing that is still a-doing. "Men are May when they woo, December when they wed," says pretty Perdita. So love sings of hope, often of hope deferred. Take, for instance, the "Paisteen Fionn" or, as Dr. P. W. Joyce words it, "The Fair-Haired Young Girl." Some obstacle keeps lover and sweetheart apart; parents are disdainful or poverty forbids. Trouble there surely is, for the lover has been sick with fever for nine long nights "from lying under the hedgerow, beneath the rain" hoping some whistle or call might awake his love. He would flee from kinsfolk and friends, "But never leave my sweet gramachree." He longs to be at home

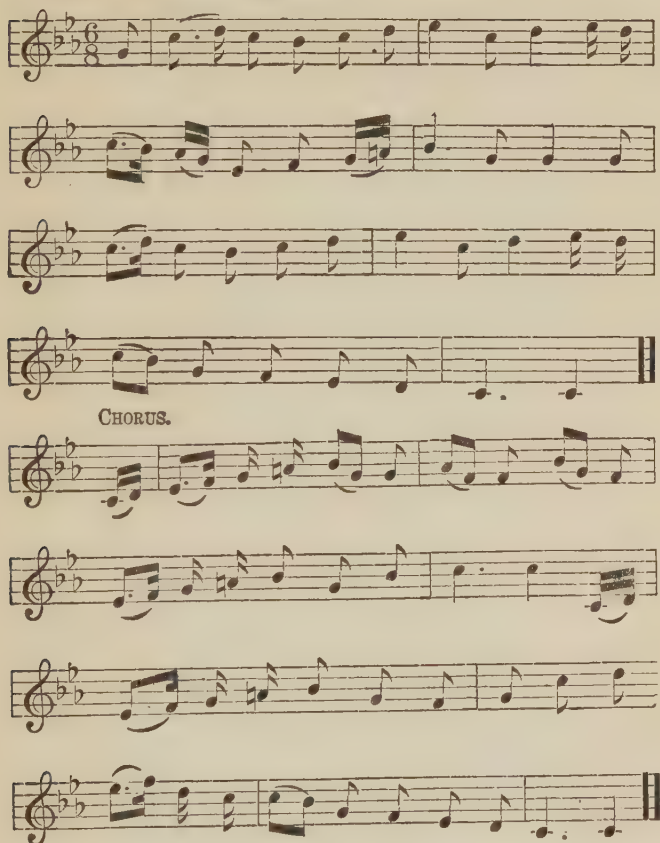
Between two barrels of brave brown ale,
My fair little sister to list my tale.

Between each verse the chorus applauds his determination to win her. Who can doubt that a true lover made the following verses? Their English they owe to Edward Walsh:

My Paisteen Fionn is my soul's delight—
Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright;
The bloom of the apple her bosom white,
Her neck like the swan's in whiteness.

Love of my bosom, my fair Paisteen,
Whose cheek is red, like the rose's sheen;
My thoughts of the maiden are pure, I ween,
Save toasting her health in my lightness.

Ex. 18. The Paisteen Flonn.



. A love-song of a cheery strain is "I wish the Shepherd's Pet Were Mine." It is an idyll of the Irish Arcadia—not the artificial Arcadia of Florian and La Fontaine, but an Arcadia in which the dwellers are childlike as well as care-free. The lover has an eye to the substantial things of life, which help

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to make home comfortable, as well as to Kate herself. Her he would fain possess, but he would like her rich flocks also. This is how he sings:

I wish I had the shepherd's lamb,
The shepherd's lamb, the shepherd's lamb;
I wish I had the shepherd's lamb,
And Katey coming after.

The yellow cow pleases him too, but he must have a welcome from his darling as well. He concludes with a wish for the herd of kine "and Katey from her father." Between the verses the chorus sings (the English is Dr. Joyce's):

And Oh! I hail thee, I hail thee!
My heart's love without guile are thou.
And Oh! I hail thee, I hail thee,
The fair pet of thy mother.

The Irish maiden sings her wish for happy marriage with as entire an absence of false shame as Grecian Antigone. Dr. Joyce has recorded two songs of this kind. One is "I'm going to be married on Sunday," and the other, "Come, cheer up, cheer up, daughter." Both songs have had to be re-written; but Dr. Joyce has preserved the spirit of the originals, incorporating the best lines and leaving out such verses as were either worthless or objectionable. In the first song the girl sings:

It is quite time to marry when a girl is sixteen;
'Twas Willy that told me, so it's plain to be seen;
For he's handsome and manly and fit for a queen,
And just twenty years old on next Sunday,
Just twenty years old on next Sunday.

But her friends think sixteen is too youthful to marry. They would have her carry her mailpail for two or three years more. That, however, is clean against her will:

On Saturday night, when I'm free from all care,
 I'll finish my dress and I'll paper my hair;
 There are three pretty maids to wait on me there,
 And to dance at my wedding on Sunday,
 To dance at my wedding on Sunday.

In "Cheer up, cheer up, daughter," the feeling is deeper and the young woman says just what is in her heart. The song is in the form of a dialogue, but there is no difficulty in distinguishing the characters.

"Cheer up, cheer up, daughter, what makes you look so sad?
 Good news, good news, dear daughter, will make your heart be glad."

"Oh! I'm pining, dear mother,
 This long and weary years,
 And it's well you know the good news, dear mother, that I
 should like to hear."

The mother tells her she shall have a lamb; but the daughter replies that she is a woman and "cannot play with toys." A sheep is promised, then a cow; but still the girl is disconsolate. At last the mother gladdens her with the longed-for tidings:

"Cheer up, cheer up, daughter, and married you shall be,"
 "Oh! I will cheer up now, dear mother, for that's the news
 for me."

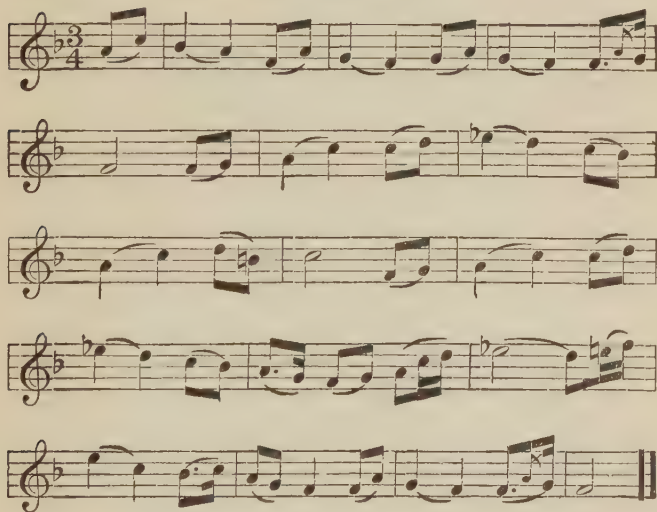
"You are a silly maid I vow;
 "And why do you cheer up now?"
 "Because I love a young man, dear mother, more than lamb,
 or sheep or cow."

People hummed the old airs until the emotion stirring within them took form in poetry. That is why "The Coulin" and "Eileen Aroon" have created such a wealth of verse. There is no limit to the inspirational power of a fine air. When Carrol O'Daly sang "Eileen Aroon," it was a love-song; the same tune moved Thomas Moore to write "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes"; in "Soggarth Aroon," it sings the peasant's devotion to his priest. To establish the relationship of poem and tune belongs to antiquarian research. Petrie never rested content until he had compared all the obtainable variants of a tune and done his utmost to seek out the original poem. The love-song, "Nora of the Amber Hair," he traced back in manuscript form to 1785. His colleague, Eugene O'Curry, collated the words given in the collections of Hardiman and Walsh, and compared them with floating tradition, working patiently towards a restoration of the original. This done, he made a literal translation of the Gaelic into English. Some of the lines may be too realistic or too lowly to please our academic purists; but even they cannot deny that the singer who tells his mistress he will tread the dew before her and not press down the grass has the imagination of a poet.

O Nora of the Amber hair
 It is my grief that I cannot
 Put my arm under your head,
 Or over thy bosom's vesture;
 It is thou that hast left my head
 Without a single ounce of sense,

And I would fly over the waves with thee,
 O my fair loved one, if I could.
 O my heart loved valentine,
 Tho' to me thou hast told a falsehood,
 And that thou hast promised to marry me,
 Without a farthing of any kind of fortune,
 I would tread the dew before thee,
 And would not press down the grass;
 And may the King of all creation speed thee,
 Thou of the branching ringlets.

Ex. 19. Nora of the Amber Hair.



Petrie's friend, James Fogarty, a farmer of Tibroghney, who emigrated to America in the fifties, remembered a stanza of another song, sung of this tune. He described it as "a pensive song or lament for one who was forced to leave home and the object of his affection." Would we had the whole of it.

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What is here printed is the plain English equivalent of the Gaelic:

How happy are the little birds
That rise up on high,
And alight then together
On the one single branch.
It is not so that I do
And my hundred thousand times loved-one;
But it is far from each other
We arise every day.

In a literal translation the poetic spell of the original is lost. In a material version all that the translator can hope to give is a pale and ineffectual image of the form of the verse. Word magic is too volatile to pass from one tongue to another. Nevertheless, Mangan, Walsh, Ferguson, Douglas Hyde and others have given us songs of Irish origin which add a Celtic lustre to English literature. Unfortunately, however, the more elegant these songs are as English lyrics, the less faithfully do they mirror the original. The literal translations of Irish song made by Eugene O'Curry reflect the Celtic spirit much more faithfully than the eloquent English even of Mangan. The highest culture on the subject is represented by Dr. Douglas Hyde, who supplements his metrical translations of the songs of his native Connaught with a translation into literal prose.

Dr. Hyde's "Ringleted Youth of My Love" will make this matter clear even to the person who has no Gaelic. It is the story of lovers who have quarreled. The boy has gone his way, but the girl's heart aches

when he passes by the house and does not come in to see her. She puts her sorrow into a song. Here are none of the stock phrases of the poets; but the thought is inevitable and the words have the nobility of perfect simplicity. The Irish maiden could say with Heine:

Out of my heart's deep sadness,
I make the little songs.

First we will read the literal prose.

"O youth of the bound back hair, With whom I was once together; You went by this way last night; And you did not come to see me. I thought no harm would be done you If you were to come and ask for me, And sure it is your little kiss would give comfort, If I were in the midst of a fever.

"If I had wealth and silver in my pocket, I would make a handy boreen To the door of the house of my storeen, Hoping to God that I might hear the melodious sound of his shoe, and long (since) is the day on which I slept, But (ever) hoping for the taste of his kiss.

"And I thought, my storeen, That you were the sun and the moon, And I thought after that, That you were snow on the mountain, And I thought after that That you were a lamp from God, Or that you were the star of knowledge Going before me and after me."

Compare with this poetry of pure ideas, as distinguished from the poetry of form, the first verse of the same song, done into metre—the metre of the Gaelic. A glance will show that the external graces of metre have been gained at the sacrifice of things which make for character and individuality.

The language is flowing and sweet; but much of the peasant charm is gone.

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee;
 You passed by the road above;
 But you never came in to find me.
 Where were the harm for you,
 If you came for a little to see me?
 Your kiss is a wakening dew,
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

Irish love-songs are confidences on which the singer is thinking aloud or addressing the beloved one in the intimacy of dual solitude. They are not ornamental pieces addressed to an abstraction, but audible musings, confessions, a laying bare of the secret places of the soul. The note of deepest pathos is struck when the singer is some peasant girl lamenting her too complete trust in man. Songs like "Do You Remember That Night?" and "Youth Whom I Have Kissed" are autobiographic; they are universal in their sad truth, but, Celtic in their intensity. The English of the first of these songs we owe to Eugene O'Curry:

Do you remember that night
 That you were at the window,
 With neither hat nor gloves,
 Nor coat to shelter you;
 I reached out my hand to you,
 And you ardently grasped it,
 And I remained in converse with you
 Until the lark began to sing?

Do you remember that night
 That you and I were

At the foot of the rowan tree,
 And the night-drifting snow;
 Your head on my breast,
 And your pipe sweetly playing?
 I little thought that night
 Our ties of love would ever loosen.

O beloved of my inmost heart,
 Come some night, and soon,
 When my people are at rest,
 That we may talk together;
 My arms shall encircle you,
 While I relate my sad tale
 That it is your pleasant, soft converse
 That has deprived me of heaven.

The fire is unraked,
 The light extinguished,
 The key under the door,
 And do you softly draw it.
 My mother is asleep,
 And I am quite awake;
 My fortune is in my hand,
 And I am ready to go with you.

Like its neighbor, "Oh, youth whom I have kissed," is also a song that has been lived. The English translation we owe to Dr. Hyde and the debt is one to be acknowledged with gratitude. Not only is it beautiful, but it preserved the Irish way of rhyming. Alternate lines rhyme, as in English verse; but there is an internal rhyme also. The richness of Gaelic in vowel sounds favors this peculiarity. But the technical interest of the song is its least virtue. It has a sad sincerity that would have moved the heart of Wordsworth, and Coleridge would have rejoiced in its melody.

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Oh, youth whom I have kissed, like a star through the mist,
 I have given thee this heart altogether,
 And you promised me to be at the greenwood for me,
 Until we took counsel together;
 But know, my love, though late, that no sin is so great,
 For which the angels hate the deceiver,
 At first to steal the bliss of a maiden with a kiss,
 To deceive her after this and to leave her.

And do you now repent for leaving me down bent
 With the trouble of the world going through me
 Preferring sheep and kine and silver of the mine
 And the black mountain heifers to me?
 I would sooner win a youth to win me in his truth
 Than the riches that you love, have chosen,
 Who would come to me and play by my side every day
 With a young heart gay and unfrozen.

But when the sun goes round, I sink upon the ground,
 I feel my bitter wound at that hour;
 Ah! pallid, full of gloom, like one from out a tomb,
 O Mary's Son, without power.
 And all my friends not dead are casting at my head
 Reproaches at my sad undoing,
 And this is what they say, "Since yourself went astray,
 Go and suffer so to day in your ruin."

The published collections of Irish songs do not appear to include any bridal airs or marriage songs, like the "*Chanson de la Mariee*" of the Breton peasants or the Swiss Wedding Dance. But there undoubtedly were such songs; for they are spoken of in old folk tales and the ceremonial of rustic weddings would be incomplete without them. Lady Wilde in her book on Irish folk lore refers to such a song which, she says, used to be sung at marriage feasts by the whole company, the newly married pair

alone remaining seated. Each verse of the song ended with the refrain:

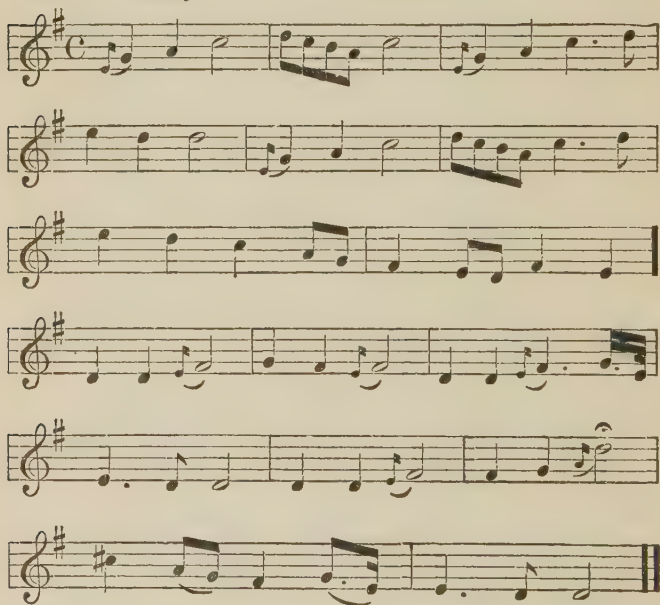
There is sweet enchanting music and the golden harps are
ringing
And twelve comely maidens deck the bride bed for the bride.

Each of the twelve bridesmaids had a cavalier and together they escorted the bride and groom home. The young man's mother met the bride at the door and broke an oat cake over her head in token of plenty in store. Lady Wilde gives an account of a rustic wedding which took place about the middle of last century. Even at that late date, some of the immemorial customs of the Celts were still observed. After the marriage ceremony, a procession was formed, headed by boys, who made a sort of rude music on hollow reeds. A boy carrying a lighted torch of bogwood was the Hymen of the festival and preceded the newly wedded pair, who walked hand in hand, under a canopy. Two attendants walked behind holding a sieve full of wheat over their heads as an augury of plenty. A bon-fire had been built, and to this the procession moved, encircling the flames three times. Then the canopy was taken away and the young couple kissed before all the people.

But if the nuptial songs of Ireland are lost, it is not so with the songs of childhood. No national music is so rich in lullabies as is that of Ireland. Some of the tunes are so artlessly beautiful that they seem to be the instinctive music of motherhood; others, more highly organized, suggest conscious

musical craftsmanship. The words are usually of the simplest kind, like "Husho Baby, Shoheen sho," or, perhaps the mother soothes the child with the promise of a golden cradle, swung to and fro by gentle breezes. Here is an example of the simpler kind. Dr. Joyce records it in his "Ancient Music of Ireland" and says he was familiar with it all his life, but never to any other words than "Shoheen sho, and you are my child."

Ex. 20. Lullaby.



We must try to think how it sounded in the quiet of the cottage, the mother holding the child in her arms, rocking backwards and forwards as she sang.

Could there be gentler dormative? It is indeed a soontree, a tune that disposes to slumber. Its antiquity we have no means of determining. But we know that songs heard in childhood cling to the memory when the impressions of maturity have faded. Once they have impressed themselves on the plastic mind of childhood they remain there forever indelibly recorded.

A cradle song with words of a more ambitious character is preserved by Petrie. The poem was put together by piecemeal. The first verse was supplied by Dr. Joyce, who had it from Mrs. Cudmore of Glenosheen; the second was supplied by a farmer of Ardpatrik; the third and fourth were remembered by O'Curry. Individual verses differed with different people, pointing to the conclusion that the Irish mothers who made them up adapted them to suit their own children.

I would put my own child to sleep,
And not the same as the wives of the clowns do,
Under a yellow blanket and a sheet of tow,
But in a cradle of gold rocked by the mind.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, you are my child,
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,
Sho-heen sho, and you are my child.

I would put my own child to sleep,
On a fine sunny day between two Christmasses,
In a cradle of gold on a level floor,
Under the tops of boughs and rocked by the wind,
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, etc.

Sleep, my child, and be it the sleep of safety,
And out of your sleep may you rise in health;

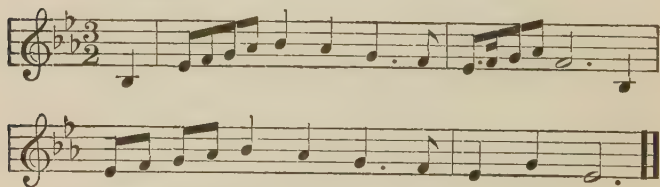
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May neither colic nor death-stitch strike you,
The infant's disease, or the ugly smallpox.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, etc.

Sleep, my child, and be it the sleep of safety,
And out of your sleep may you rise in health;
From painful dreams may your heart be free,
And may your mother be not a sonless woman.
Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, etc.

In Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's "Songs of Erin" is a lullaby of great beauty, set to words by Charles Perceval Graves. It is built up of two independent tunes taken from the Petrie collection, making a simple composition in what musicians call two-part song form. That two unrelated melodies should contrast so happily is an accident by which the musician who perceives their affinity is perfectly entitled to profit.

Ex. 21. Lullaby.



Ex. 22. Nurse Song.



It will be noted as a confirmation of what has been said concerning the primitive character of these

songs that in the first lullaby (No. 21), though it is only four bars long, the same melodic idea is repeated four times; yet so beautiful is the strain that there is no suggestion of monotony. The second lullaby (No. 22) is a period, composed of two contrasting phrases, simple indeed, but not so ingenuous as the companion lullaby with its entire absence of contrast. The first example probably belongs to a very early period of musical art. Together the two lullabies make a song of exquisite beauty, and the lyric with which they have inspired Mr. Graves is a charmingly poetic development of the nurse-song formula alluded to above. Here is the first verse:

I've found my bonny babe a nest
 On Slumber Tree.
 I'll rock you there to rosy rest,
 Astore Machree.
 Oh, lulla lo, sing all the leaves
 On Slumber Tree.
 Till ev'rything that hurts or grieves
 Afar must flee.

The Goltree, or music of sorrow, is most characteristically exemplified in the cry which the Irish people use to lament their dead. They call it the *keen*, and its effect is weird and unearthly. When the last confession has been said and death is momentarily expected, all of the family kneel around the dying person. Holy water is sprinkled about the room and all join in reciting the litany for the dying. When death comes, all rise and join in the death chant, and everyone who hears it says a prayer for the soul which is gone. The chant closely fol-

lows the natural accent of grief, now rising in protest, now sinking in despair. The words are exclamations of grief, like *Ochone! Ochone!* (*Alas! Alas!*) and they are sung again and again at intervals. Dr. Joyce tells us that every neighborhood has—or used to have within recent years—its two or three women who were the recognized keeners of the place. These women, cloaked in somber garb, rock backwards and forwards about the dead, singing the immemorial death music. Between these outbursts of melodious grief some kinsman of the dead—mother or child, husband or wife, brother or sister—will break into passionate lamentation, addressing the corpse in terms of endearment, and calling to mind happy days gone by. Sometimes these outbursts are in the highest degree eloquent. Listen to this mother's apostrophe to her son, spoken within the last fifty years:

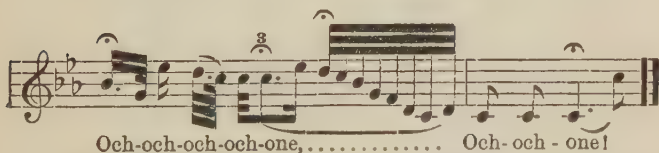
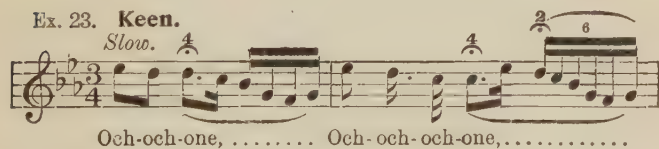
O women, look on me, women; look on me, women; look on me in my sorrow. Have you ever seen any sorrow like mine? Have you ever seen the like of me in my sorrow? Arrah! then, my darling, it is your mother that calls you. How long you are sleeping. Do you see all the people round you, my darling, and I sorely weeping? Arrah! what is this paleness on your sweet face? Sure, there was no equal to it in Erin for beauty and fairness. Your hair was heavy as the wing of a raven, and your hand was whiter than the hand of a lady. Is it a stranger that must carry me to my grave and my son lying here?

Can classic sorrow show anything more beautiful?

Here is a keen which Dr. Joyce says he learned "long, long ago." Frequent hearing printed it on his memory. It is divided into bars, as though it

were mensural music, but Dr. Joyce says that the notes over which the pause mark (a little semicircle with a dot over it) is placed may be sustained to any length, according to the power or inclination of the singer. This liberty of treatment makes it a free recitative rather than a symmetrical melody. The plain chant of the Church is full of melody of this kind, melody without regularly recurrent accent, and owing its rhythm to the words with which it is associated. Occasional examples are also to be met with in modern music, as, for example, the page of unbarred, improvisation-like music in Mendelssohn's pianoforte sonata, Opus 6. The spirit of wild mourning which pervades this keen transcends ordinary rules, but in its noble extravagance, is full of heart-searching beauty. It is the music of natural rhetoric unrestrained, yet confessing an aesthetic order which can more readily be felt than defined.

Ex. 23. **Keen.**



But death music was not only sung; it was played on the pipes. The pipers marched at the head of

the funeral procession and the esteem in which the deceased person was held might be gauged by their number. Sir John Graham Dalyell, the author of "Musical Memories of Scotland," illustrates this point in his description of the obsequies of Matthew Hardy, a piper of note in his day. Hardy was a wee mortal, only two feet high, but he had the spirit of a giant and Dalyell calls him "the life and soul of his countrymen." They buried him in Rathmichael Churchyard, in April, 1737, and his coffin was preceded by no fewer than eight couples of pipers, who played a dirge composed by Carolan. Where is that dirge to-day? Fortunately, Petrie has recorded some magnificent examples, one of which is here given. (Ex. 39.) Mr. Graves and Sir Charles Stanford have linked this magnificent air with the memory of Owen Roe O'Neill. The Italian Galilei, writing about the middle of the sixteenth century, refers to the use of the music of pipes in war. He adds, "With it also they accompany their dead to the grave, making such mournful strains as to invite, nay, to almost force, bystanders to weep."

Music of Ireland is luxuriant in songs of sorrow. In addition to the keens for the departed there are laments for the living also—songs of famine, execution songs, songs of exile, emigrant songs, laments for national calamities, like the battle of Armagh and the flight of the "Wild Geese."

The laments for heroes slain, for cities stormed and garrisons massacred may fittingly be described in chapters on the part played by song in Ireland's his-

tory. A species of lament still heard is the "Execution Song." Dr. Joyce gives an air which he has often heard in Dublin set to tales of murder and sudden death. The verses, doggerel though they often are, acquire a grim horror from their subject. Here are a couple of verses taken from such chants and sung in the streets. These songs are commonly printed on a broadside, with a skull and crossbones, coffin or gallows by way of illustration. The verse, as Dr. Joyce points out, usually takes the form of a "Last Dying Speech."

It was a cruel murder; the truth I now must own.
 'Twas Satan strongly tempted me, as we were both alone;
 Then with a heavy hatchet, I gave Connolly a fall,
 And I cut him up in pieces, which appeared the worst of all.

The formula, "Come all ye," with which the second quotation begins, has served as introduction to popular songs almost without number. The musician is a street singer and he is inviting the people to listen to him.

Come all ye tender Christians; I hope you will draw near.
 A doleful lamentation I mean to let you hear;
 How a child of only ten years old did swear our lives away.
 May the Lord have mercy on our souls against the Judgment
 Day.

A more beautiful class of lamentations are the songs of exile. Ireland to the Irishman is ever Holy Ireland. When a native of Connaught is compelled to forsake the old home, he makes a pilgrimage to the birthplace of St. Columba. A flagstone marks

the spot in Black Gartan where Columcille was born. Once it was thick and ponderous; now it is worn thin by thousands of Erin's children who have rested a night there in the hope that the saint would give them strength to bear the pangs of homesickness. For Columcille himself was an exile and, thirteen centuries ago, in chill Iona, he wrote verses full of longing for Erin. Banished to Alba, he mourned the speed of the coracle that bore him on his way. "There is a grey eye that looks back upon Erin," said he; "it shall not see during life, the men of Erin nor their wives." In later years, remembering happy days gone by, he cries out, "Were all the tribute of Alba mine, from the center to the border, I would prefer the site of one house in the middle of Derry." The memory of the spreading trees, the tuneful birds, the white strand, made him sick for home. Therein he is typical of the Celtic race. More than a thousand years have elapsed since he wrote these words, done into English by Dr. Sigerson—

'Twere delightful, O Son of God,
 Forward faring,
 Sail to hoist over surges,
 Home to Erin;

but they voice the yearning of his spiritual children to this day. The selfsame longing can be felt in the poem of a Celt of our day, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, and in the writings of many another child of Erin besides. Read these verses from Mrs. Hinkson's book, "The Wind in the Trees,"—

Oh, green and fresh your English sod
 With daisies sprinkled over;
 But greener far the hills I trod
 And the honeyed Irish clover.

Oh, well your skylark cleaves the blue
 To bid the sun good morrow;
 He has not the bonny song I knew
 High over an Irish furrow.

And often, often I'm longing still,
 This gay and golden weather,
 For my father's face by an Irish hill
 And he and I together.

Kindred strains without number have been by Ireland's exiles, from Gerald Nugent, longing for the

Land of the bee-glad mountain,
 Isle of the steeds and fountains;

to Donough Roe McNamara, whose home-sorrow found expression in "The Fair Hills of Holy Ireland":

Oh, I long, I am pining again to behold
 The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old;
 Far dearer to my heart than the gifts of gems or gold
 Are the fair hills of Erie, O!

The emigrant songs are always ingenuous and the poetic Pharisee may at times find them uncouth; but they have a depth of feeling which commands respect and compels sympathy. Dr. Joyce, to whom we are so deeply indebted for illustrations of the home side of Irish song, gives an excellent specimen of this

class of song in his "Irish Peasant Songs." It is called "Sweet Cootehill Town," and in it the singer tells his love for the town in which he was born and bred, and which, to his grief, he is now forced to leave. Dave Dwane of Glenosheen used to sing it and the last time Dr. Joyce heard it was at an "American wake"—the evening before the departure of a company of emigrants for America. Dave was going away with the rest, and he sang the song with such intense feeling that, in Dr. Joyce's words, "the whole company, men, women and children, were in tears." "That is now more than sixty years ago," says Dr. Joyce; "and, to this hour, I find it hard to restrain tears, when I recall the scene." What became of Dave Dwane of Glenosheen, and did he sing the old songs in the New World? Who knows? Here is "Sweet Cootehill Town,"—

Now fare you well, sweet Cootehill Town,
 The place where I was born and bred;
 Through shady groves and flowery hills
 My youthful fancy did serenade.
 But now I'm bound for Amerikay
 A country that I never saw:
 Those pleasant scenes I'll always mind,
 When I am going far away.

The pleasant hills near Cootehill Town
 Where I have spent my youthful days;
 Both day and night I took delight
 In dancing and in harmless plays.
 But, while I rove from town to town,
 The memory in my mind shall stay
 Of those pleasant, happy, youthful hours
 That now are spent and passed away.

I hope kind fate will reinstate,
 That fortune's face will on me smile,
 And safe conduct me home again
 To my own dear native Irish isle;
 When my comrades all and friends likewise
 Will throng around and thus will say,—
 "We will sing and play as in days of old;
 So you've welcome home from far away."

At times of parting even inanimate objects seem to share our sorrow and almost reproach us for leaving them. Lady Gregory tells a touching story of an Irishwoman who was going to emigrate. On the last day she was to spend in the old home, she rose at dawn, to take a farewell look at the dear, familiar objects she would never see again. The poor woman "envied the birds that were free of the air and the beasts that were free of the mountains and were not forced to go away."

But the hardest fate of all is that of the loved ones who are left behind,—wives anxiously awaiting money to pay their passage; old mothers hoping against hope for the wanderer's return. Ireland's muse has drawn many pathetic pictures of such scenes. Who can forget Lady Dufferin's "Song of the Irish Emigrant"?

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary kind and true;
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to.
 They say there's bread and work for all
 And the sky shines always there;
 But I'll not forget Old Ireland,
 Were it twenty times as fair.

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In America, in Australia, under the burning sun of South Africa, wherever he may be, the Irish emigrant looks back to the old home with longing. Fate may never permit him to return; but his interest in Erin never flags. Nor has this interest been a barren sentiment. The downfall of a semi-feudal landlord system would not have been possible had it not been for the influence of emigrant laborers, the pens of expatriate authors, the dollars of Irish servant girls beyond seas. Charles J. Kickham has done some small measure of justice—an instalment, as it were—to Irish girls in his “Irish Peasant Girl”—

O brave, brave Irish girls—
We well may call you brave!
Sure, the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave,
When you leave your quiet valleys
And cross the Atlantic foam,
To hoard your hard-won earnings
For the helpless ones at home.

This chapter began with love; it may well end with devotion. From rising in the morning to going to bed at night, every habitual act of the Gael has its accompaniment of prayer. Baking bread, setting out on a journey, going to church, tending the fire all have their suitable prayers, fragments of verse descended from parent to child time out of mind. Nobody knows who made them; they are part of the tradition of the race. Doubtless many of them have perished; but Dr. Douglas Hyde has collected many beautiful examples and they are preserved in his “Re-

ligious Songs of Connacht," a book which is pure gold of the peasantry. For over twenty years Dr. Hyde sought up and down among the people of Connaught for these songs; they deserve to be loved, not by Irishmen only, but by speakers of English also.

First, the day must be well begun. Here is an aspiration on rising from bed. It comes from County Mayo,—

I rise up with God;
May God rise with me,
God's hand round about me,
Sitting and lying
And rising of me.

Perhaps it is the day for baking bread—part of the weekly round and the more gracious for being blessed. So the good wife says a prayer. Some priest composed it, no doubt anxious to have his flock meditate on the mystery of the Trinity,—

Three folds in my garment, yet only one garment I bear;
Three joints in a finger, yet only one finger is there;
Three leaves in a shamrock, yet only one shamrock I wear.
Frost, ice and snow; these three are nothing but water.
Three persons in God, yet only one God is there.

Or it may be a journey is to be undertaken. Dr. Hyde got this little poem in Tyrone,—

In the name of the Father with victory
And of the Son who suffered the pain,
That Mary and her Son may be with me on my travel.

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O Mary, meet me at the port;
Do not let my soul (go) by thee;
Great is my fear at thy Son.

In the communion of the saints may we be,
Listening to the voices of the angels,
And praising the Son of God for ever and ever.

And, in going on your way, be not puffed up with pride because of the richness of your garments; for it is the dress of the soul that God sees. Would not the world be better if people acted up to this little verse from Ulster?

Look not with pride at thy polished shoe,
Be not proud of thy cloak so nice
In humility walk the road afoot,
And always salute the poor man twice.

Many of these poetic fragments enshrine doctrine and pious precepts. They welcome Sunday; they inculcate devotion at Mass; some of the most beautiful are meditations for Holy Communion. When day draws to a close and bedtime is near, then the fire is to be "saved." The glowing peat is covered up with ashes and burns slowly through the night. As she does this office the goodwife says—

I save this fire
As Christ once saved all.
May Bride care and keep it.
On Mary's high Son I call.
The three angels most mighty
In heaven's hall
Protect us this hour
Until day shall dawn.

And before lying down for the night the Bed Dann
is said —

I stretch on this bed
As I shall stretch in the tomb.
A hard confession I make to Thee,
O God; absolution I am asking of Thee,
For the evil sayings of my mouth,
For the evil thinkings of my heart,
For the evil actions of my flesh,
Everything that I have said that was not true,
Everything that I have promised and have not fulfilled.

CHAPTER VI

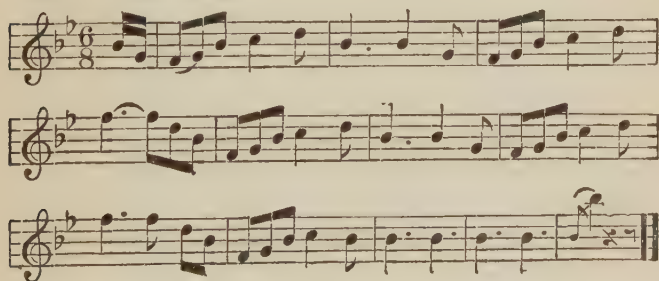
SONGS OF WORK AND PLAY

NOWHERE has music been made to serve the turn of the laborer more practically than in Ireland. Many occupations have associated with them ancestral tunes of high antiquity. Of this class are the plow tunes and the tunes used for spinning and weaving. The plow tunes are of peculiar interest. They were sung or whistled by the plowman as he followed the plow. Petrie thinks them "as old as the race which introduced into Ireland the use of the plow." In their wildness and freedom from obvious plan they strike upon the ear like melodic meditations, a sort of musical dreaming aloud, gracefully unsymmetrical. Inasmuch as they served to stimulate and to pacify the laboring horses they were utilitarian; but to look upon them as this and nothing more would be to miss their larger significance. For these strains are the product of nature moods, moods in which the mental machinery seems to be quiescent and the soul to perceive things not vouchsafed to the active intelligence. The straining horses, the earth upturning red from the plowshare, the magic of the morning: all these things enter into these melodies which the plowman, man and boy, has repeated at his task for untold generations. Dr. Sigerson in his "Bards of the Gael

and Gall," speaks of the haunting effect of these melodies, heard in some lonely glen, when the shades of evening have fallen. To appreciate them aright we must listen to them with the ears of the imagination as well as with the grosser bodily sense.

The following example of the plow tune bears internal evidence of its antiquity, for it is based on the primeval scale of the Celts, the scale of five tones. It is given in the key of B flat; but neither A nor E flat, neither the fourth nor seventh degree of the scale is present. It is also melody in the simplest form, a musical period. All the plow tunes are in period form, and the fact is strong presumptive evidence of their antiquity. We may be sure that the first singers of these songs, their composers, that is to say, were no professional musicians, but just simple folks into whose hearts the Almighty had poured the divine language of melody.

Ex. 24. **Plow Tune.**



A very interesting plow tune was noted down by Petrie from the singing of the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon. It appeals to us the more on account

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of the words which were sung to it and which O'Curry, who often heard them in his boyhood, recorded for his friend. As late as O'Curry's time, it was usual to have three men engaged at the plow, with as many as four or six horses. The Headsman drove; the Tailsman stood in the fork to guide the plow; the Thirdman leaned on the head of the plow with a crutch to keep it down. As they work the trio discuss the prospects for dinner and what they say largely depends on the reputation of the good wife. If the outlook is bad they abuse the horse, if good they are more kindly. The element of improvisation which enters in here is common in Irish occupation songs. The Tailsman begins, giving the tone to the song with his opening verse, which is repeated after every additional bit of tidings from the Thirdman. They trace the corn from its sowing to its appearance on the table as bread. The Tailsman sings; the Thirdman answers in speech, and the Driver joins in the unison of the last lines, which are sung by all three in chorus. The theme of the song is the corn to be used for the repast and the singers trace it in imagination from its reaping to its appearance on the table. The formula lends itself readily to free treatment, and it is doubtful if any two versions would exactly agree.

Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive
The bad woman's little brown mare;
Put your foot on the plow, O Thomas,
And see if our dinner is coming.

Thirdman—It (the corn for dinner) is a-reaping.

Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive, etc.
 Thirdman—It is a-threshing.
 Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive, etc.
 Thirdman—It is a-winnowing.
 Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive, etc.
 Thirdman—It is a-drying.
 Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive, etc.
 Thirdman—It is a-grinding.
 Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive, etc.
 Thirdman—It is a-sifting.
 Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive, etc.
 Thirdman—It is a-kneading.
 Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive, etc.
 Thirdman—It is a-baking.
 Tailsman—Goad and strike and drive, etc.
 Thirdman—It is a-coming.
 Tailsman—Hob and Hein and drive,
 The good woman's little brown mare:
 Unyoke the horses O Thomas,
 Now that our dinner is ready.

Most people are familiar with Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." The melody was obviously suggested by the blows of the smith's sledge on the anvil. The "Smith's Song" of the Irish peasantry was probably its predecessor by long ages. Anyone hearing the tune will recognize its worthiness to be compared with the better known German song. While, however, the "Smith's Tune" is the outcome of an occupation and could not exist without it, strictly speaking it is not an occupation tune. The smith's calling is too noisy to be vocal for anyone with lungs less powerful than those of a Stentor. The clang of the smith's hammer was none the less the inspiration of the melody, however. It has been

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seized upon by youths for their games, and O'Curry tells us that the mothers of Connacht often used it to soothe a restless child. While she sang and rocked the child the woman would beat the floor with heel and toe alternately, mimicking the smith's hand hammer and big sledge. The words of the song are supposed to be spoken by a smith whose wife has eloped with a tailor. Each verse begins and ends with a couple of lines, sung thrice each time, imitating the blow of the hammer and the sharp ringing of the anvil,—

Ding, dong, didilium.
Strike this; blow this.

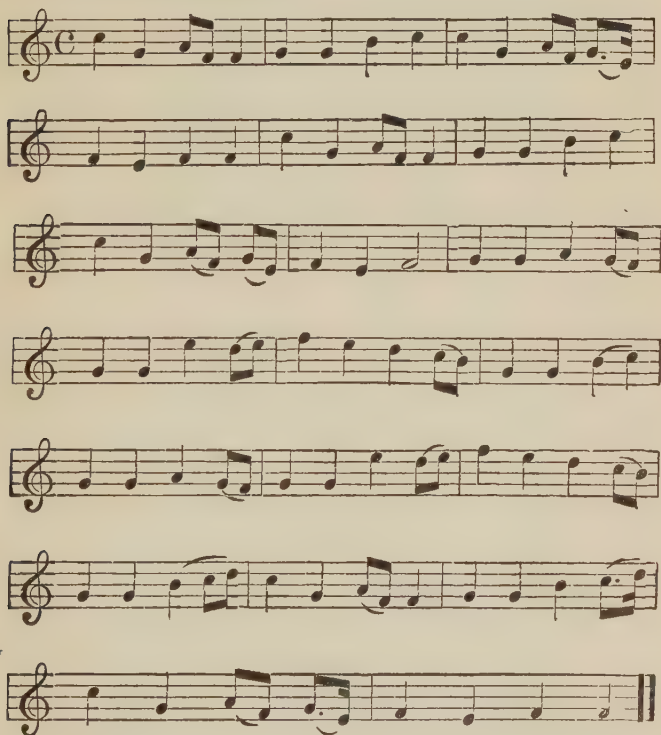
It would be hard to parallel the imitative perfection of this little refrain. Here are a couple of stanzas of the song,—

Ding dong didilium,
Strike this; blow this. (Three times.)
My wife has gone
With the airy tailor.
Not well can I see
A hatchet or reaping hook;
Not well can I see
A spade or a sleaghan (turf spade),
Since from me hath gone
My stately wife,
With a miserable gag,
Without cattle or purse.
Ding dong didilium, etc.

Ding dong didilium,
Strike this; blow this. (Three times.)
My wife has gone
With the airy tailor

Thou stray going woman
 With the snow-white bosom,
 It were better for you return
 And blow the bellows,
 Than your own good smith
 For ever to abandon,
 And be off with the tailor
 All over Erinn.
 Ding dong didilium, etc.

Ex. 25. **Smith's Song.**



The murmur of the quern stone and the whirr and

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click of the spinning wheel have been suggesters of melody from remote ages. Even queens did not disdain to grind corn and spin in the Ireland of old and, to this day, in out-of-the-way places, good wives weave garments for the family. These occupations have given rise to a notable literature of song. The quern tunes, however, and the songs connected with them have nearly all perished. One tune that has been preserved formed part of the "Irish Entertainment" given by Horncastle. The words originally sung to it are lost. It is interesting to learn that the first mill for grinding corn was erected by Cormac the king, in the third century, for his bondmaid, Ceirnuít.¹ Every day Ceirnuít had to grind a certain quantity of corn and the king wishing to lighten her labors—for Ceirnuít was beautiful—sent across the sea for a millwright, and he came and built the mill.

Fortunately the spinning songs of Erin have escaped the fate which has deprived us of the quern songs. Ireland's spinnings and quiltings are not yet a thing of the past, and the revived national spirit expressed in the Gaelic League prompts the hope that this treasure of the ancient lore of the Irish will be preserved. The spinnings and quiltings are neighborhood gatherings of young women to prepare wool and flax for the loom. As they work they sing. The melodies are tunes that have served the selfsame purpose time out of mind. The words, for the most part, are made up as the song is sung and form improvised dialogues on the love affairs of the

young people of the company's acquaintance. These themes are worked out according to a simple formula, the singers in turn contributing a verse. To give space for a moment's reflection, between each verse of real matter, a nonsense verse of Gaelic syllables, like the "Down derry down" of old English ballads or the "Fal lal la" of the madrigal, is introduced. In this simple way the gossip of a neighborhood is turned into song. The keener the wits of the singers, the sprightlier will be the song. O'Curry noted down a couple of typical examples. But it must be borne in mind that the words in either case are only casual; the formula alone is permanent. The essence of the spinning song lies in its impromptu character.

In O'Curry's first example one of the company begins by singing the refrain:

Mallo lero is im bo nero—,

which is nothing more than a metrical group of syllables, like the "Hey nonino" of Shakespeare. Another girl starts the song proper with some such statement as:

I traversed the wood when day was breaking.

The refrain is again heard, being sung twice, to end the first verse and begin the second. Then a companion darts a shaft of insinuation:

For John O'Carroll you wandered so early.

The merry controversy will last as long as the girls

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have the fancy and mischief to carry on the fence of repartee. Of course, the first singer will none of O'Carroll. Her mate knew as much and threw out the name in pure wantonness. She is not disappointed in her expectation of a breezy answer:

With gads begirt let him plow through Erinn.

Another girl joins in with:

You mannerless girl, he's your match for a husband.

But a match is just what he is not, as the first singer's disavowal shows:

I care not. Leave off. Get me my true love.

So they suggest another name:

Thomas O'Maddigan take and be blessed with.

Thomas is more to the lady's taste:

I take and hail and may I well wear my husband,

she exclaims, and the girl who has teased her adds, so that there may be no hard feeling:

To the East or the West may you never be parted.

Now another girl invites the malicious lightning with the challenge:

Go Westward: go Eastward and find me my true love.

She does not ask in vain:

Donnell O'Flaherty take and be blessed with,

says a saucy gossip. But Donnell is already bespoken and the girl addressed well knows it:

It's Joan O'Kelly that would strike me in the face.

But the tease is not silenced:

If the man is worth it, don't let her take him.

But the first girl is a philosopher. She rejoins:

There is no tree in the wood that I could not find its equal.

Obviously the war of wits may go until all the girls present have been at the firing line and all the young men who happen to be present have been prodded with the goad of satire.

Providing for a young couple is another formula frequently employed in spinning songs. The name of some girl is first broached as a candidate for marriage. If the leader does not approve of the selection, she says:

Who is the young man that is struck with misfortune?

and another choice is made. As in the first example, the song begins with a refrain:

Oro, thou fair loved one, and ioro, thou fair dear one,

which begins and, slightly modified, ends every verse, to give the participants the time to think of an apt and rhythmic line. The name of the lady determined

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upon and her lover chosen, the singers offer suggestions for the furnishing of the home, what cheer there shall be, and the kind of company that will be found there. Sometimes an individual singer, with a ready imagination and the knack of thinking in meter, will run on with a dozen suggestions, repeating the middle part of the melody—which divides naturally into three parts—ending at last with the concluding part of the melody. In order that the manner of singing may be clearly understood, the song is given in its entirety, refrain and all:

Oro, thou fair loved one, and ioro, thou fair dear one,
Who's the young woman that's to be married this Shrovetide?
Oro, thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro, thou fair loved one, and ioro, thou fair dear one,
Mary O'Cleary, according as I understand.
Oro, thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro, thou fair loved one, and ioro, thou fair dear one,
Who is the young man that is struck at so luckily?
Oro, thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro, thou fair loved one, and ioro, thou fair dear one,
John O'Kennedy, according as I understand.
Oro, thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro, thou fair loved one, and ioro, thou fair dear one,
What nuptial suit shall be found for the couple?
Oro, thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Oro, thou fair loved one, and ioro, thou fair dear one,
A twelve hundred tick with white feathers filled;
White linen sheets and white blankets abundant;
A quilt of fine silk, the dearest in Limerick;

Candlesticks of gold upon tables a glistening;
 Good gold and silver in their pockets a jingling;
 A plentiful board and a cheerful gay company;
 And I fervently pray that they gain the victory;
 Oro, thou fair loved one, thou lamb and thou love.

Here is a good example of the spinning-song melody. Its simplicity is typical; for here music is the medium of story and repartee and there can be no departure from square-cut regularity of form. Daintily miniature though the air is, the singers themselves are not more characteristically Irish.

Ex. 26. **Spinning Song.**

1st Voice.

2nd Voice.

It would be a sad omission to pass on from this branch of our theme without making some reference to the part played by the spinning wheel in Irish poetry. The maiden at the spinning wheel is part of the tradition of the race. Poets have sung her;

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she smiles in art; a hundred romances are centered about her. John Francis Waller translates her image into verse as light as gossamer:

Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly and brightly and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

In the hands of Authur Perceval Graves the conceit takes on a droll turn that is deliciously Irish:

Show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it,
Oh no!
Nothing you'll show
Aquals her sitting an' taking a twirl at it.

Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughing out on us!
Faix, an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us.

See, the lamb's wool
Turns coarse and dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands of her.
Down goes her heel,
Roun' goes the wheel
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Besides songs which partly owe their structural character to the labor they lighten, other airs are linked with various employments in a more general way and testify that associations by their titles.

There is "The Winnowing Sheet," for instance. It glances at the old way of separating the wheat from the chaff. This was done by shaking the grain into a sheet from a sieve. A windy day was chosen for the task and the wind carried the chaff away, while the grain fell into the sheet. There is no rhythm here to suggest music; so "The Winnowing Sheet" is not an occupation song in the strict sense of the term. The same may be said of "The Twisting of the Rope," best known to-day through Moore's "How Dear to Me the Hour." "The Cutting of the Hay" and "The Gurgling of the Churn" are titles full of picturesque suggestiveness. The milkmaid has been a singer from the beginning of time. In Ireland she is remembered in "The Song of the Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow," one of the loveliest of folk-tunes; "The Spotted Cow," for which Mr. Graves has written in his pretty song, "The Kerry Cow"; "The Dairy Girl" and "The Dairy Maid's Wish." Nor was this singing of the milkmaid merely an ornamental accomplishment. Alexander Carmichael in his "Carmina Gadelica" tells us that "The cows become accustomed to these lilt and will not give their milk without them, nor, occasionally, without their favorite airs being sung; so girls with good voices get higher wages than those that cannot sing."

"The Roving Jack of All Trades" is a good example of a song about no occupation. We owe its preservation to that patriarch among Irish song collectors, Dr. P. W. Joyce. The singer begins:

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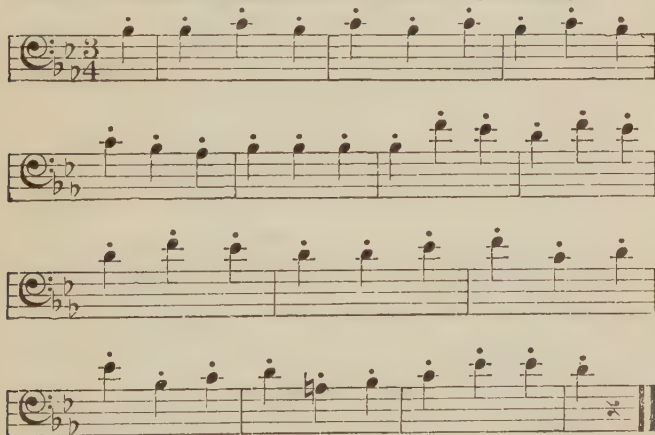
“Of all the men that’s breathing, the rover is my delight,” and the song tells how he travels from town to town, changing his means of livelihood in each.

In Lisburn he’s a weaver,
A glazier in Lurgan town;
In Armagh he’s a joiner,
A smith in Portadown.
In Dungarvan he’s a fisherman
And often plows the brine,
In Youghal a wool comber
And makes his wool to shine.

Let us turn now from work to play. In spite of her sorrows, Erin has the gayest fancy of all the singers of the nations. Her dance tunes are provocative; they arouse all a man’s gladness; they are characteristic pictures of the Gael in his lighter moments. These dances, we must remember, are Ireland’s Gauntrees, her music of laughter, the music which, long, long ago, made the Fomorians forget carnage in mirth. Yet, because, forsooth! the old jigs and reels bring a smile to the lips, many persons assume that they must be artistically insignificant. Since when has dullness been accounted an attribute of genius? De we enjoy Virgil’s picture of the rival shepherds the less, or Ovid’s depiction of Silenus and the satyrs, because they are humorous? Surely our attitude towards these wonderful dances is spoiled by cant, or we should recognize, without cavil or reservation, that they are not merely merry and quaint, but good music, music worthy of the

great composers? Beethoven thought so highly of "St. Patrick's Day" that he left us a setting of it and Moscheles made a canon of "Garryowen." Perhaps people would be less condescending towards these folk dances of the Gael, if it were more generally known how striking is the resemblance they bear to the themes of the lighter movements of the Beethoven symphonies. Let the reader compare the theme of the Scherzo of the "Eroica" with the specimens here given of Ireland's jigs and reels. He will see that they belong to the same genus. Here is the theme of the Scherzo:

EX. 27. Scherzo Theme from "Eroica" Symphony.



Ireland has two dances which surpass all others in interest. They are the jig and the reel. Some authors seek to trace the jig to an Italian source. They base it on the gigas of Corelli and his suc-

cessors and, in confirmation of this view, point to the vogue which Corelli had in Ireland in the early years of the eighteenth century. These good people overlook the presence of jigs in publications anterior to Corelli, notably in Playford's "Dancing Master," which came out in successive editions between 1650 and 1700, and which contains many confessedly Irish tunes. This single fact does away with the claims of the would-be Italianizers of the jig as far as Corelli is concerned, and he is the mainstay of their case.

Carolan, it is true, shows Italian influence; but jigs were danced in Ireland long before his day. Moreover, Carolan was confessedly an imitator of the great Corelli. What evidence there is on this point tends to the conclusion that Europe, first through Italy, then Germany, is indebted to Ireland for this sprightliest of dances. There are passages in Corelli which strongly suggest acquaintance with Irish music. We have Galilei's testimony that Italy owes the harp to Erin; why not the jig also? When the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel fled to Rome in 1608, they had a hundred persons in their train and it is inconceivable, in view of the tenacity with which the chieftains clung to clan usages, that the company did not include harpers and pipers. What more probable than that these men or their disciples played in the hearing of Corelli? He was born in 1653; so there is no chronological difficulty in the way of the meeting.

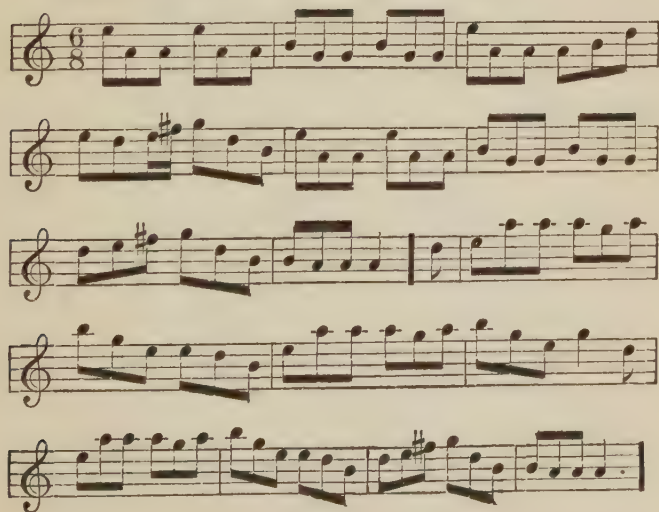
It was a jig, "The Top of Cork Road," which

inspired Charles Perceval Graves with that masterpiece of droll yet reverent portraiture, "Father O'Flynn." Another poet, John Francis Waller, pictures the dance in glowing lines:

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
 And with flourish so free puts each couple in motion;
 With a cheer and a bound the boys patter the ground,
 The maids move around just like swans on the ocean,
 Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
 Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
 No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Our first example of the jig is "The Three Little Drummers," a tune from County Leitrim, irresistible in its lilt. It is in one of the Church

Ex. 28. Jig. The Three Little Drummers.

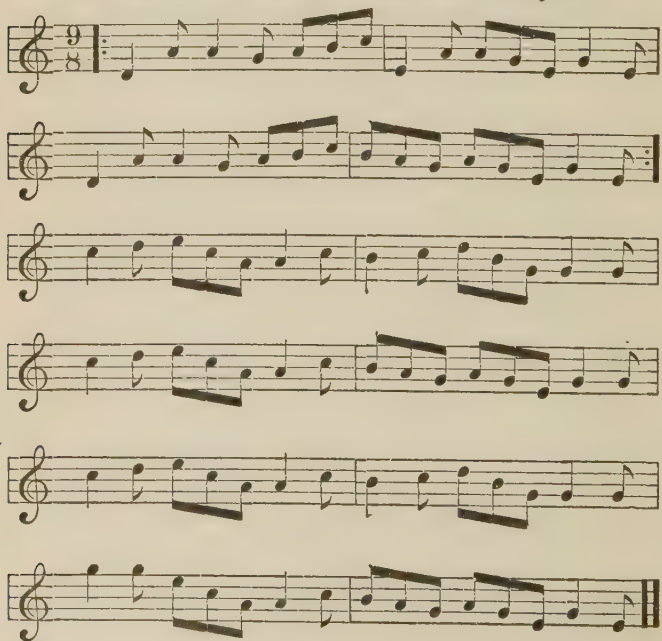


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modes, the Dorian, proof sufficient that the old scales were part of no mere musical dialect, but were universal in their emotional significance.

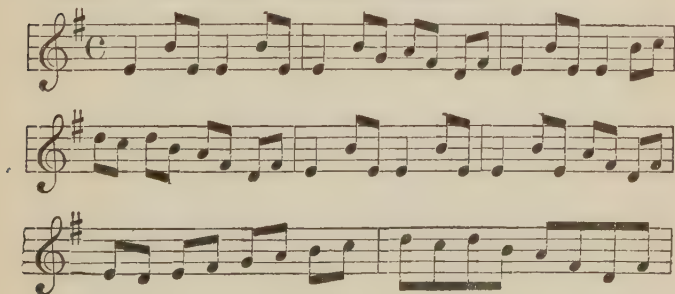
Another characteristic jig is "Wink and She Will Follow You." The fact that it is in triple time, instead of the six-eight of the ordinary dance, declares it to be what Irishmen call a hop jig. The shamrock itself is not more Irish than this jig and it argues ill for the ancestry of anyone who calls himself a Celt to be able to hear it without a tingling in the toes.

Ex. 29. **Kerry Jig. Wink, and she will follow you.**

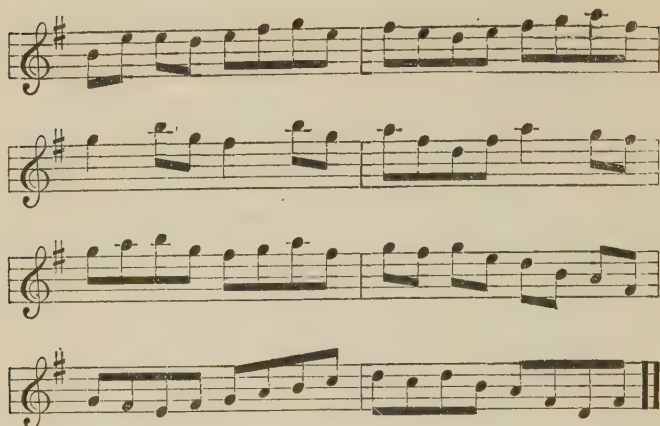


The exuberant gayety which characterizes the jig is also present in the reel, likewise the same sterling musical virtue. It has been denied by some thinkers that music is capable of expressing humor. They say the humor is in the listener, not in the music. If metaphysics makes it impossible for people to perceive the high spirits and downright fun in "Toss the Feathers," the fine reel from County Clare printed below, then the less people have to do with metaphysics the better. A curious feature about this tune is its lack of an ending. It is literally an infinite melody. It is so constructed that the end leads back to the beginning and the piper goes on playing in a circle till the sturdiest couple has had enough. Here again we have a dance tune in a church scale. These ancient ecclesiastical modes enter into the very fiber of Irish music, and they are often the means of those sudden changes from mirth to melancholy—the very sunshine and tears of music—which are so characteristic of Irish melody.

EX. 30. **Clare Reel. Toss the Feathers.**



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A reel gave Joseph McCall the idea of his peasant idyll, "Herself and Myself." If ever the spirit of the reel found expression in poetry, it is in this song. It bubbles over with fun and has just enough tenderness to make it sweet as well as merry. Mr. McCall did not adapt his lyric to strict reel time; he contented himself with putting into words the spirit of the dance.

"Twas beyond at Macreddin, at Owen Doyle's weddin',
 The boys got the pair of us out for a reel.
 Says I, "Boys, excuse us." Says they, "Don't refuse us."
 "I'll play nice and aisy," says Larry O'Neill.
 So off we went trippin' it, up an down steppin' it—
 Herself and myself on the back of the doore;
 Till Molly—God bless her—fell into the dresser,
 An' I tumbled over a child on the floore.

Says Herself to Myself, "We're as good as the best of them."
 Says Myself to Herself, "Shure we're better than gold."
 Says Herself to Myself, "We're as young as the rest of them."
 Says Myself to Herself, "Troth, we'll never grow old."

Now play over the reel and see if verse and dance do not form an admirable commentary on each other.

The silence of ancient Irish literature on the subject of the dance is an unsolved riddle. Even in the account of the Fair of Carman, which contains so many allusions to the ways in which people amused themselves, there is not one single indubitable reference to the dance. Poems, legends, histories, are mute on the point. Yet it is not to be believed that the ancient Irish did not dance. The Elizabethan drama furnishes us with abundant evidence that they did so in later days. Shakespeare is full of references to Irish dances. Indeed the bard of Avon casts so many side glances at Erin, he uses so many Irish turns of speech, talking of "murther," "rayson," "retrait," that he seems a far better Celt than many of the anglicizing Irishmen of the last two centuries. He talkes of jigs; he is familiar alike with merry dumps and doleful ones; he can dance Trenchmore and take his part of the Fading. His contemporaries are equally proficient in the Hibernian dance, not the poets only, but the lords and ladies of the English court as well. We find the Earl of Worcester writing to Lord Shrewsbury in 1602 telling him of the pleasure the Queen took in country dances. The letter concludes that "Irish dances are at this time most pleasing." Clearly then there must have been dances distinctively Irish in character, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and their fame had spread farther than

Ireland. Mr. Grattan Flood, who has done valuable work in analyzing Shakespeare's Irish allusions, identifies the Fading with the Rinnce Fada or Long Dance, akin to Sir George de Coverley and the Virginia Reel; Trenchmore is the Rinnce Mor; the dumpe is a tune for the tiompan or small harp. It is probable that all these dances survive, fragmentarily at least, in the set and figure dances still practiced in Ireland. Traces of the Long Dance are to be found indeed in all Celtic countries—sure proof of its tribal character. It was the festal dance of the people, and Patrick Kennedy, who saw it danced in 1812, has left an account in his "Banks of the Boro," of the manner in which the people dressed for it. He says that "They were in their shirt sleeves, waistcoat, knee breeches, white stockings and turn pumps, all bright colors around their waists, and ribbons of white hue encircling heads, shirt sleeves, knees and boots, the shoulders getting more than was their due. The girls had their hair decked with ribbons and were in their Sunday garb." The meeting of two roads, at the end of the village, was the favorite place for the holding of these festivals. Old and young were wont to meet there and the sound of the pipe went merrily.

When the people were tired of the Long Dance and its many variants, individual dancing would begin. Some localities have their pantomime dances and relics of these old measures still persist. For example, Limerick City had its "Butcher's March" and the boys of Wexford have "Droghedy's

March." What the latter was antiquarians are at a loss to determine. Patrick Kennedy, who saw it danced nearly a hundred years of age, says it was danced by six men or boys armed with short cudgels. As they moved through the steps of the dance, each man fenced his nearest neighbor and the pipes made music like Brian Boru's march. At Easter and Whitsuntide there are cake dances. Some alewife with an eye to business provides the cake and it is set forth on a board on the top of a pole, for all to see. Sometimes it is given to the best dancer; sometimes to the merriest wag. Emulation is rife and every boy gives the piper a penny, so that he may have music and dance with his colleen.

Goldsmith is not generally regarded as a Celtic poet; but, although his manner was English, the picture he paints of the rural sports at eventide is surely based on recollections of his boyhood days at Lissoy. Macaulay, armed with strong qualifications for reticence, says that Auburn was an English, not an Irish village; but the picture squares with tradition and the details bear the stamp of truth.

How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed,
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground
 And sleights of hand and feats of strength went round.
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:

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The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please

CHAPTER VII

SONGS OF FAERIE AND THE SPIRIT WORLD

IF we would understand the Celtic nature, we must know Erin's songs of the supernatural. Would we know what explanation the men and women of Ireland have given themselves of the phenomena of existence? We shall find the answer in her songs. They are an autobiography of the Celtic soul. Simple they may be; but their simplicity is that of a childhood like unto that which is promised a knowledge of things hidden from the learned and wise.

A single song,—the "Song of Una," for instance—understood in all its phases, "root and all, branch and all," will fill the "Celtic twilight" with strange and beautiful apparitions; "the little dance tune of Baltiorum," probably still danced about the bonfires on St. John's Eve, carries the imagination back of the days of fire-worship; the "Song of Fionnuala" is an echo of the struggle between the powers of good and evil in the Christian dawn.

Although "The Song of the Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow" is one of the best beloved of Irish songs, Irish peasants do not like to sing it at night. For then the "Good People" are dancing on the raths in the moonlight and it angers them to overhear their

music sung by mortals. There is jealousy between the two races. Even the name "Good People" is given by the Celts to the fairies for the same reason that made the Greeks call the Furies "Gracious Goddesses." The fairies, whose existence, by the way, is firmly believed in by many Celts-Irish, Scots, Welsh, Manxmen, West of England folk, Bretons, in the Old World and the New, Catholic and Protestant alike,—are beings intermediate between man and the angels. They are supposed to be the Tuatha de Danann, that mysterious people which came from Greece—so legend has it—long ages ago. After driving out the sea-roving Fomorians, they were in turn dispossessed by the Milesians. It is said that the Milesians and the Tuatha de Danann divided Erin between them. Amergin, the Milesian judge, allotted to the Tuatha de Danann the underworld, reserving the earth above for his own race. Then the Dagda, the Tuatha de Danann chief, led his people to what is now the hill of Knockma. They entered the bowels of the earth, converted the caves of the hills and the caverns of the sea into beautiful palaces and there they have dwelt ever since. With the advent of Christianity popular ideas about the fairies underwent a change. The Good People began to be regarded as fallen angels—those who, when war arose in heaven and Lucifer drew after him the third part of heaven's sons, were neither for God nor against him. For this craven neutrality they were cast out of heaven. Hell was too bad for them and heaven too good; so they were allowed to

make their home on earth. But they have heard how Adam and his seed are to occupy their vacant room in heaven; so they are jealous of man. Yet a wistful longing prompts them, from time to time, to question holy men about their future lot. One fairy asked St. Columba what would become of the fairies on the last day, and Columcille told him that at Doomsday the fairies would be annihilated.

A parish priest returning home one day was surprised to hear the rustle of innumerable little wings, though he could see nothing. Suddenly a voice addressed him. "Who are you?" demanded the priest. "We are the Clan Shée," the voice replied, "and we wish you to declare that, at the last day, our lot will not be with Satan. Say that the Savior died for us as well as for you."

"I will give you a favorable answer," said the priest, "if you will give me a hopeful one. Do you adore and love the Son of God?"

He received no reply, only shrill and plaintive cries.

None of the saints appears to have denied the existence of the fairies. St. Patrick seems to have felt towards them as Dante and Milton felt towards the gods of classic mythology—that they were fallen angels who deceived men to adore them for deities. This worship he expressly forbids.

The Irishman grows up in an atmosphere of the marvelous. For him creation is full of good and evil powers, warring for the mastery. Constantly at his side, the invisible companions of his daily

life, entering into his very thoughts, are two angels, one of God and one of Satan. Spirits ride in the wind and in the bosom of the clouds. Every star has its appointed guide; the round world itself is steered through the sky by an angelic power. The angels of the stars make music together and we mortals might hear it, if the melody were not too pure for human sense to seize. Between the angelic hosts and man the Irishman conceives other orders of beings and, to materialistic unbelievers, he will observe that people who have reasoned all the mystery out of life cannot hope to escape atrophy of the imagination. Should we believe in the aroma of flowers if we had not the sense of smell? Should we credit the spell of music, if we were incapable of sweet sounds?

A part of fairy mythology which has always exercised a strong hold on the Celtic imagination is the idea of a paradise of the senses. This paradise is known by many names. It is Tirnanoge, the Land of the Ever Young; it is Hy Brazil, the Isle of Delight, seen on clear days from the westernmost cliffs of Ireland, but receding ever before those who put out in search of it. Others know it as Moy Mell, the Plain of Pleasure, or as the beautiful country discovered by Prince Connla at the source of the sacred well. William Butler Yeats, that pagan of our day, calls it the Land of Heart's Desire. By whatever title known, it always offers the same pleasures: skies serene as that stormless heaven in which the gods of Olympus take their eternal

ease; the hunt and the chariot race; feasts that leave no sense of satiety; brows on which the pencil of Time etches no wrinkle. The old poets never wearied of singing the joys of this land of enchantment and, though monkish scribes sought to Christianize the picture, it remains essentially pagan. One of the most ancient descriptions of Tirnanoge is preserved in "The Wooing of Etain." This story forms part of the oldest of the great Irish manuscript volumes, the Book of the Dun Cow. This work, which dates back to the beginning of the twelfth century, was transcribed from earlier sources by Maclmuiri, a monk of Clanmacnois. Etain was the queen of Eochy Airem, king of Ireland. One day a stranger came into the palace and challenged the king to a game of chess. The king assented; the game was played and the stranger won. No stake had been mentioned and the winner, who was none other than Midir, king of the fairies, astonished King Eochy by demanding as his reward Queen Etain. Eochy was greatly troubled; but finally agreed that, if Midir would return in a year, he would give up the queen. He thought in this way to gain time. That day twelve month, true to his word, Midir appeared to claim the queen. Then, in the presence of the court, he sang to Etain of his fairy kingdom, the Land of Tirnanoge.

O, Befind, wilt thou come with me
 To a wonderful land that is mine,
 Where the hair is like the blossom of the golden sobarche,
 Where the tender body is as fair as snow?

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There shall be neither grief nor care;
 White are the teeth, black the eyebrows,
 Pleasant to the eye the number of our host;
 On every cheek is the hue of the foxglove.

Crimson of the plain is each brake,
 Delightful to the eye the blackbird's egg;
 Though pleasant to behold are the plains of Innisfail,
 Rarely would'st thou think of them after frequenting
 the Great Plain.

Though intoxicating thou deemest the ales of Innisfail,
 More intoxicating are the ales of the great land—
 The wonderful land, the land I speak of,
 Where youth never grows to old age.

Warm, sweet streams traverse the land,
 The choicest of mead and of wine;
 Handsome people without blemish,
 Conception without sin, without stain.

We see everyone on every side,
 And none seeth us;
 The cloud of Adam's transgression
 Has caused this concealment of us from them.

O lady, if thou comest to my valiant people
 A diadem of gold shall be on thy head;
 Flesh of swine, all fresh, banquets of new milk and ale,
 Shalt thou have there with me, O Befind.

Making Adam's sin the cause of the invisibility of the fairy kingdom to mortal eyes is an obvious Christian gloss; so possibly is the suggested sinlessness of the people. At the same time, it is not to be denied that the old religions contained prefigurations of Christianity. Such prefigurations are also to be found in Buddhism and the worship of Hellas.

The Grecian altar to the "Great unknown God" referred to by St. Paul is a familiar and striking example.

King Eochy and his followers were unable to prevent Midir from carrying off the queen. But, by the aid of divination, Dallan, the druid, discovered the fairy hill to which she had been taken. This mound they at once began to dig up and, to save his palace, Midir restored Etain.

Connla's Well, Hy Brazil and Moy Mell are variants of Tirnanoge. Connla was the son of Conn of the Hundred Battles. A fairy woman made love to him and they floated off, in a crystal boat, to her kingdom under the sea. "I have come," said the fairy, "from the Land of Living, in which there is neither death nor sin, nor strife; we enjoy perpetual feasts without anxiety; benevolence without contention. A large shee [fairy hill] is where we dwell, so that it is hence we are called shee people." The island of the sea, reached by Bran the son of Febal, is a seagirt Tirnanoge. A beautiful description is given of it in the seventh-century account of Bran's journey. The following verses from Professor Kuno Meyer's translation, taken in conjunction with the tales of Etain and Connla, will bring it home to the reader how definite in character was this Celtic dream of paradise:

There is a distant isle
Round which sea horses glisten,
A fair course against the white swirling surge.
Four feet uphold it,

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Feet of white bronze under it,
Glittering through beautiful ages,
Lovely land throughout the world's age,
On which many blossoms drop.

* * * * *

Unknown is wailing or treachery
In the famed cultivated land.
There is nothing rough or harsh,
But sweet music striking on the ear.

Without grief, without sorrow, without death,
Without any sickness or debility;
That is the sign of Emain,
Uncommon, an equal marvel.

* * * * *

Wealth, treasures of every hue,
Are in the gentle land, a beauty of freshness,
Listening to sweet music,
Drinking the best wines.

Golden chariots on the sea plain
Rising with the tide to the sun,
Chariots of silver in the plain of sports
And of unblemished bronze.

* * * * *

A beautiful game, most delightful,
They play (sitting) at the luxurious wine,
Men and gentle women under a bush,
Without sin, without crime.

Years glided by unnoticed in these care-free
haunts. Ossian was in Tirnanoge for three cen-

turies and the time seemed to be only three years. Bran's ship glided in and out of the fairy islands for long ages and it only seemed the length of a pleasant voyage. Yet, strange to tell, mortals who reached the Land of the Ever Young cloyed of its sweetness, longed for earth with its strife, its hunger, old age and death. Dion, one of the knights of the Fianna, who had been made a fairy prince, told Cailte that, though there was food and raiment in abundance, he would rather be the most abject churl among the Fianna than reign in Tirnanoge. Dr. Joyce calls attention to the close resemblance between this utterance of the Gaelic chieftain and the words of the dead Achilles to Ulysses, met in the Elysian Fields: "Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, with the landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among the dead that be departed." Thus, even for the pagan heroes, Tirnanoge had a sinister side, in spite of its charms of strong prevailment over mortal sense.

With the coming of Christianity the objects on which the arts of fascination are practiced are no longer princes and heroes—their race indeed is nearly run—but young women, comely youths, and children. Above all things else the fairies love to carry off a young bride. Their power is great, at the time of the druidic festivals—May Eve, when summer is on tiptoe to come in; Midsummer Eve; and November Eve, which is the beginning of winter.

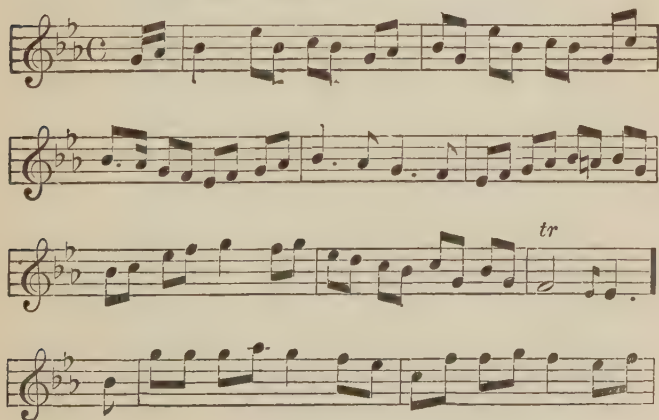
On May Eve fires blaze on the hilltops in celebra-

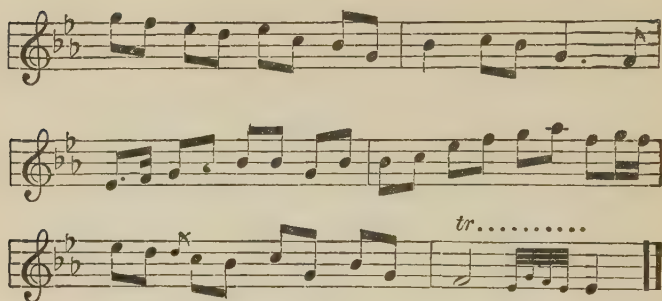
tion of the great feast of the sun. Bel fires they are called and the weight of evidence is in favor of their having been originally kindled in honor of Baal, the god of the sun. Even to-day cattle are driven through the flames, though the old Baal feast has given place to the Christian festival of Easter. The purpose of this custom is to protect the stock from disease during the coming year. Antiquarians see in it a memorial of more sinister observances. On Midsummer Eve and at Samhain (Summer ending) fires are also lighted. At these seasons the fairy hills are wide open, and the sprites come and go at will to tempt mortals. Why this should be so, or what were the relations of the fairies to the old sun worship, has not been determined. It may be that it means no more than the coming together, for more effective opposition, of all the forces inimical to Christianity. For the peasants these were times of mingled terror and fascination. To protect their houses from harm, they scattered primroses before the door, for the gentle blossoms were regarded as a most efficacious shield against the Good People. They also put a lighted turf under the cradle and another one under the churn, for between the fairies and fire there is the antipathy of warring principles.

All night long the sound of the fairy pipes was heard on the hills. It is music of a perilous fascination for mortals. Sometimes it would throw the hearer—generally a woman; for women are more sensitive to fairy music than men—into a trance, and, when she awoke, her whole being would be pos-

essed by inextinguishable longing. That the reader may know that the term fairy music means something more than mere sweet melody and that it does indicate music of a determinate character, "The Song of Oonagh" is subjoined. This air was regarded by Petrie as very ancient. Taken along with "The Song of the Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," it will give a better idea of what fairy music really is—its delicate aroma—than could be conveyed in many words. There is about this "Song of Oonagh" something dreamy and hallucinatory, as though the notes were of ivory or mother-of-pearl. It is the spirit of Tirnanoge expressed in music and has fitly been set by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford to a version of the already quoted Song of Midir, in the absence of the words originally sung to the air, which are lost.

Ex. 31. The Song of Oonagh.





It is a popular belief among the peasantry that, if anyone falls asleep on a fairy hill, he will hear the music played by the Good People and it will sink into his soul. Thus it was that Turlogh O'Carolan came into his heritage of song and many another son of Erin owes his eloquence and his gift of melody to the same cause.

Though there seems to be something definite, something peculiarly its own, about the true fairy music—whatever the nature of that music may be—the tendency of the people to apply the name to any lovely tune as a way of expressing admiration must be borne in mind. Used in this way the words parallel the praise so often applied to a graceful dancer: “She has danced to the fairy music on the hill.” But tradition speaks of particular tunes overheard by mortals and preserved by them. Lady Wilde tells the story of how a piper learned the tune “Moraleana” and of the tragic sequel to which his knowledge led. It was on May Eve and the piper was walking over the hills, when he heard beautiful

strains played by fairy pipes. He listened attentively and imitated the tune, until, at last, he had it off, note for note. Suddenly he heard the sound of a voice. It warned him that he might play the tune three times in his life before all the people; but the fourth time he played it would be his doom. Three times the piper played the tune without harm and, at last, in a great trial of skill with a rival, he determined to make sure of victory with the forbidden strain. When he had finished, all the people declared that no music was so beautiful as his and they crowned him with the victor's laurel. But, in the very moment of triumph, faintness came upon him and he fell to the ground, dead. Tales might be multiplied of mortals lifted out of themselves by the fairy music. Listening to it, we are told, they "Lose all memory of love or hate and forget all things, and never have any sound in their ears save the soft sound of the fairy harp, and, when the spell is broken, they die."

Others are spirited away to fairyland—handsome youths to be the husbands of fairy queens, young brides to be the wives of fairy princes, young peasant women to nurse the fairy children. The brides the fairies keep for seven years and, when the bloom of youth is gone from them, send them back. For they love youth and beauty above all things. By way of making some amends to the wives for their lost years, the Good People give them a knowledge of the hidden virtues of herbs and the power to cure sickness.

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Dr. Petrie has preserved a fairy nurse song, both words and music, which tells the story of a married woman who has been carried off by the Shee. The singer is supposed to be the woman herself, who is nursing a fairy child within the confines of a fairy fort. Unperceived, she can see one of the neighbors, who has come down to the bank of the river. To this woman she sings her story, line by line, between the repetitions of the refrain with which she croons the fairy babe to sleep. If she were to leave off singing the lullaby the fairies would know what she was doing and prevent her communicating with the outside world. Nearly a year has elapsed since she was snatched from her palfrey—probably leaving behind what appeared to be her body—and carried into bondage in the Fort of the Hillock. Time presses, if she is to regain her freedom; for people stolen by the fairies may be redeemed within a twelvemonth of their abduction; but, after that, there is no hope for them. It is a beautiful fairy house in which she is hidden and good cheer is to be found there. Handsome youths and golden-haired lassies are in durance and old men tightly bound. Fairyland is no longer the delightful place it was in the days of the heroes; no more does it confer the boon of immortality. These old men are the stolen youths of a few years ago, poor wrecks of humanity now, who will some day be left by a mortal fireside, in exchange for young men newly carried off. The woman tells how her husband is to effect her release. When the fairy procession emerges from the fairy fort on the night

following, he must be on the watch, a piece of blest candle in his palm, and the horse of the first rider that passes him he must pierce with the blow of a black-hafted knife. But let him beware how he stabs twice; for the second blow undoes the harm of the first. This stroke will dissipate the fairy mist with which the prisoner is enshrouded. Herbs gathered near the gate of the fort will prevent the fairies from taking her back again. But the need is urgent. If the husband miss this occasion, his wife is lost to him forever.

Here is the song, as translated by O'Curry. The first verse is given in its entirety, with the refrain coming between each line and the longer burthen at the close.

O woman below on the brink of the stream,
 Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
 Do you understand the cause of any wailing?
 Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
 A year and this day I was whipt off my palfrey,
 Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
 And carried into the Lias-an-Chnocain.
 Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
 Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen,
 Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo,
 Sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen, sho-heen,
 Sho hoo lo, sho hoo lo.

Here is here my beautiful great house,
 Abundant is new ale there and old ale,
 Abundant is yellow honey and bees wax there,
 Many is the old man tightly bound there.

Many is the curling brown-haired boy there,
 Many is the yellow-haired, comely girl there,

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There are twelve women bearing sons there,
And as many more are there besides them.

Say to my husband to come to-morrow
With the wax candle in the center of his palm,
And in his hand bring a black-hafted knife,
And beat the first horse out of the gap.

To pluck the herb that's in the door of the fort,
With trust in God that I would go home with him,
Or if he does not come within that time,
That I will be queen over all these women.

This fairy glance or fairy stroke, as it is called, throws the person against whom it is directed into a death-like trance. The soul is rapt, while the body remains corpse-like, or is replaced by a shadowy semblance of itself. Sometimes a hideous deformed creature is left in its place, or, if the stolen person was a child, a miserable changeling, which grows up to a perverse and ravenous maturity. Older people, whose character proves too strong for fairy spells to avail against, are often visited with some affliction. Sometimes, but rarely, the arts of a fairy doctor will restore the abducted person to his kindred. But the fairy homesickness never leaves him; he longs for fairyland till the day of his death.

The Irish beggar who tramps the highway, thinking of fairy Mab and Puck, of Cliona and Mananan Mac Lir, is a freeman of the realm that laid Shakespeare under a heavy debt. Shakespeare introduced the fairies into English drama and drew Puck and Mab in lines that the Irish peasant would recognize as true to-day. Here, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," speaks Shakespeare's Celtic self:

FAIRY.

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you the that shrewd and knavish sprite
 Called Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery;
 Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
 And sometimes the drink to bear no barm;
 Mislead night wanderers laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work and they shall have good luck:
 Are you not he?

PUCK.

Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night,
 I jest to Oberon and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And "tailor" cries and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh;
 And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Even in these degenerate days, when the office of the flail has been usurped by machinery, Puck will sometimes do his ancient office; for, though mischievous, he is a friendly wight and will help the farmer who treats him kindly. A Galway girl, possibly still living, used to tell how, at nighttime, the fairies would come and complete the work which her

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father, a blacksmith, had left unfinished by the forge. One night he accidentally disturbed the nocturnal visitant and the next day a pig died and one of the children was taken with the measles.

Even in England, which is generally supposed to have emerged from the period of fairy companionship, the peasantry of out of the way places, especially in Cornwall and the pastoral Midlands, will tell you how the Pixie-Puck, of a surety, wields the fairy flail at night and threshes the corn. One English farmer, peeping through a chink in the barn, spied the little fellow hard at work. The yeoman noticed that the elf's clothes were tattered; so, a day or two afterwards, he left him a new suit to take their place. Peeping through the chink, he saw the pixies all decked out in his new attire. The imp sang:

Pixey fine and pixey gay;
Pixey now will fly away,

and he came back no more. There is also a couplet about Jack O'Lantern that fits Puck perfectly; for he, too, sometimes flits about as a will-o'-the-wisp:

Jack of the lantern, Joan of the wad,
Who tickled the maid to make her mad,
Lead me home; the weather's bad.

Puck belongs to the family of nightmares. He is as changeable as Proteus. He will cleave the air on the wings of the eagle, rove the meadows in likeness of a bull, caper like a goat; but above all things he prefers to put on the semblance of a horse and get

some mortal astride his back. Then he will career madly through bog and fen, over mountain and stream, the livelong night and, when dawn appears in the East, throw his rider headlong. That is the Irish conceit of him. How well it sorts with the English notion of the madcap fairy the verses quoted show. There is a tune "An Puca" ("The Puck") based on the antique Celtic scale of five notes.

How many of those who delight in Mercutio's description of Queen Mab are aware that the sprightly Veronese was chanting the praises of the fairy queen of Connaught? She was Mab in her original estate and archaeologists would give much to know whether Shakespeare got his knowledge of her from the Irishmen who frequented the Elizabethan court, or whether the Forest of Arden still preserved her memory from far-off Celtic times. Either hypothesis is tenable. In many parts of England—especially in the West, there are vestiges of Celtic influence—Druidic monoliths and cairns, place names, local usages, above all, legends. These relics of the Celtic past tend to strengthen the conviction which has been steadily growing in the minds of historians, that the Saxon conquest was not the ruthless extermination of the aboriginal Britons so often depicted; but that there was intermarriage and gradual fusion between conquerors and conquered, the invaders imposing their language and assimilating much of the native folk-lore.

Fionvarra and Oonagh, the fairy king and queen, figure in tales without number. Fionvarra is a social spirit, a lover of wine and good company. He has

great power over the imagination of young girls and will lure them away to dance with him on the fairy rings. When they wake up in the morning, they are in bed at home; but they have a vivid recollection of all that has happened. He is a great horseman and bestrides a coal-black steed with nostrils of flame. Fionvarra has his favorites among mortals and they say the reason why Captain Hackett of Castle Hackett always won at the races was because it was his custom to leave out a keg of wine or whiskey for the use of his fairy highness. For the Good People are extremely sensitive to attentions from mortals. They like the embers to be left burning, so that they can dance about the hearth; they take it kindly if the wineglasses are not quite emptied and, being very precise in their habits, nothing pleases them better than to have left outside the door, for their use, a pail of clean water. Untidiness they punish sharply; indeed it gives them a hold over mortals which they would not otherwise possess. Let the good wife see to it that she sweeps behind the door; for, if she neglects to do so, the Good People will be able to come in. If the water used by the family to wash their feet before retiring for the night, be left unemptied, the pail itself will act the part of janitor and open the door to the fairies. Shakespeare must have had some inkling of these notions when he made the fairy say:

I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

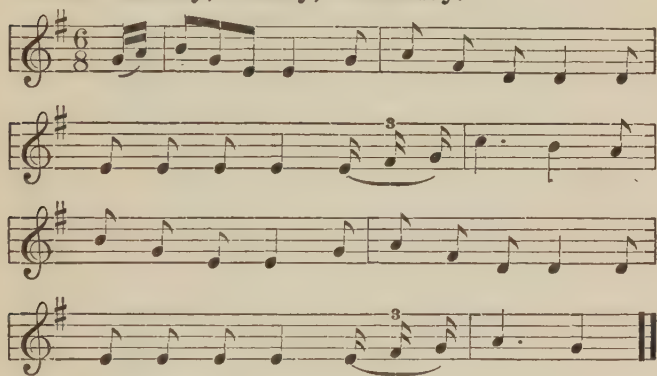
Spenser introduced fairies into English poetry in the "Faerie Queen," where Oonagh, Latinized into Una, is the sweetest figure in a wonderland of poetry. Una, Puck and Mab are the Irish sprites best known to the outside world. But they are only part of the fairy hierarchy. There is a Celtic Neptune, Manannan Mac Lir, to whom the sea is a meadow jeweled with flowers and the billows are horses playing about his chariot. The three legs of this god gave the little Manx Island its national emblem. In reaching the proportions of deity, however, Manannan Mac Lir surpassed the achievements of the rest of the Good People. Most of them are wee folk rather than of heroic mold. Best known of them all, outside the fairies already referred to, is the Leprehaun, who, like Puck, has a tune named after him. He sits underneath a thorn bush, red-coated, knee-breeched, with buckled shoes on his feet and a peaked cap on his head, mending a shoe which he never finishes. Catch him and hold him fast and he will tell you where treasure is hid. You must watch him closely, however, for he is a master of trickery and, if he can distract your attention for a single moment, your chance of fortune will be gone. Own cousin to the Leprehaun is the Cluricaun, who divides his time between robbing wine cellars and riding sheep and 'shepherds' dogs the livelong night, so that, when morning comes, they are worn out with fatigue. The Far Darrig is the bringer of bad dreams and the deviser of practical jokes; the Conconaugh spends his time making love to shepherdesses and milkmaids.

In times of famine the Far Goila or Man of Hunger goes up and down the land, lean as want, but the bringer of good luck to those who give him food. Part of fairydom is well disposed towards man and loves music and good living; but there are wicked fairies also, whom the devil has under his rule and sends up from hell to tempt mortals. Of this kind is the Far Liath or Gray Man, who lured the galleon on the rocks at Port na Spania. Most dreadful of all is the Dullahaun, who wanders about the country carrying his head under his arm. He knocks at the door and dashes a basin of blood in the face of the opener. His coming is the sign of death to the people in the house.

In the tale of the hunchback piper, Lusmore, related by Crofton Croker, is a tune which passes for fairy composition. Patrick Kennedy in his "Fictions of the Irish Celts" says that this same legend is to be met with in Brittany, not an astonishing thing, perhaps, seeing that the Bretons are Celts also. One night Lusmore was going home to his cottage in the Glen of Aherlow. He sat down to rest on the slope of the old fairy fort of Knockgrafton. As he sat thinking, his ears caught the sound of music and voices and he heard the words, "Monday, Tuesday" piped in a fairy treble—in Gaelic, of course, for the Irish fairy has no Saxon. It was a pretty melody and, for a while, the fairy voices charmed him. But soon the monotony of words and strain grew wearisome. He waited for a pause in the music and then broke in with a new phrase and

the words "And Wednesday too." In a moment there was excitement; the hill opened and the fairies carried the astonished Lusmore into their palace, where they made a hero of him. In the morning he awoke with a delightful feeling of lightness and unrestraint, and discovered to his joy that the fairies had removed the hump from his back and made him straight as a sapling.

EX. 32. *Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.*



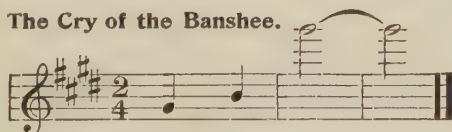
All treasure hidden underground; all the gold and silver and precious stones of the mines; all the freight of sunken argosies, are the property of the fairies. For there are fairies of the sea as well as the land. Fishermen coming into port on a calm evening sometimes see the little folk taking their way in a black swarm from one island to another. They are about the height of a child, and sometimes they will come out of the fissures of the rock to talk to mortals. For they have not forgotten that they, too,

were of the race of men and belonged to the mysterious Tuatha de Danann. Another kind of sea fairies is the Merrows, who seem to be a link between the fairy as commonly imagined and brute nature. They will sometimes appear in the shape of little hornless cows and, in their own shape, they have tails. But, alas! for credence in these marvels, even the islanders of the West are losing their ability to see them. A generation has sprung up which is blind to the fairies sipping nectar from flowers and the Good People riding the clouds on horses made out of bits of straw. Once the entrance to a fairy fort could surely be found by circling the hill nine times in the moonlight. Now the efficacy of the rite has departed. Time was too when the fairy women used to glide by singing softly, their hair shining in the moonbeam like golden corn. No more does the old ecstasy come on hearing fairy music or the kiss of the fairy damsel tempt mortal youth to the loss of heaven. We peer in vain under the thorn for a glimpse of the green suit and red cap; the rings on the greensward have been explained away by scientific dryasdusts; even the fairy forts are resolving into old-time enclosures for cattle. Once the Red wind of the hills was supposed to betide a fairy battle in the clouds, and the peasant, glancing up at the moon, would see fairy silhouettes scudding across it. "But where are the snows of yesterday?"

The banshee, however, or fairy woman, is still faithful to the Irish race. She is deeply attached to the old families and, when the time comes for one of

their members to die, she will wail aloud. Irishmen in all parts of the world will tell you that they have heard that cry. William Butler Yeats, the poet, relates a modern instance of its repeated occurrence. His informant was a distinguished anthropologist. Three times this gentleman heard the banshee's warning and each time it spoke death. The first time was at Pital, near Libertad, in South America, as he was riding through a deep forest. The banshee appeared to him, dressed in pale yellow and rose, and her cry was like the cry of a bat. She came to announce the death of his father. Again he saw and heard her at the beginning of 1871, this time in London. Then his eldest child was taken. Her last coming was in 1884, when the scientist's mother died. Here is the cry, the last note being greatly prolonged:

Ex. 33. **The Cry of the Banshee.**



It used to be believed that the poets and musicians had a fairy mistress or *Lenan Shee*. She it was who gave them inspiration, and, when they died, she carried them off to *Tirnanoge*. When a fairy falls in love with a mortal, he has all power over her so long as he is proof against her charms. But in the moment that he yields to her seductions he is hers body and soul. Vampire-like she lives on his life; he

grows wan and emaciated and dies young. Cuchul-lin had a fairy mistress; but he was a demigod and uncontrolled by her power. Ossian's spirit love had him with her in fairyland for three hundred years, until yearning for earth brought him back to an Ireland in which he was a stranger, miserable and old.

St. Patrick was too wise a man to think that he could quickly wean the people away from their old customs. So, instead of putting the ancient festivals under the ban, as utterly irreconcilable with Christian life, he adapted them to new uses. The May Day celebrations were still to be kept up, but not in honor of the Sun god, as of yore; fires still flame on Midsummer Eve, but they are kindled in honor of St. John; the festival of Samhain or Summer Ending has become the vigil of All Souls. To this day usages persist which are obviously of pagan origin; while, in others, the pagan and Christian elements intermingle like strands of different colored thread in a rope. The blessing of the fields and herds is a Christian rite; but driving the cattle through the flames to protect them from disease is reminiscent of fire-worship. At the same time, it is to be remembered that the idea of purification by fire is Christian as well as pagan. It would be difficult to decide whether the peasant who walks three times round the bonfire, on St. John's Eve, in the belief that he will be safeguarded from malady during the coming year, is performing a pagan rite or not. Its character would depend on the intention. In the November Eve ceremonies the confusion of ideas is strikingly

apparent. Not only is it the eve of All Souls; but it is the Druidic festival of Samhain. It is likewise the fairies' flitting time. The Good People dance on the hills and there is a belief that the dead dance with them. Sometimes a mortal is lured into their midst and, in the morning, his body will be black with the touch of dead fingers. At this festival of Samhain the Druids were wont to pour out libations to propitiate the evil spirits and the spirits of the dead. All fires were extinguished, to be relighted from the sacred flame which burned in the temple. In the homes of the people, in some parts of Ireland, a chair is left by the fireside; food provided and the embers left burning. For on this night the dead revisit their old homes and sit in their old places.

There is a belief that the spirits of Irish people who have died in foreign lands revisit their native country. Moore glances at this belief in "Oh, ye Dead:"

Oh, ye dead! Oh, ye dead!
 Whom we know by the light you give
 From your cold and gleaming eyes,
 Though you move like men who live;
 Why leave you thus your graves
 In far-off seas and waves,
 Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
 To haunt this spot where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall
 And the hearts that wailed you like your own lie dead.

It is true, It is true,
 We are shadows cold and wan;
 And the fair and the brave
 Whom we loved on earth are gone.

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But still thus ev'n in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wandered o'er,
That e'er condemned we go,
To Freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile and think we live once more.

The spirits walk about among the living and, when they are asked why they do not return to their homes, they reply that they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla. There is evidence that the Irish were the first to take the message of Christianity to Iceland, and it may be that Hecla, the burning mountain in the frozen land, impressed the minds of the Celtic missionaries as a vivid image of expiatory torment after death. Just as the Greeks and Romans were wont to regard the rocks of Taenarum as the portals of hell, so the Irish located the approaches of Purgatory in the most gloomy parts of Erin. There is a dismal tarn in Northern Donegal which bears the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory, and for centuries it was the resort of pilgrims from all parts of Europe. This legend is referred to by Moore in his song, "I Wish I Was by that Dim Lake."

The Irish mind fills the air with innumerable presences both gracious and malign, angels and fairies and the spirits of the dead. They will tell you that, on Twelfth Night, the dead come out of their graves and on every roof tile sits a soul, weeping for its sins and beseeching the living for prayers to help it on its way to purgation and the Beatific Vision. When the soul is about to leave the body, evil spirits are

on the watch and try to seize it. But the angel guardian of the dead person fights against them and, if death has found him at peace with God, no malice of the evil one will be able to prevail. There is a darkling superstition that the fairies too have power in that hour, and it was the custom formerly to destroy the bier after the interment, lest they should use it to carry off the body. To the Celt the gulf between this life and the beyond is narrower, less impassable, than it is to other races. This spiritual insight accounts for many strange notions which prevail among the peasantry as to the experiences of the soul after death. One curious and widely spread idea is that the last person interred in a churchyard has to mount guard there until another corpse is laid in the ground.

Pagan optimism perseveres in stories like that of O'Donoghue's *Mistress*, sung by Moore, in which an Irish cavalier becomes the genius of one of the lakes of Killarney and, on May morning, is seen prancing over the waters on his milk-white steed, while fairy maidens dance before him, strewing the way with flowers. So firm a hold did this tale obtain on the mind of a young girl that she flung herself into the lake to join her phantom lover. The more sinister aspect of fairy lore is mirrored in the tale of the "Churchyard Bride." A spirit haunts the graveyard of Erigle Truagh, and, after a funeral, accosts the last loiterer among the tombs. If it be a man, the spirit appears in the likeness of a beautiful woman and fills him with an ardent passion. She

wins from him a promise to meet her in the same place a month later. When they have parted the memory of the legend flashes into the man's mind; he falls sick, dies and is borne to his last resting place on the day appointed for his trysting with the spirit. If the last person to leave the churchyard be a woman, the spirit will assume the guise of a handsome youth. In either case the apparition is an omen of death.

Sooner or later these Irish tales of the unseen world will be collated with parallel myths of other branches of the Celtic race. Then we may hope to gain light on early beliefs and perhaps may be able to trace the evolution of stories through successive phases of racial and religious influence. The most irrational story, to outward appearance, rightly understood, may help towards the solution of thorny antiquarian enigmas. The wide diffusion of lore of this kind is significant. When Cuchullin calls on heaven and earth to assist him in his single-handed fight against the armies of Queen Maive and the River Crom comes to his aid, we have a Celtic parallel of the Homeric story of Achilles and the Scamander—a similar intervention of nature gods in the affairs of men. The belief that the swan sings her most beautiful song just before death is known both in Ireland and on the continent. Did the Irish missionaries carry it with them when they evangelized Germany? The werewolf of the European mainland has its Irish parallel. With whom did the idea originate? Witches weave spells both to curse

and to enamour. A potion made of the heart of a black cat will incite to love; a candle made of the hair and fat of the dead and held in the hand of a corpse is strong to blight withal. The weasel is sometimes a witch; the wren is the druid of birds: but the little robin got his red breast from the blood of our Lord. He plucked the bitterest thorn from the divine brow and his breast was reddened with the Redeemer's blood. The horseshoe is lucky because it was worn by the horse and the ass, the humble beasts of burden which shared the manger at Bethlehem. Heard by the hearth the voice of the cricket is a cheery sound in the peasant's ears; for it keeps away the Good People; but he is sad when the bees suddenly quit the hive, for it is a sign that death is hovering near.

CHAPTER VIII

SONGS OF PAGAN CHIVALRY

THERE are many poems about Ireland's heroic age, some of hoar antiquity. The bardic writings which celebrate the deeds of the heroes of the Red Branch and the Fianna—Erin's picturesque pre-Christian chivalry—date back as far as the eighth century of our era. Of literary documents indeed there is plenty. It is not so, however, with the music. It cannot be too steadily borne in mind that, among the Irish people, until almost within the memory of living men, the art of music was purely traditional.

When the old Gaelic polity collapsed, amid the ruin of the Cromwellian and Williamite wars, the chiefs ceased to have their own bards and minstrels. The musicians died without disciples; the artistic tradition was broken and, even when verse and music were spared, the relation between the two was frequently forgotten. Infinite treasure of song perished from the minds of men. Yet, in spite of war and famine, in spite of exile and persecution, mementoes of the past, musical and poetic alike, abound. We still have melodies the names of which recall the remote Celtic past and which, in all likelihood, date from far-off antiquity.

Only those who cherish the name of Erin can know the joy of the searcher of her past when he

comes across melodies with titles that speak of Deirdre, of Finn Mac Cool, of Ossian. There is enchantment in the very names. One such strain, garnered by Petrie, is "Deirdre's Lament for the Sons of Usnach." Here we have history in song. Who was Deirdre? A few years ago, when the grave signiors of Trinity informed their hearers that Ireland's literature and art began with the Anglo-Norman invasion, inability to answer such a question would have surprised no one. But the door of knowledge has swung on its hinges since then. The schoolboy of to-morrow who does not know Deirdre will be as hard to find as the lad who never heard of Andromache or Joan of Arc. Deirdre has been called the Irish Helen. When she was born, Cathbach the Druid prophesied woe to Erin and to King Conor of Ulster because of her beauty. The nobles would have slain her; but the king thought it cowardly to try to shun fate. He swore Deirdre should be his queen and entrusted her care to the druidess Lavarcam, who brought her up in a strongly guarded tower, away from the company of men.

Conor was blinded by fate or he might have known that love may find an entry by windows no wider than the eyes. Deirdre's tower was sealed on that side which looked out on the world, and the princess took her exercise in a park within the walls, only visited by Conor, her tutor, and the ladies of the court. Moved by curiosity, she moved a stone in the blind wall of her apartment. Through the aperture she could see the champions of the Red

Branch at their knightly exercise, and one of the chieftains, Naoisi, the son of Usnach, grew so pleasing in her sight that she desired him for husband. One day, when the ground was covered with snow, her tutor killed a calf, which he meant to cook for his ward to eat. A raven swept down and began to drink the blood as it flowed on the snow. This Deirdre saw and she said to Lavarcam:

"The only man whom I could love would be one who could have these three colors—hair black as the raven, cheeks red as blood, body white as the snow."

"Thou hast an opportunity," answered Lavarcam; "the man whom thou desirest is not far off; he is close to thee, in the palace: he is Naoisi, son of Usnach."

"I shall not be happy till I have seen him," said Deirdre.

Love found out a way, as it always will, and, escaping from her jealously guarded tower, Deirdre fled with Naoisi to Scotland. There the pair dwelt in peace till fate brought them back to Erin. Conor, full of gracious promises, but with guile in his heart, besought them to return, and Naoisi trusted him. In vain Deirdre, with anguish in her heart, prophesied ill. Naoisi chid her in these words:

Thy mouth pronounceth nought but evil,
O maiden beautiful, incomparable.

The venom of thy delicate ruby mouth
Fall on the hateful, furious foreigners.

But she spoke a true word. The heroes met black

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death by Conor's treachery and Deirdre, disdaining to live when Naoisi was no more, slew herself. The lament she made over his body is celebrated in a beautiful folk poem which is sung to this day. That the words are Deirdre's need not be believed; but they are surely the work of a poet on whom her spirit descended. The English version is by Sir Samuel Ferguson.

The lions of the hill are gone
And I am left alone—alone;
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick and fain would sleep.

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone;
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping;
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me by my true love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warrior's sides aright;
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
Neath each head the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

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In the falcon's jesses throw,
Hook and arrow, line and bow;
Never again, by stream or plain,
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions were ye ever,
Harsh to me, your sister—never;
Woods and wilds and misty valleys
Were with you as good's a palace.

Oh! to hear my true love singing,
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing,
Round our green and fairly sheeling,
When the three with soaring chorus
Made the skylark silent o'er us!

Echo now sleep morn and even;
Lark alone enchant the heaven;
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Naoisi's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain;
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain;
Heron, in the free air warm ye,
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye.

Erin's stay no more ye are,
Rulers of the ridge of war;
Never more 'twill be your fate
To keep the beam of battle straight.

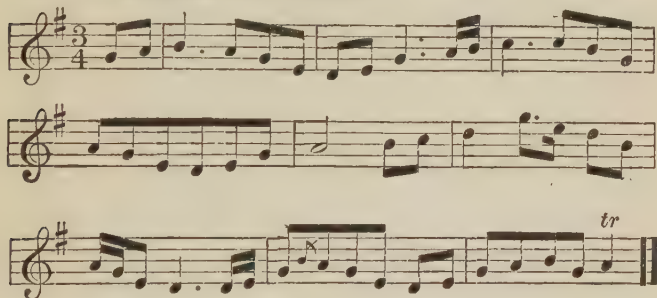
Woe is me! by fraud and wrong,
Traitors false and tyrants strong,
Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
For Barach's feast and Conor's gold.

Woe to Eman, roof and wall!
 Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
 Tenfold woe and black dishonor
 To the foul and false Clan Conor.

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
 Sick I am and fain would sleep!
 Dig the grave and make it ready,
 Lay me on my true love's body.

Here is the melody to which this lament is wedded:

Ex. 34. Lamentation of Deirdre.



The tragedy of Deirdre and the sons of Usnach moved Thomas Moore deeply and he sang it in "Avenging and Bright," fitting his verse to the air, most appropriate in name and spirit, "Cruachan na Feine," ("The Fenian Mount"). Here Moore is the lineal succor of the bards of old. Something of the Celtic magic he lacks; but he has the patriot's love for Ireland, and indignation for her wrongs. Who has not felt his blood course more freely at the words:

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Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!
For ev'ry fond eye which he wakened a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blades.

And what he writes is history. Conor paid the penalty of his crime and the Ultonian capital, Emania, was razed to the ground. Not wholly, however; archaeologists believe they can still identify Conor's stronghold, where the Red Branch heroes were wont to assemble. For Emania stood where Armagh now is. There was the royal palace or the "Speckled house," with its walls of red yew strongly riveted with copper and the "House of the sorrowful soldier," in which the fighting men were nursed back to health.

The knights of the Red Branch are magnificently sung in Moore's "Let Erin Remember." Melody and poem are as warlike as the "Marseillaise" and breathe a more deliberate valor. The air is hallowed by association with one of Ireland's martyred patriots, Robert Emmet. One day Moore was seated at the piano, Emmet by his side, playing the old songs of Erin. He had just finished this noble air of "The Red Fox"—to give it the old Irish name—when Emmet started up, as from a reverie, and exclaimed, "O that I were at the head of 20,000 men, marching to that air." The poet continues: "Little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs that I used to play to him ('O Breathe Not His Name'), his own dying words would find an interpretation; or that another

of the mournful strains ('She is Far from the Land Where Her young Hero sleeps') would long be associated in the hearts of his countrymen with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer."

Wherever Irish chieftain held his state or peasant sang his ditty in the chimney corner, the exploits of Erin's ancient chivalry were chanted. The extinction of the bards and the passing of minstrelsy have lost us many a link with the past. But the ancestral legends still remain, and Irish music, divorced from the verse to which it was originally married, seems to beg the poets and musicians of to-day to wed them anew. It was Thomas Moore to whom the inspiration first came to take up this truly national work, and the famous "Melodies" will keep his memory green so long as Ireland has sons and daughters who love her and so long as men and women of all nations can appreciate the beautiful in song. The bardic themes live again in the measures of Moore and Davis, of Mangan and Walsh, of M'Gee and Ferguson, of the Joyces, Hyde, Yeats and many others. In the art of these men, the tradition of Irish song, long paralyzed by oppression, becomes an active force once more.

Cuchullin, greatest of the Red Branch heroes, has been sung by poets without number from pagan days down to our own times. His amours with Emer and Fand, his prowess against the armies of Queen Maeve of Connaught, the tragic idyll of Ferdiad, are to the bards of Erin what the exploits of Achilles were

to Homer. Each was worthy of the other. Cuchullin's heroism had been approved in many a fight and Emer had all the natural and acquired gifts. Hers were the gift of beauty of person, the gift of voice and the gift of music; she had the gift of embroidery and the gift of needlework; the gift of wisdom and the gift of virtuous chastity.

Cuchullin adventured upon a war which forms the theme of the great Irish epic, the *Tain Bo Cuailgne*, or the Cattle Raid of Cooley. What the *Iliad* is to Greece, the *Nibelungenlied* to Germany, that the *Tain Bo Cuailgne* is to Ireland. It celebrates a foray made on the people of Ulster by Queen Maeve of Connaught to gain possession of a brown bull, the most beautiful in all Erin, which pastured in what is now known as the Omeath peninsula. Maeve was an Irish amazon, the Hippolyta of her race, and as shrewd as she was brave. She timed her attack on the Ultonians for the hour in which she knew they would be least able to resist her. Five days in each year the men of Ulster were afflicted with the weakness of a woman in childbirth, a weakness brought upon them by the curse of Macha, whom they mistreated. Macha was the wife of an Ulster man and, because they knew her to be fleet of foot, the people made her race against the swiftest horses of the king. She won the race; but, as she reached the goal, she was seized with the pangs of childbirth. Then it was that she cursed the Ultonians and the curse was with them for nine generations. Queen Maeve chose this time of sickness for her attack on King Conor's

domain. One man alone was able to stand up against her invading host—Cuchullin, who, not being Ulster-born, did not suffer from the blight. Single-handed he kept back the enemy until his friends were able to take the field. Then Maeve and her army were routed. Just as the Greek rhapsodists were expected to be able to recite the Homeric battles, so it was the office of the Irish bard to relate the manifold incidents of the Cattle Raid of Cooley. In such reverence was the story held that the people ascribed its preservation to supernatural means. One day an Irish king asked for the Tain and it was found that none of the bards knew it. Inquiry was made and it was discovered that of all the singers of Erin only one knew the tale—Fergus Roy—and he dead. So the bards sat in solemn Druidic session and summoned the dead bard to appear. We are told that Fergus “uprose in awful majesty and stood in his grave clothes before them and recited the Tain from beginning to end to the circle of listening bards. Then, having finished, he descended into the grave and was seen no more.”

Another story of Cuchullin still awaits a musical setting. It is the story of his passion for Fand, the fairy princess. The story hovers about the borderland of earth and Tirnanoge; but, as Cuchullin is a quasi-historical figure, it may be spoken of here. Fand was the daughter of a king and she came from fairyland to beg the hero to fight for her father. The pair fled together and Cuchullin helped Fand's father to conquer his enemies. But, like Tannhauser

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in the Venusberg, he wearied of an immortality of sensual delights and he returned to the world of mortal men. Not yet, however, was he weaned from Fand and he brought her with him. When Emer discovered them, she plotted with her maidens to put Fand to death. She came upon Cuchullin and his fairy mistress playing chess—all the heroes played chess and one king had a set of men made from the bones of his enemies. The conversation between the two women is related by Dr. Sigerson in his "Bards of the Gael and Gall."

Emer seems to feel that her mortal beauty will suffer by comparison with the beauty of the woman from fairyland.

"I shall not refuse the woman, if thou followest her," she says to Cuchullin; "but indeed everything red is beautiful; everything new is bright; everything high is lovely; everything common is bitter; everything we are without is prized; everything known is neglected till all knowledge is known."

Touched by these words, Cuchullin exclaims: "Thou art pleasing to me and thou shalt be as long as I live."

"Let me be repudiated," says Fand, humbled by the spectacle of human constancy.

"It were better to repudiate me," interrupts Emer.

Now, unseen save by her alone, comes Manannan, the sea-god, whose wife Fand has been, and takes her away. Cuchullin is overwhelmed with grief at her loss. But the Druids give him a draught of forget-

fulness that the thought of Fand may haunt him no more, and Manannan shakes his robe between the lovers, that they may never meet again.

In the Book of Lismore, the story is told of a princess named Crede. She was daughter of the King of Kerry and a great heiress. Many suitors sought her in marriage; but she would accept him alone who should write such a poem about her beautiful home as pleased her. Cael of the Red Branch determined to make the essay and told his mind to Finn Mac Cool. Finn tried to dissuade him from the attempt. "She is the chief deluding woman among the women of Erin," said he, and told how there was scarce a beautiful jewel in all Erin that she had not inveigled into her dwelling. But Cael went his way and presented himself before the lady.

"Has he a poem for me?" asked Crede.

"I have," answered Cael. That poem has been reconceived by some later poet and is preserved in the Book of Lismore. It is documentary. It is the picture of the home of a patrician Celt, taken from a volume which dates back to the eleventh century. Here is the poem in Petrie's literal translation:

Delightful the house in which she is
Between men and children and women,
Between druids and musical performers,
Between cup-bearers and door-keepers.

Between horse-boys who are not shy,
And table-servants who distribute;
The command of each and all of these
Hath Crede the fair, the yellow-haired,

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It would be happy for me to be in her dun,
Among her soft and downy couches;
Should Crede deign to hear (my suit),
Happy for me would be my journey.

A bowl she has whence berry juice flows,
By which she colors her eyebrows black;
She has clear vessels of fermenting ale;
Cups she has and beautiful goblets.

The color (of her dun) is like the color of lime,
Within it are couches and green rushes,
Within it are silks and blue mantles,
Within it are red gold and crystal cups.

Crede's chair is on your right hand,
The pleasantest of the pleasant it is,
All over a blaze of Alpine gold,
At the foot of the beautiful couch.

A golden couch in full array
Stands directly above the chair,
It was made by (or at) Tuile in the East
Of yellow gold and precious stones.

There is another couch at your right hand,
Of gold and silver without defect,
With curtains and soft pillows,
And with graceful rods of golden bronze.

The household which are in her house
To the happiest of conditions have been destined;
Gray and glossy are their garments,
Twisted and fair is their golden hair.

Wounded men would sink in sleep,
Though ever so heavily teeming with blood,
With the warblings of the fairy birds,
From the eaves of her sunny grianan (sunny
chamber).

Its portico with its thatch
 Of the wings of birds, blue and yellow;
 Its lawn in front and its well
 Of crystal and of carmogal (carbuncles?).

Four posts to every bed,
 Of gold and silver gracefully carved;
 A crystal gem between every two posts:
 They are no cause of unpleasantness.

There is a vat there of kingly bronze,
 From which flows the pleasant juice of malt;
 There is an apple tree over the vat,
 In the abundance of its heavy fruit.

Crede was delighted with the poem and, like a true literary amorist, she married the author. But the wedded life of the pair was brief. Ireland was invaded and the Red Branch were summoned to defend it. A great battle was fought in Ventry Harbor and the invaders had to flee. But, in the very hour of triumph, Cael met death. Crede bewailed her husband in a lament. So the story runs. Whether Crede wrote the lament which has come down to us cannot be ascertained; but there can be no doubt of the nobility of the poem. Douglas Hyde's translation, in literal prose, is full of elegiac beauty.

Sore suffering and O suffering sore is the hero's death, his death who used to lie by me—Sore suffering to me is Cael and O Cael is a suffering sore, that by my side he is in dead man's form—that the wave should have swept over his white body; that is what hath distracted me, so great was his delightfulness. A dismal roar and O a dismal roar is that the shore's wave makes upon the strand—A woeful booming and a boom of woe is that which the wave makes

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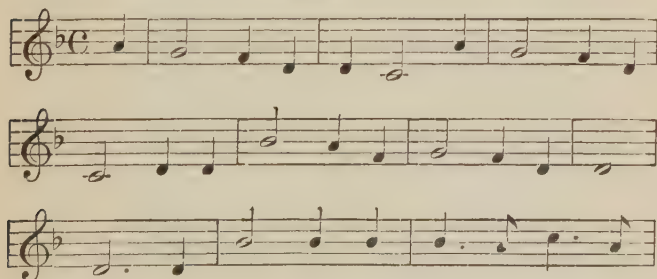
upon the Northward beach, beating as it does against the polished rock lamenting for Cael now that he is gone. O woeful fight and O fight of woe is that the wave wages with the Southern shore. O woeful melody and O a melody of woe is that which the heavy surge of Tullacleish emits. As for me the calamity which has fallen upon me, having shattered me, for me prosperity exists no more.

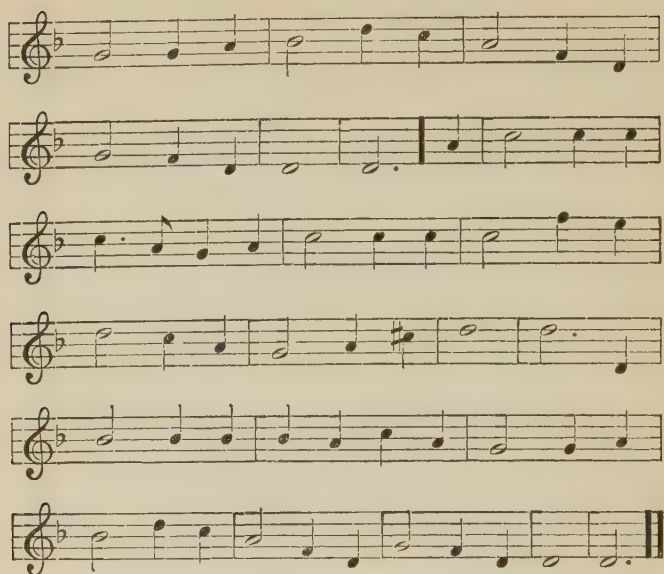
This lament has been set by Mr. Charles Wood to "A Little Hour Before Dawn," a fine old air. But it had first to be versified and paraphrased and much of the beauty of the original evaporates in the process.

To the martial tune, "If all the Sea were Ink," Moore celebrates an immemorial burial custom of the Celtic race. When they laid a dead warrior in the tomb, they placed by his side, sometimes in his hand, the sword which he wielded in battle. A king they would sometimes inter in a standing position, looking in the direction from which he was wont to expect his enemies. When Owen Bell, king of Connaught, lay wounded unto death, after the battle of Sligo, which he fought against the men of Ulster in 537, he said to his warriors: "Bury me with my red javelin in my hand, on the side of the hill by which the Northerns pass, when fleeing before the army of Connaught, and place me with my face turned towards them in my grave." It was done as he commanded, and the story tells how the men of Ulster came on to the attack again and again, but were always driven back. At last, however, they succeeded in moving the body and averting the gaze of the dead king, and from that moment the fortune of

battle changed. A similar story is told of King Laegire, in whose reign St. Patrick came to Ireland. The custom seems to glance at a belief in a future existence on earth when warriors and foe shall meet again. The Celtic Britons long hoped for the return of King Arthur to rid them of the Saxon yoke, and Irish missionaries were probably responsible for the spread of the same idea in Germany. The old Teutonic legends picture Barbarossa sleeping his secular sleep, till the call of the Fatherland shall call him to sweep down on her foes. In Ireland, to this day, local traditions recall the ancient dream of heroic re-birth. At Aileach, in Donegal, the people point out an ancient cave from which the heroes of the Hy Niall are expected to come forth in some hour big with the fate of Ireland. A stranger passing this way came upon a group of horsemen sleeping beside their horses, bridle in hand, armed for the fight. The sound of footsteps awoke one of the warriors and, rising, he called out: "Is the hour come?" But the stranger fled in fear.

Ex. 35. **The Dirge of Ossian.**





The "Dirge of Ossian," preserved by Petrie, brings up memories of that second great flourishing of pre-Christian chivalry, the Fianna or Fenians. What Cuchullin and the Red Branch were to Ulster, Finn Mac Cool and his brothers of the Fianna were to Ireland of the South. The glory of the Red Branch ended with the fall of Conor's capital, Emania. A century later, in the reign of Conn of the Hundred Fights, the Fianna come into prominence. Their doings from that time to the end of the third century are the theme of a great cycle of song. The Fianna were a military organization and, in their prime, they numbered, even in time of peace,

as many as 9000 men. Finn Mac Cool was their greatest commander, and a myriad legends cluster about his name. Finn had for son Ossian, the warrior-bard. Caoilte, Diarmuid of the Brown Hair, Oscar, and many another famous knight fought in the ranks of the Fianna; and when, at last, the time came for their parting, we are told it was "like the sundering of soul and body." Ossian was taken away to Tirnanoge; Diarmuid was dead; the old spirit animated the heroes no longer. In the history of ordinary mortals, this would be the time to write "Finis" to their story. But there is a postscript in the tale of the Fianna and it serves as a link connecting pagan Ireland with the Ireland of Christians. Ossian wearied of the unbroken delights of Tirnanoge and, disregarding the warnings of his fairy mistress, came back to the world of living men. Immediately he touched earth, he became a decrepit old man, who wore out the last years of his life a dependant in the house of St. Patrick. Finn and the heroes were dead, Caoilte alone excepted, and a degenerate race had sprung up in Erin, men who could no longer dart the javelin of the Fianna. The two old warriors listened to the words of St. Patrick; but their hearts were elsewhere. Ossian bitterly lamented his lot:

Alas! in place of the noise of hounds,
 Sweet and cheerful every morning,
 The drowsy sound of bells—a music not sweet to me,
 And the doleful sound of a joyless clergy.

These words clearly represented the mind of a poet

who longed for the fierce joy and unrestraint of the old pagan days. The music that Ossian loved was the clangor of battle, the press of steeds, baying of hounds, and the call of the hunter. He is plainly incredulous when St. Patrick tells him of the power of the Almighty. "You tell me your God is a strong man," says he; "if your God and my son Oscar were at wrestle at Knockaulin and, if I saw Oscar down, it is then I would say your God was a strong man." The bard lives in the past, mourning for his old companions. Dr. Sigerson has done the Gaelic story into beautiful English:

Each day that comes to me is long—
Not thus our wont to be of old,
With never music, harp or song,
Nor clang of battles bold.

No wooing soft nor feats of might
No cheer of chase nor ancient lore,
Nor banquet gay nor gallant fight—
All things beloved of yore.

Long this night the clouds delay—
I raise their grave-cairn, stone on stone,
For Fionn and Fianna passed away—
I, Ossian, left alone.

Even when the old man Caoilte becomes a Christian there is a curiously heathen ring about his worship:

Thanks unto the King of Heaven
And the Virgin's Son be given,
Many men have I made still
Who this night are very chill.

The name Ossianic is given to a few old melodies which from time immemorial have been associated with stories of the bard and his friends. It may be that their prototypes belonged to the days of the Fianna, but there is no means of proof. The "Dirge of Ossian" is a good example.

A beautiful legend ushers in the Christian dawn—the legend of Fionnuala. If Deirdre is the embodiment of Erin militant, Fionnuala typifies the peace and purity of Christian womanhood. Here again, thanks to Thomas Moore, antiquity puts on youth again. "Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy waters" has carried the story of Lir's lonely daughter round the world and the melody to which it is sung has softened into tenderness towards Ireland hearts once hard with prejudice and misunderstanding. That the impressionable Moore was moved by the strain there is little need for wonder; but it was the intuition of genius that led him to make it tell the story of Fionnuala.

Fionnuala's father, King Lir, married a second time, and his wife conceived a hatred for Fionnuala and her two young brothers. It was the antipathy of that which is evil for what is good. Legend records that, by her magic powers, she transformed the three children into swans. In that guise they were condemned for long ages to make their homes on the lakes of Erin. They could see the cheerful light of home, but it was not for them. Theirs were the cold and desolation of the wind and waves. When night came on, Fionnuala would spread her wings

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over her brothers and they would sing "slow, sweet, fairy music that made sorrow sleep." In the course of time Lir died and the age-weary swans flew over the ruined walls of their old home. But the end came at last. The curse which was upon them could not withstand the virtue of Christianity and the signal for their release was to be the sound of the bell in the first Mass ever said in Erin. One morning one of the brothers heard a strange noise and he turned to his sister in alarm. The sequel of the story is told in an old Gaelic poem translated into English by Dr. Sigerson. Fionnuala speaks:

Rejoice; the glorious bell now rings,
Arise and raise aloft your wings,
Thank the true God for that voice,
Listen grateful and rejoice.

Right it is that He should reign,
Who shall part you from your pain;
Part you from rude, rocky pillows,
And part you from rough billows.

Hence I rede you now give ear,
Gentle children of King Lir!
Let us faith in heaven sing,
While the cleric's bell doth ring.

To this day, the people of Ireland regard swans with a peculiar tenderness and will not suffer them to be harmed.

CHAPTER IX

GAEL AND GALL

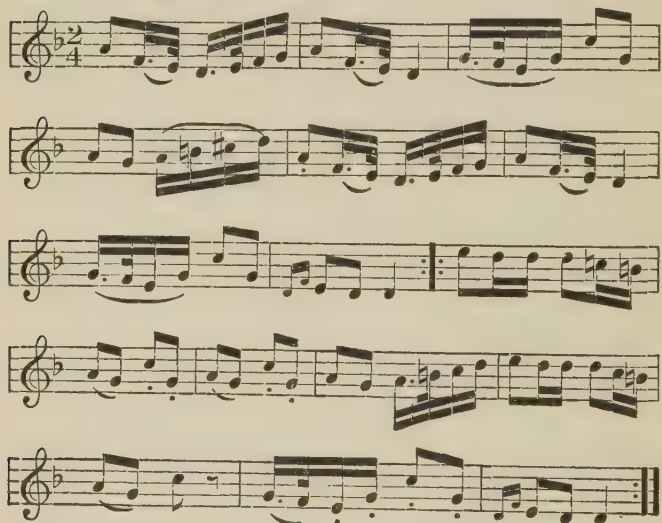
ONE of Ireland's oldest historical tunes is associated with the battle of Clontarf. It is called "The Gathering Sound," and legend says that, to this martial strain, Brian Boru formed his men in battle array. Another story says it is the melody of the dirge chanted by the people as the bodies of the king and Morrough were carried in somber triumph from the field. That it actually comes down from the eleventh century has nothing impossible in it, or even improbable. The historic continuity of Gaelic story, Irish tenacity of the past, and the greatness of the event alike warrant us in taking this view. The battle of Clontarf saved Ireland for the Gael. While England, France and Sicily bowed their neck to the yoke of the Northmen, Ireland, after cruel experiences, found strength to throw it off. That it was able to do so was largely due to the genius of Brian, and on no image does the Irish fancy dwell more fondly than on that of the venerable monarch, worn in years, riding through the ranks, crucifix in hand, to exhort his followers to do or die.

It was on Good Friday of the year 1014 that the battle was fought. Brian besought the Danes to put off the battle till Easter; but, reinforced by friends from the Orkneys, Sweden, and Britain, they

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were impatient for the fray. But Brian had fired the Gaels with a spirit as indomitable as his own. Even the wounded begged to be allowed to take part. "Let stakes be stuck into the ground," said they, "and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by

Ex. 36. Gathering Sound.



one of these stakes, to be placed in the ranks at the side of a sound man." And it was done as they asked. Brian was too advanced in years to lead the battle and Morrough, his son, "The swimmer of rivers," took his place. Legend says that even the invisible forces of faerie were moved and took sides, like the Homeric deities in the siege of Troy. Morrough's friend, Dublaing, had been banished by Brian; but he besought the aid of Aevil, his spirit

bride, and she covered him with a mantle of invisibility. So shrouded he fought in the ranks of Erin. But Morrough was quick to know he was there. "Methinks I hear the battle blows of Dublaing," said he; "but I see him not." Then Dublaing revealed himself to his friend. Aevil warned Morrough that, before morning dawned, he and his father would be dead, and so it came to pass. Morrough was the first to fall, in the forefront of the strife. Brian was on his knees praying for victory, when the tidings came. Girding on his sword, he stood to meet the foe. The Danish prince, Brodar, was the first to come and Brian laid him low. Two Danes besides fell by the monarch's sword; the fourth gave him his death blow. But the day was to the Irish. The Danes were driven to the margin of the deep; their ships had been burned; they had only the choice of death in battle or death by the wave. Never was a defeat more complete and, from that day, the Danes bowed their heads to Gaelic rule, and, in the course of time, were assimilated by the native population.

Seven centuries later, Thomas Moore celebrated Brian and his great contemporaries in the stately measures of "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave" and the sixteenth-century tune of "Molly McAlpin." But we get a more intimate picture of the old hero from his chief bard, Mac Liag. King and poet were not merely sovereign and dependant; they were friends together. Mac Liag seems to weep as he calls to mind the brave days of old, when he

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sat with Brian in the halls of Kinkora. Here is the heart of his song, told in English by that Gael of our day—Gael in genius, Gael in misfortune—Clarence Mangan:

O where, Kinkora, is Brian the Great,
And where is the beauty that once was thine?
O where are the princes and nobles that sate
At the feast in thy halls and drank the red wine?
Where, O Kinkora?

O where, Kinkora, are thy valorous lords?
O whither, thou hospitable, are they gone?
O where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords?
And where are the warriors Brian led on?
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Morrough, the descendant of kings,
The Defeater of a hundred, the daringly brave,
Who set but slight store by jewels and rings,
Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave?
Where, O Kinkora?

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth
Who plundered no churches and broke no trust;
'Tis weary for me to be living on earth
When they, O Kinkora, lie low in the dust.
Low, O Kinkora.

O dear are the images my memory calls up
Of Brian Boru! how he never would miss
To give me at the banquet the first bright cup,
Ah! why did he heap on me honor like this?
Why, O Kinkora?

I am Mac Liag and my home is on the lake:
Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,
Came Brian, to ask me, and I went for his sake—
O my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!
Dead, O Kinkora.

It is inconceivable that the Danes should establish themselves in Ireland, and become part of the people, without leaving a mark on the national character, arts, and habits of mind. The big-boned, florid-complexioned Irishman of the North is of Scandinavian ancestry. Danish musicians detect a Danish flavor in the famous "Gramachree." Many other airs doubtless owe something to Danish influence.

We come now to the twelfth century and the Norman invasion. A woman's fault was the beginning of the story. Grecian Helen was not more fatal to Troy than Dearborghil to Ireland. The wife of O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, she conceived a passion for MacMurcad, king of Leinster. When O'Ruark was away on pilgrimage, Dearborghil eloped with her lover and then began the contentions which led to the appeal to Henry the Second of England and the coming of Strongbow. The one drop of satisfaction in the cup is the disillusion of Dearborghil, who, like another Guinevere, retired to a nunnery and spent the evening of her life in almsdeeds and penance. The genius of Moore has wrought this story into the pathetic song known to all the world, "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me." He set it to one of the most pathetic of Irish tunes, "The Song of the Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow."

The Norman-Welsh barons and their Saxon soldiers came under the spell of Erin as the Danes had done. They adopted Irish customs, dressed like the Gael, and began to talk Irish. They wearied of the

restraints of English rule and would have thrown them off, had it not been that English birth conferred legal advantages which they were loath to forego. The Irish had their customary law, made upon the hills by the people and dating back to immemorial antiquity. Against this law, named the Brehon law after the men who recorded and arranged it, the invaders sternly set their faces and enforced the Norman code wherever they could do so. This foreign law benefited the stranger alone. If an Englishman wronged an Irishman, the latter had no redress; if an Irishman offended an Englishman, he was tried by the English code. Save for his hurt alone, the Irishman was outside the law. Again and again the Irishman of the Pale appealed to the Crown for the protection of the English law. But though time and fellowship were making the Anglo-Normans Irishmen, privilege kept them English.

Yet, in spite of a system devised to keep them aliens, the invaders learned to love the land they dwelt in and gradually they became part of its people. The English government noted this tendency with alarm. To counteract it they consistently favored the last comers from England. The result was continual friction. The preference shown the new colonists so incensed the proud Geraldines, the DeBurgos, the Butlers, that they threw off loyalty to England and became "More Irish than the Irish themselves" or, in the contemptuous expression of the law, "Degenerate English."

A parliament held at Kilkenny in 1367 passed an

act which aimed to check this dangerous blending of races. It ordered every person of English blood to learn English; forbade the placing of English children at nurse with the Irish; and made marriage with the Irish high treason. Any man of English race who took an Irish name, spoke Irish, wore Irish dress, or practiced Irish customs was liable to forfeiture of lands and tenements. It was high treason to use the Brehon law or to submit to it.

We may attribute to this period—the beginning of the fourteenth century—that famous song, “The Coulin” (Ex. 1). In 1295, the “Degenerate English” were forbidden to imitate the native Irish by allowing their hair to grow in “Coulins.” Like the Spartans before them, the Irish were fond of letting their hair grow long and the men fastened it in a little bundle at the back of the head. This bundle was the coulin. For centuries it had been a distinctively Irish fashion and it became a symbol of love for Erin. Walker, in his “Irish Bards,” tells of a song, which was still a memory in his day, though the words are lost, in which, to this same beautiful air an Irish maiden sings her love for the lad who wore the coulin, and her preference of him over all strangers and such as aped their ways. However we may decide on the claims as to its age, there can be no doubt that “The Coulin” stands for loyalty to the Gaelic spirit.

We have already seen, in the chapter on the bards and minstrels, how the English were forbidden to give countenance or entertainment to the “Min-

strels, rhymers and storytellers." It was also forbidden to admit the Irish to any ecclesiastical benefice or religious house. They were even to be made to forget they were Irish. In the Pale—for centuries the only part of Ireland in which the English law could command even relative obedience—the process of anglicization was steadily carried on. The parliament was feudal and Norman, utterly opposed to the communal spirit which, like a golden thread, runs through Irish polity in all ages. By an act passed in 1465 all men of Irish name were ordered to take some English surname—that of a town, color, or occupation. That is why there are so many Trims, Browns, Carpenters and the like among Irishmen today. The law also laid down what manner of clothes men should wear, the kind of hats women should put on, how the Irish should ride horseback. In every case some custom dear to the Irish heart was to be superseded by some alien use. But much of this legislation was in vain. Baron Finglass, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, asserted that English laws in Ireland were not observed eight days after they were made, "Whereas," he continues, "those laws and statutes made by the Irish on their hills, they keep firm and stable, without breaking them for any favor or reward."

This discrimination aroused in the Irish breast bitter hatred against all that was English. When Athenry was taken by Red Hugh O'Donnell, they besought him to spare the church, because it contained the remains of his mother. "I care not," he

cried, "even were she alive in it. I would sooner burn them both than that any English churl should fortify there." Moore's song, "By the Feal's Wave Benighted," reveals another phase of race bitterness. Thomas, Earl of Desmond, one night took shelter in the house of a dependant, named MacCormac. Culline, MacCormac's daughter, awoke so deep a passion in the Earl's breast that he married her. The consequences were tragic. The young lord's followers forsook him, his uncle drove him out of the paternal estates; he died in exile in France. That was in the early days of the fifteenth century.

To win over the Irish chieftains Henry the Eighth made several of them English lords and gave them seats in parliament. Hitherto the Gaels had had absolutely no voice in the deliberation of that body. More than this, he enriched some of the Irish nobles with the spoils of the suppressed monasteries. Conn O'Neill accepted the earldom of Tyrone and his son Matthew was made earl of Dungannon, with the right of succession. O'Brien became earl of Thomond, and MacWilliam Burke earl of Clanrickarde. They perceived too late that, in accepting English titles, they became subject to English law. This law gives the succession to the eldest son, whereas, under the Irish customary law, succession went to that member of the clan whom the people thought fittest to be their protector. The bards perceived the drift of English policy and an unknown poet of the period pictures the situation vividly. The translation is by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

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Fooboon! upon you, ye hosts of the Gael,
For your own Inisfail has been taken.
And the Gall is dividing the Emerald Lands
By your own treacherous bands forsaken.

Clan Carthy of Munster, from first unto last,
Have forsaken the past of their sires;
And they honor no longer the men that are gone
Or the song of the God-sent lyres.

O'Briens of Banba, whom Morrough led on,
They are gone with the Saxon oppressor;
They have bartered the heirloom of ages away
And forgotten to slay the oppressor.

The old race of Brian mac Yohy the Stern,
With gallowglass, kern and bonnacht (mercenary);
They are down on their knees; they are cringing to-day,
'Tis the way through the province of Connacht.

In the valleys of Leinster the valorous band,
Who lightened the land with their daring,
In Erin's dark hour, now shift for themselves;
The wolves are upon them and tearing.

And O'Neil, who is throned in Emania afar
And gave kings unto Tara for ages;
For the earldom of Ulster has bargained through fear
The kingdom of heroes and sages

And O'Donnell, the chieftain, the lion in fight,
Who defended the right to Tirconnel,
(Ah! now may green Erin indeed go and droop)
He stoops with them—Manus O'Donnell!

But though Conn was weak enough to let his people's rights lapse, it was not so with his son Shane. Matthew was killed in a night affray and, in the year following, Conn died. Disregarding the

English law, which gave the succession to the heirs of Matthew, the O'Neills elected Shane The O'Neill and he was a thorn in the side of England to the day of his death. Commissioners from Elizabeth tempted him with an English title, but he answered them proudly, "If Elizabeth, your mistress, be queen of England, I am O'Neill, king of Ulster. I never made peace with her without having been previously solicited to it by her. I am not ambitious of the abject title of earl. Both my family and birth raise me above it. I will not yield precedence to any he; my ancestors have been kings of Ulster; I have gained that kingdom by my sword and by my sword I shall maintain it." Proud words and, if their spirit had animated other Irish chieftains, they might have driven the English out of Ireland. Eventually, O'Neill entered into an agreement with Elizabeth; by virtue of this he was to be confirmed in the title of The O'Neill, "until the queen decorate him with another honorable title." The personality of O'Neill made a deep impression on the English mind. Contemporary accounts of the chieftain's visit to London vie with one another in describing the scene. O'Neill's guard was composed of the finest specimens of Irish manhood. With head bared, their long hair flowing free, vested in saffron and armed with battle-axe and sword, they marched through the streets of London. Elizabeth loved a man of fine port and courage and she was greatly pleased with O'Neill, particularly when he asked her to help him to choose a wife. But little of sub-

stance resulted from the visit. Elizabeth was rich of promise, but poor in gift, and O'Neill was little apt to make a dutiful subject. Possibly this accounts for the attempts of Hollinshed to blacken his character. The chronicler says that O'Neill was so deep a drinker that sometimes he had to be buried in the earth, so that his body might recover its natural temperature. On the other hand, the Jesuit, Campion, tells of Shane how, "Sitting at meat, before he put one morsel into his mouth, he used to slice a portion above the daily alms, and send it, namely, to some beggar at the gate, saying it was meet to serve Christ first."

The Irish chiefs were jealous of one another and England craftily played off one against the other. Hugh O'Donnell of Tirconnel invaded Shane's territory and defeated him. Shane sought refuge among the Scottish settlers on the coast of Antrim, on whom he had inflicted a severe defeat a couple of years before. Clan-hu-boy, the Scottish chief, received the fugitive with seeming friendship, but listened to the offer of an English officer named Piers. An entertainment was given in the Scottish camp; a quarrel arose between the Scotch and some of O'Neill's men; the room filled with armed men and O'Neill and his followers were slain. Shane's head was sent to Dublin, there to be displayed as a grim warning, and Piers was given a reward of a thousand marks.

O'Neill's death offered a golden opportunity for the carrying out of the policy of confiscation in-

initiated in the previous reign, when the O'Mores of Leix and the O'Connors of Offaly were dispossessed and their lands given to English adventurers. Elizabeth's secretary, Sir Thomas Smith, was granted the peninsula of Ardee or Down and he sent his son to occupy it. The O'Neills of Clannaboy met the young adventurer in arms and slew him. Two years later the Earl of Essex set about the colonization of what is now the county of Antrim, and Rathlin Island. Each successive taste of plunder only whetted the appetite of the adventurers, or "undertakers," as they were called, the more. Sir Peter Carew led some West of England gentlemen into Cork, Limerick and Kerry and, seizing on land there, they attempted to hold it by driving off the owners or putting them to the sword. The massacre of Mullaghmast illustrates the nature of the methods adopted when the Irish proved refractory. Sir Francis Cosby, the queen's representative in Leix and Offaly, bade the chiefs of the locality to a banquet and, when they came, murdered them in cold blood. Acts like these and attempts to force the Reformation upon a people determined to worship God in their own way, brought about the great Geraldine rebellion. Ormonde, the head of the house of Butler, who had conformed to Protestantism, cut a red swath through Munster; Sir Walter Raleigh captured the Spanish garrison of Smerwick and put every man to the sword. Garret Fitzgerald, the great Earl of Desmond, was slain, and, for centuries, the people in the neighborhood of Lough Gur still

looked forward to the time when he should return and lead them against the enemies of Ireland. They say he is tied to an enchanted pillar; but every seven years he rides forth and, when his horse's silver shoes are worn through, the day of destiny will be here.

Irritated at the obstinacy of the Irish resistance, the government resolved to accomplish by famine what they could not compass by the sword. They destroyed all the crops, all cattle, fodder, and means of subsistence until, in the words of the Four Masters, "The lowing of a cow or the voice of a plowman could scarcely be heard from Dunqueen (Valentia) in the West to the Rock of Cashel." Edmund Spenser, who received a large estate and the Desmond castle of Kilcolman as his share of the spoil, describes the misery of the people in this awful time:

"Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth upon their knees; for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat of the dead carrions—happy were they if they could find them—yea, one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and, if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet, not able long to continue there withal, that in short time there were none almost left and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly made void of man and beast."

This famine Spenser would lay to the people's own fault; yet, in the same breath, he himself advocates hunger as a means for the extermination of the Irish rebels. Spenser's words so admirably represent what was partially done that they deserve a place here. Says he:

“The end (I assure me) will be very short and much sooner than could be (in so great a trouble, as it seemeth) hoped for. Although there should none of them fall by the sword, nor be slain by the soldiery, yet thus, being kept from manurance and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint, they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another.”

The divisions among the Irish themselves everywhere strengthened the hands of the English. Ormonde the Protestant and Desmond the Catholic were foemen; the Clanrickardes of Connaught were divided, one generation against another. Nothing could prevent the confiscation of the estates of Desmond and those of 140 of his followers. Some 600,000 acres of Irish land were divided among English adventurers.

One of the most famous of Irish songs is the “Roisin dubh,” “The Little Black Rose.” It is supposed to refer to Hugh Roe O'Donnell, the trusty ally in many a well-fought field of Hugh O'Neill. The O'Donnells had been on the English side since they were made earls of Tirconnel; but Sir John

Perrott turned friendship into hatred by treacherously seizing Red Hugh and keeping him prisoner and hostage in Dublin Castle. For four years Red Hugh pined in captivity. At last he escaped and, after enduring terrible hardships, he reached his father's home in Ulster. Sir Hugh was now worn in years and the clan, exercising their ancient right, elected Red Hugh The O'Donnell in his stead. To him and to Hugh O'Neill, Conn's grandson, fate seemed to point as the deliverers of Ireland. O'Neill had been brought up in the English service and Elizabeth restored to him the O'Neill patrimony, only requiring that he should give up land for the erection of a fort on the Blackwater. He married Mabel Bagenal, sister of the marshal of Ireland, and, by so doing, incurred the latter's bitter enmity. Not only was O'Neill earl of Tyrone, but his people made him The O'Neill also. Bagenal's enmity and the attempts of the government to force the Reformation upon the people drove him into insurrection and, from 1595 to 1603, Ireland was once more in the throes of war. Again and again the two chieftains defeated the English, once at the Battle of the Yellow Ford, when the English army was cut in pieces and Bagenal was killed. The Earl of Essex attempted to crush them with a great army and was utterly worsted. Finally, however, when Lord Mountjoy and Sir George Carew took the field, the Irish fortunes began to wane. A Spanish army under Del Aguila attempted to effect a diversion in the South, but failed, and Red Hugh went to Spain for succour,

leaving his brother Rory to be The O'Donnell in his stead. Arrived at Simancas, he fell ill; news came of the ruin of the Irish cause, and so deeply did it prey on the young man's mind—he was still short of thirty—that he died of grief. Red Hugh was one of the brightest hopes of Erin. In the “Roisin dubh” he addresses Erin as a lover. The allusions to Rome and Spain, however, seem to give the words a political significance; Hardiman thought the song political; but Eugene O'Curry believed the “Roisin dubh” to be the song of lovers between whom there is some bar of consanguinity or religious vows. Here is O'Curry's translation:

There's black grief on the plains,
And a mist on the hills;
There is fury on the mountains,
And that is no wonder;
I would empty out the wild ocean
With the shell of an egg,
If I could but be at peace with thee,
My Rois geal dubh.

O my loved one, be not gloomy
For what has happened to thee;
We have friends beyond the sea,
And they're returning o'er the tide;
Thy pardon from the Pope
Of Rome we shall have,
And a hundred healths in Spanish wine
To my Rois geal dubh.

I would travel all Munster with thee,
And the top of each hill,
In the hope to gain thy favor
And a happy share in thy love;

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O sweet branch, who has told me
That thou had'st love for me,
Thou art the flower of accomplished women,
My Rois geal duole.

But whatever significance the "Roisin dubh" may originally have had, it becomes grandly national in Mangan's paraphrase, "Dark Rosaleen," surely one of the impassioned lyrics in all poetry. Mangan's verses are known to the whole world; yet the verses which most nearly parallel the Gaelic original translated by O'Curry ought not to be omitted here:

Oh! my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help and hope,
My dark Rosaleen.

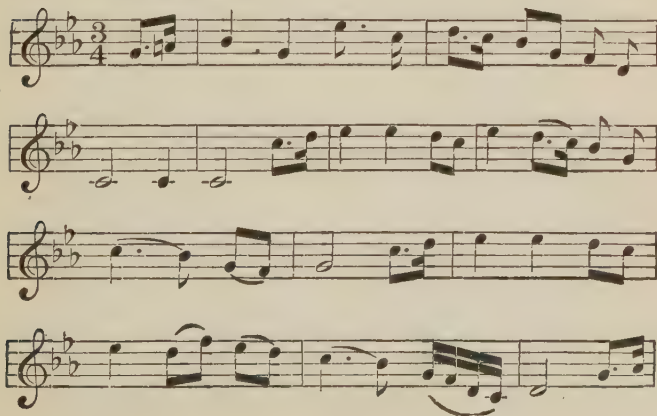
Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen.

I could scale the blue air,
I could plow the high hills,
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen.

When Mangan wrote that poem, he enriched English literature with a deathless lyric. Yet we do not hear many expressions of gratitude from English lips to the dead Irishman who wrote it or to the bard who was his inspiration.

Here is the melody of the "Roisin dubh," worthy to be graven in enduring bronze. The pity of it is that none of the English versions of the song will sing to it.

Ex. 37. **Roisin dubh.**





The constant companion and abettor of Red Hugh and Tyrone in their expeditions and forays was Hugh Maguire, the lord of Fermanagh. Impregnable among the islands of Lough Erne, Hugh laughed English authority to scorn and, when Sir William Fitzwilliam, the lord deputy, commanded him to let the queen's writ run in his domains, he scornfully inquired what would be the *eric* (compensation) for the sheriff's life—to be paid his relatives, “that, if my people cut off his head, I may levy it upon the country.” The Maguire was at the battle of the Yellow Ford; he led the cavalry at Mullaghbrach, when the Anglo-Irish were defeated. When The Maguire was within a mile of Cork, in the uprising of 1600, he was met by Sir Warham St. Leger and an engagement followed. The two leaders met in single combat and The Maguire killed his opponent, but himself received such severe wounds that he died of them a few hours after. On that same field were slain Maguire's foster father, his priest, and all the leading officers. “Thus,” wrote Sir Henry Power to the council at Dublin, “this ancient traitor to her Majesty ended his days, having prosperously continued these sixteen years and being the means of drawing the rest into action.” According to the Four Masters, “The death of Maguire caused a giddiness of spirits and depression of mind in O'Neill and the Irish chiefs in general. This was no wonder; for he was a bulwark of valor and prowess, the shield

of protection and shelter, the tower of support and defense, and the pillar of hospitality and achievement of the Oirghall and almost all the Irish of his time."

O'Hussey, Maguire's bard, composed an ode to his master, and this also has the good fortune to be translated by Mangan. The following excerpt gives a faithful idea of the poem. Its every verse, however, ought to be familiar to lovers of poetry and Erin.

Where is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night, mavrone!
 Oh, cold, cold, miserably cold, is this bleak night for Hugh;
 Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one through and
 through—
 Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or was that red, livid light
 Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight
 dim
 The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes *him*,
 Nothing hath crueller venomy might.

Oh! mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire!
 Darkly, as in a dream, he strays! Before him and behind
 Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
 The wounding wind that burns as fire!

It is my bitter grief—it cuts me to the heart—
 That in the country of Clan Darry this should be his fate!
 Oh, woe is me where is he! Wandering, houseless, desolate,
 Alone without guide or chart!

Medreams I see just how his face, the strawberry-bright,
 Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous
 winds
 Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet-
 shower blinds
 The hero of Galang to-night!

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Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is,
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair, stately form,
Should be thus tortured and o'erborne—that this unsparing
storm
Should wreak its wrath on head like his!

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,
Should this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed by
frost—
While through some icicle-hung thicket—as one lorn and
lost—
He walks and wanders without rest.

Through some dark wood 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh now
strays,
As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but manly
brow—
Oh! what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his were
now
A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his—thoughts that can still inspire
With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of Mac
Nee—
Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the
sea,
Borne on the winds' wings, flashing fire!

AVRAN

Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see him so de-
part;
And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, be-
trayed—
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand
hath laid
In ashes warms the hero's heart.

When James came to the throne the Irish were in
high hope. For in him they revered the blood of the

Bruces. Edward, brother of Robert the Bruce, was crowned king of Ireland in the years of hope that followed the battle of Bannockburn. Moreover, James, as the son of Mary Queen of Scots, was supposed secretly to sympathize with the Catholics. So the Northern chieftains journeyed to London to make their submission in person. James was all graciousness. He confirmed O'Neill in the earldom of Tyrone; he revived the dormant title of Tirconnel in favor of O'Donnell. But the hopes based on these fair appearances were soon to be dashed. The English and Scottish adventurers were greedy for spoil and it maddened them to think that Ulster, which seemed ready to drop into their maw, should be snatched from them. What they could not obtain by direct methods they resolved to get by subtlety. Cecil went to work with characteristic craft. He employed a soldier of fortune named St. Laurence to entrap the earls into a sham plot and denounce them. St. Laurence had served in the wars against the Desmonds under Lord Grey de Wilton and, when Essex was impeached, he offered to take off Lord Grey by assassination. A letter was picked up in the council chamber at Dublin. Its contents pointed to a conspiracy on the part of Tyrone and Tirconnel, and St. Laurence had it conveyed to the chieftains that, if witnesses against them were not forthcoming, evidence would be purchased. The earls saw that the adventurers were bent on their ruin and would stop at no infamy. So in 1607, on the feast of the Holy Cross, they set sail from Ireland, never

to see it more. "It is certain," say the Four Masters, "that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious or noble, in point of genealogy, noble deeds, valor, feats of arms, and brave achievements than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritance until the children should arrive at the age of manhood. Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies."

The earls made for France, then for the Low Countries, and eventually reached Rome, where they spent the rest of their days. Tirconnel died in the following year and, in 1616, Tyrone followed him. The two chieftains are buried with two of their kinsmen in a grave in San Pietro di Montorio, and Katherine Tynan Hinkson pictures them, waiting the day, big with fate, which shall summon Ireland's dead heroes to vengeance on their country's foes.

Great Hugh O'Neill, far off in purple Rome,
 And Hugh O'Donnell, in their stately tombs,
 Lie with their fair, grand faces turned to home.
 Some day a voice will ring adown the gloom,
 "Arise, ye princes, for the hour is come!"

No event in Erin's history has moved her people more deeply than this of the flight of Tyrone and Tirconnel. With them gone, it seemed the old order

was irretrievably doomed. O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac Ward, who accompanied his master into exile, sang the people's sorrow and his own in a poem which is a pageant of the fortunes of the ruined earls. He addressed it to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who, when her husband, Niel Garve, went with the English, forswore her wifehood and became a wanderer with her brother. The poet sees her mourning, solitary, over the dead, and pictures the passion of woe in Erin, if the chiefs were entombed there. Milton himself does not employ classic lore more luminously than does Mac Ward the names of place and hero dear to the Gael. In Mangan's English it is a threnody to be coupled with the noblest expressions of heroic grief in the language.

O Woman of the piercing wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
 With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
 Thou would'st not then from day to day
 Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave
 In green Tirconnel one could find
 This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boiche's banners wave,
 Such grief as thine could ne'er have passed
 Companionless.

All Ireland is made to share in her woe. From As-saroe in the West, where the Erne debouches into the sea, to Armagh in the East, from Tara to the Shannon, sympathy is invoked. Among strangers the earls are forgotten in the dust; but in Erin

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No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial ground
Fresh floods of tears.

Like the herald at a solemn entombment Mac Ward proclaims the rank and attributes of the dead. Here lie Earl Rury O'Donnell, here Cathbar his brother and an O'Neill with O'Donnell blood in his veins, young Hugh, Nuala's nephew, son of Earl Hugh by a former wife. The lands of Aileach, Ulster's monarch of the tenth century, were the O'Donnells' domain in life; now the chieftains inherit a few feet of clay.

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high prince and lord
Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls where in dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?

O'Donnell, Dunnasana's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse.

Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnel of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair.

For valor, truth and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns
A peerless pair.

And with them, inseparable in death, as in life, lies Hugh O'Neill, Lord of Mourne, "A prince in look, in deed and word." The poet seems to grieve that the heroes did not die as Patrick Sarsfield would have wished to die—on Irish ground, fighting for Ireland. With trumpet voice he blazons their pride of battle:

When high the shout of battle rose
On fields where freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom.
If, at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears.

In the same mood he recalls O'Donnell's prowess, when he drove back the army of Sir Conyers Clifford, governor of Connaught, from the castle of Ballyshannon (Ashanee):

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee—
The Chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.

When Essex came to redeem the declining cause of England, Clifford tried once more to penetrate the fastness of the North. He vowed that he would

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cross the Curlew Mountains, in despite of the Northern men. But O'Donnell kept watch night and day. At last word came that Clifford and his men were at hand. O'Donnell awaited them at a narrow pass. Said he to his men, "God has already doomed to destruction these assassins, who have butchered our wives and children, who plundered us of our properties, set fire to our habitations, demolished our churches and monasteries, and changed the face of Ireland into a wild, uncultivated desert." And sweeping down on the foe they drove them back in disorder. Clifford was killed.

How would the troops of Murbach mourn,
 If on the Curlew Mountains' day—
 Which England rued—
 Some Saxon hand had left them lorn:
 By shedding there, amid the fray,
 Their prince's blood.

He turns from these proud memories with a sigh
 and bids the daughter of the O'Donnells dry her
 eyes:

For Adam's race is born to die,
 And sternly the sepulchral urn
 Mocks human pride.

The last verse is an appeal to Almighty God and
 might be spoken by the patriot poet of any suffering
 land:

And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
 Are far above our feeble minds
 To understand,
 Sustain us in these doleful days

And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state—
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn!

No attempt was made to prove the charges against the earls. Their flight was taken as an admission of guilt, and the whole of their domains, covering half a dozen countries—the greater part of Ulster—was confiscated to the crown, and divided up among a greedy army of adventurers. It was the spoils to the strongest. The adventurers or “Undertakers” were to pay a small rent to the crown, drive out the original settlers, and replace them by English or Scotch Protestants. Only where there was no help for it were the “Meere Irish” to be allowed to remain on the land, and the sale of estates to Roman Catholics of any nationality, Irish, Scotch or English, was forbidden.

Before the break with Rome, Henry had already suppressed the monastic establishments in England, and his minion, Cromwell, did the same in Ireland, though not quite so ruthlessly as in England. In Ireland the spoil was used to win over the Celtic chieftains. Some four hundred monasteries were suppressed and the bribe so far won over the lords of the Gael that they attended Henry's parliament in 1540. Four years earlier a parliament composed solely of Anglo-Irish lords had recognized Henry as head of

the church and declared the Pope an intruder. George Browne, formerly a Franciscan friar, came over from London with a mission "For the breaking down of idols and extinction of idolatry." It was Browne's object to "Tune the pulpits"; but he reported to Cromwell that "Neither by general exhortation, nor by evangelical instructions; neither by oath, although solemnly taken, nor yet by threats and sharp correction, may I persuade or induce any, whether religious or secular, since my coming over, once to preach the Word of God, nor the just title of our illustrious prince." Images were removed from the churches of the Pale; shrines were done away with; the staff of St. Patrick was burned in Dublin market place. The liturgy was ordered to be read in the "vulgar tongue"—meaning English—and the bishops and clergy were enjoined to enforce the new order. But the royal commands met with sullen opposition. Some of the bishops conformed; others refused to do so; the general attitude of the clergy may be seen in the fact that the one bishop who became zealously Protestant denounced his clergy as "superstitious Papists."

With Elizabeth's advent, requirements became more stringent. The clergy, government officials and lawyers were ordered to take the oath recognizing the queen's headship in matters spiritual. To refuse to do so was to incur the penalties of high treason. By the 27th of Elizabeth every Romish priest was deemed guilty of rebellion and sentenced to be hanged until half dead; then to be beheaded and

his body cut into quarters, his entrails burned and his head fixed on a pole in some public place. Of course the government dared not attempt the application of this fearful law as thoroughly as was done in England; but it was held as a menace and could be invoked at need. Priests and monks were forbidden to meet or sleep in Dublin and the head of every family was ordered to attend the Protestant service or pay a fine of a shilling for every time he stayed away. But the people went to Mass as of old, and evaded the law by afterwards hearing the Protestant sermon and answering the roll call. So far from dividing the population, as it was anticipated would be the case, this persecution gave the people of Ireland of all races a unity which they had never known since the coming of Strongbow. Archbishop Browne himself wrote to Cromwell that "Both English and Irish begin to oppose your lordship's orders and to lay aside their national old quarrels." If we may believe Edmund Spenser, the ministers of the reformed faith brought from England in those early times were for the most part little representative of the better qualities of their order. This is how Spenser compares the two orders of men: "It is great wonder to see the odds which is between the zeal of Popish priests and the ministers of the gospel, for they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome and from Rheims, by long toil and dangerous travelling hither, where they know peril and death awaiteth them and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw people into the Church of Rome."

To this period doubtless belongs the verse on the priest hunters which Dr. Hyde learned in Connaught:

There is no use in my speaking (encomiums on you),
 Seeing your kinship with Donogha-of-the-Priest,
 And with Owen-of-the-Cards, his father,
 With the people of the cutting off of the heads,
 To put them into leather bags,
 To bring them down with them to the city,
 And to bring home the gold (they got for them),
 For sustenance of wives and children.

But all did not keep the ancestral faith, and the people were quick to notice that the friars did not go abroad in the russet gown as of yore, but hid their identity in the garb of the peasantry. The bards of the time who, under the Tudors at least, were treated even more sharply than the priests, lashed this faint-heartedness in stinging verse. Here is a stanza by some poet unknown, taken from Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht." It crystallizes the popular sentiment of the time:

"Bad the makings of dignity, I see with some of
 the clergy, A hatred of generosity and truth, A love
 for the lie and for bribes.

"After every regard which we have seen, Always
 for the poor friars, They now conceal their habits,
 For fear they should be beaten.

"No protection is wall or monastery, Or sanctuary
 of the poets, To us it is completely told, That the
 Pope is not worth a penny.

“Great is the case for counsel, If there be danger
on a man, Who shall undertake his protection? His
protection where shall he find?

“The spoiling of the laity is no wonder, The
Church is being utterly spoiled. Where shall the
kerne go, since the clergy are flying?”

The old faith meant a crown of thorns; the new
one honor and preferment. So, when Miler Mc-
Grath gave up the girdle of St. Francis to become
archbishop of Cashel and marry a wife, Eoghan
O'Duffy upbraided him sharply:

Thou hast let go God's Paradise,
And Mary's Paradise let go,
For Annie's pleasures, O false heart,
For part in treasure's here below.

This same McGrath was in London when Brian
O'Rourke of the Battlements met death on the scaf-
fold. Miler went to offer him spiritual consolation.
O'Rourke looked sternly upon him: “It seems to
me,” said he, “that I know you and that you are a
friar of St. Francis who has broken his vows.” And
he would have nothing to do with him.

O'Duffy was himself a friar, and, when he was
preaching with another priest, named Paul, he was
taken prisoner by Thomas Butler, earl of Ormond,
and thrown into Kilkenny Castle. Paul was taken
prisoner along with him. The two men were told
that they were to be hanged next day; but that they
might save their necks and get preferment if they

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would accept the new teaching. O'Duffy refused; but Paul was afraid and snatched at the chance of safety. Eoghan made a poem to dissuade his friend from selling his soul to save his body. But it was in vain and he renounced his faith. O'Duffy himself succeeded in escaping. Here are a couple of verses of the poem which he wrote for his friend:

You were better to roam through the world so wide,
With a stick in your hand, though it finish you,
Than a sword to be buckled so smart to your side
And you listening wide-eyed to the minister.
Return, O Paul, return ashore, return and I will stay by
you.

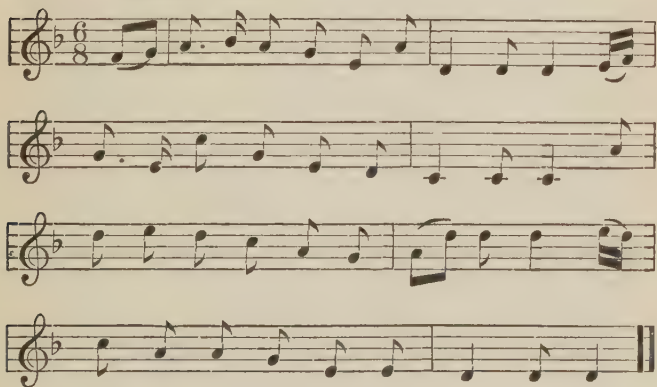
You're forsaking Peter, forsaking Paul,
Forsaking Michael, forsaking John,
And you're forsaking the Queen of Glory,
Who prays for you in the heaven o'er you.
Return, O Paul, return ashore, return and I will stay by
you.

Not under the Tudors, however, was Ireland to suffer the worst that religious persecution could inflict. That was reserved for the Cromwellian agony and the long sorrow of the penal days.

But although the power of the stranger grew more oppressive from day to day, there were still, in the Western wilds, fastnesses where the Gaelic chieftains kept their ancient patriarchal rule. In her domain of The Owles, in Connaught, Grace O'Malley queened it as absolutely as Elizabeth in London. Wife of a pirate, when her husband died, Grace played the pirate in turn, and terrorized the whole

coast. Nor was she any mere freebooter, ignorant of the gentilities of life. When she made her famous visit to London to meet the English queen, the courtiers marveled much that, though this Irish-woman had no English, she could understand Latin. On her way home, Grace gave the scurvy lord of Howth a taste of her quality. He refused to entertain her and she avenged herself by kidnapping his heir, nor would she give him up, until she had received a formal promise that the castle gates of Howth would not be closed at the hour of dinner. So warm a place did this masterful woman win in the hearts of the people that Grania Waile became a name for Ireland and a tune was composed and called after her. To this tune it was that in Jacobite days, Shane Claragh Mac Donnel composed one of his finest poems. Here is the air:

Ex. 38. **Grania Waile.**



But leavetakings and farewells were more in the

air than gladness. Two of the finest melodies in the whole range of Irish song were born of the sadness of this time. One is "Molly Mac Alpin," best known to-day because Moore used it for "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave." A lament was composed for a lady of the exiled family of Halpin, who left Ireland in 1603, and praise for the tune is given to William O'Connellan, who is said to have composed it about 1645. In due season it found its way to Scotland and they called it "Gilderoy," after an outlaw executed in 1766. "Uileacan dubh O" (Ex. 13) is the second song. The name is an Irish "Alack a day!" The words were probably written by some Irishman who took foreign service, but ever remembered Erin with longing. Many are the poets who have tried to give "Uileacan dubh O" a worthy English setting; Sir Samuel Ferguson's version is generally accepted as the most faithful to the original.

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O!

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley
ear,

Uileacan dubh O!

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow
sand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,
Uileacan dubh O!

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,
Uileacan dubh O!

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Into that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,

Uileacan dubh O!

The butter and cream do wondrously abound,

Uileacan dubh O!

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,

And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,

And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests
grand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

CHAPTER X

THE CURSE OF CROMWELL

THE process of rooting out the Irish people and planting the country with English and Scotch adventurers went on with ruthless persistency. Ulster was to be made English and dominant. To this end King James created forty boroughs of "beggarly hamlets" and granted them representation in the Irish parliament. By this device he brought the majority under the control of the minority. Every form of worship save that prescribed by law was sharply discouraged. King Charles acted with characteristic faithlessness. In return for the sum of £100,000 granted him by the Irish parliament, he promised that the people should be left reasonably secure in the possession of their estates, and that neither Catholics nor Presbyterians should be molested on account of their religion. The money was paid; but Charles failed to keep his word. Through his minister, Strafford, Charles tried to suppress every form of worship except that prescribed by statute. It was Strafford's aim to make Connaught a second Ulster, and he might have succeeded had not his crimes brought him to the block before he had time to carry his plan into effect.

The Roman Catholics were greatly harassed. While Trinity College was educating Protestants at the public expense, Catholics had to get their

education by stealth, either from proscribed priests at home, or on the continent. The site of St. Patrick's Purgatory, for centuries the resort of pilgrims from all parts of Europe, was dug up and obliterated. In 1626, Archbishop Usher and the Protestant bishops of Ireland officially declared the Roman Catholic faith superstitious and idolatrous, and concluded that "To give them, therefore, a toleration, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine is a grievous sin." The dragon's teeth of religious discord were a-sowing, soon to spring up armed men.

The guiding principle of the government was the suppression of everything Irish and the putting in its place of something English. Under the Brehon law, the lowest member of the clan had rights in the land which the chief was bound to respect. He paid tribute, it is true, and sometimes the tribute was excessive; but he could not be turned out of his holding and nobody could deny him his hereditary rights in the common land. But this patriarchal system was an obstacle in the way of the adventurers and James declared it illegal. To the men who swarmed over from England and Scotland, Ireland was a sort of El Dorado, and the people of the soil met with as little consideration at their hands as the Indians of the Antilles at the hands of the Spaniards. Reid, in his "History of the Irish Presbyterians," sorrowfully admits that "although among those whom Divine Providence did send to Ireland there were several persons eminent for birth, education and

parts, yet the most part were such as either poverty, scandalous lives, or, at the best, adventurous seeking of better accommodation, had forced thither." These men were sold the land of the Irish at nominal rentals. They must on no account be Catholics and possession was theirs so soon as they could drive out the Irish occupants. Whole countries were in a state of guerrilla warfare.

The Catholicism of the Anglo-Irish of the Pale placed them outside the protection of the government. No man was safe in his holding.

A kind of legal vermin was engendered that went by the name of "Discoverers." Acting under royal commission, these men sought out defective titles and, when they could oust a man from his property, they were given a share of the spoil. The original grants, made in the time of the Norman invasion, often reserved a certain payment to the crown. From a variety of causes these payments had ceased to be made. It was in the power of an unjust government to insist on proof of payment and, if it were not forthcoming, to drive out the owner. When, as sometimes happened, even the unscrupulous zeal of the discoverers could not discover a legal flaw to invalidate the tenure, recourse was had to more sinister methods. The O'Byrnes of Wicklow were deprived of their estates on a false charge of wrongdoing, supported by purchased evidence. Sir William Parsons, corrupt even for an age of official dishonesty, was the leading spirit in this policy of spoliation and, when one of the witnesses refused to

give the evidence needed for conviction, he had him tortured on a burning gridiron until he spoke as the court desired.

The Irish of the North broke out into open rebellion. The revolt kindled most rapidly in places where the plantation had been most ruthlessly carried out. When, in 1641, Sir Phelim O'Neill unfurled his standard, dispossessed Ulstermen, insurgents of Longford and the outraged farmers of Wicklow rushed to arms. Some 30,000 men assembled, armed with scythes and reaping hooks. Their purpose was to expel the English intruder and plunder their estates. They were like wolves. But it was English rapine that had made them so. Sir Phelim denounced death on anyone guilty of outrage; but he was powerless to enforce his own law, if even he wished to do so. He issued a proclamation that the rising was not meant as a menace to the king or to his subjects, "But only for the liberty of ourselves and of the Irish Catholics of this kingdom."

Roger or Rory O'Moore of the dispossessed O'Mores of Leix, a descendant of the chieftains massacred at Mullaghmast, played a vigorous part in the uprising. The ideal which O'More fought for was Ireland for the Gael. The people idolized him and, on their banners, they inscribed the words, "Our hope is in God and in Rory O'More." Dr. Drennan, who wrote the original manifesto of the United Irishmen, crystallized the tradition of Rory O'More in a spirited poem:

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On the green hills of Ulster the white cross waves high,
And the beacon of war throws its flames to the sky;
Now the taunt and the threat let the coward endure,
Our hope is in God and in Rory O'More.

Do you ask why the beacon and banner of war
On the mountains of Ulster are seen from afar?
'Tis the signal our rights to regain and secure
Through God and our Lady and Rory O'More.

For the merciless Scots, with their creed and their swords,
With war in their bosoms and peace in their words,
Have sworn the bright light of our faith to obscure;
But our hope is in God and in Rory O'More.

On the one hand was a people burning for vengeance; on the other were the adventurers, their appetite whetted by spoil. The latter seized upon the pretext that the Irish were bent on the extermination of the Protestants and used it as an excuse for the universal confiscation of the property of Catholics. It was a well-chosen plea. The Irish parliament had been prorogued; the Puritan parliament looked upon Rome as the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse.

Irish apologists pointed out that no attack was made upon the Scotch, though they too were Protestants, until they threw in their lot with the English. Numerous examples were cited in which Catholic priests had protected Protestants. The Franciscans of Cashel hid refugees in their churches, even under the altar. Bishop Bedell, the Protestant prelate of Ulster, though under restraint, was allowed to say the Anglican service daily, even the rite for the fifth

of November, and, when he died, the Irish gave him honorable interment and fired a volley over his grave. But this defense fell on deaf ears. On the other hand, the authorities gave credence to every tale of outrage and perpetuated its memory in depositions preserved in Trinity College. Sir John Temple, master of the rolls at Dublin, stated in a political pamphlet that, in the first two months of the rebellion, 200,000 Protestants were murdered, destroyed or expelled from their homes. He reckoned not that the total number of Protestants in Ireland at this period did not exceed 200,000 and that the number outside walled towns—no massacre is even alleged to have taken place in the towns—was probably not more than 20,000. The tale was told and fulfilled its purpose. It is no way took from Temple's story that he had been ruined by the rebellion and looked for compensation from the confiscated estates of the Irish—a hope in which he was not disappointed. The lie took into the imagination of the English people and had its result in the horrors of Drogheda and Wexford. The Catholics defended themselves, but their writings were destroyed by order of parliament.

Fortunately, however, for the verdict of humanity, we possess information gathered by impartial inquirers. Dr. Warner, a fellow of Trinity, a strong Protestant, made the most careful investigations within a century of the actual occurrences. So too did Father Walker, who, says Warner, "is allowed to have been honest and loyal." Warner sifted the

evidence contained in the Trinity College depositions and found the number of killed, as shown by positive facts, within the two years, was 2109. To this number he added 1619 on the report of other Protestants and, on the report of some of the rebels, a further 300, making 4028 in all. There is evidence in the same collection of 8000 who died as the result of ill usage; but Warner cannot bring himself to accept it, because of the nature of many of the statements. Walshe's computation of 8000 slain is an awful figure; but we must remember that the insurrection lasted two years; that the wars of Elizabeth were a living memory; that the Northern chieftains had been exiled and their lands divided among people of alien race and faith. Add to this the retaliatory violence of the government soldiers and the outbreak of 1641 appears in its true light—an insurrection, but no massacre. Far from desiring the speedy suppression of the rebellion, the lords justices fomented it. According to Lord Castlehaven it was a common saying among them that "The more there were in rebellion, the more land should be forfeited to them." These same lords justices went to the length of putting Catholic gentry to the rack to extort confessions of plots. The military were commanded to show no mercy. Even infants were slain, the soldiers justifying their butchery with the horrible words: "Nits will be lice."

At the outbreak of the civil war King Charles would willingly have treated with the Irish Catholics, for he needed their help; but he was fearful of

antagonizing his Protestant supporters. The Puritans, on the other hand, resolved, once and for all, to crush the Celtic dream of nationhood and the Catholic desire to worship God in their own way. To raise money for the subduing of both Celtic and Anglo-Irish insurgents the parliament offered two and a half million acres of profitable land in Ireland, besides bogs and barren mountains, to English adventurers who would advance loans. The fact that they had no right to do this; that it was a usurpation of the powers of the Irish parliament, did not make the Puritan legislators hesitate a moment. The menace was not lost on Ireland. A synod was held at Kilkenny; the Catholic Confederation sprang into existence and Preston took the field against the parliament, with instructions to wage war "For the Defense of the Catholic Religion and for the Maintenance of the Royal Prerogative." Preston was ordered to observe strict martial law and severely punish all rapes and insults to women. Husbandmen and other peaceful inhabitants were to be protected from violence and the soldiers were to receive the Sacrament once a month and always before battle.

Meanwhile the command in the North had fallen from the ineffectual hands of Sir Phelim O'Neill and been taken up by that Bayard of Irish chivalry, Owen Roe O'Neill. Schooled in the service of Spain, O'Neill was a master of the art of war. While loyal to the king, he was a Celt in spirit and faith. His first step on assuming the command was to set free

all the English prisoners and send them safe to Dundalk. He showed his resentment at the outrages committed by the people of Kinnard by burning their houses. Rather than that such excesses should go unpunished, he threatened to join the English. Charles, watching the course of events from afar, now opened negotiations with the Confederation. But no lasting agreement was reached and Ormonde treated the army of the Confederation as rebels, only differing in form of disloyalty from the Gaels of the North. Ormonde was himself a Protestant and so too was his army. Indeed, after Charles had perished on the scaffold and Ormonde had fled to France, thousands of his men went over to the army of the parliament. In Munster the royalist forces were under the command of Lord Inchiquin, a renegade Gael known as Murrough the Burner. Inchiquin made an attack on Cashel, where many men and women had fled for safety, taking their valuables with them. Piling up turf against the enclosure, Inchiquin set fire to it; a general assault followed, and men, women and children were slain, to the number of 700. The Franciscans of Cashel had hidden the fleeing Protestants in their chapel, even under the altar. Inchiquin rewarded them by putting thirty priests to the sword.

The Puritan soldiers fought with fiery zeal. Under the inspiration of men like Sir Richard Boyle, the Earl of Cork, the strife was embittered by religious hate. Boyle was an adventurer who had grown great by the merciless use of power. At the

commencement of the uprising of 1641, he wrote a letter to Lord Warwick, saying that there were few or no natives of the country who were not well-wishers to the rebellion. He therefore suggested that the opportunity would be a good one "To rid the Popish party of the natives out of the country and to plant it with English Protestants." With this object in view he urged the passing of an act "To attaint them all of high treason and to confiscate their lands and estates to the crown." This course, he believed, "Would utterly dishearten them and encourage the English to serve courageously against them, in the hopes to be settled in the lands of them they shall kill or otherwise destroy." This letter was addressed to Sir William Parsons and that worthy replied saying, "I am of your mind that a thorough destruction must be made before we can settle upon a safe peace." The Long Parliament was filled with a like spirit, witness the following resolutions, passed by its members: "The Lords and Commons assembled in the Parliament of England do declare that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to any Papist born in Ireland, who shall be taken in hostility against the Parliament."

So long, however, as Owen Roe O'Neill kept the field, so long the Irish remained unsubdued. In 1646 O'Neill inflicted a severe defeat on the parliamentary forces at Benburb. A year later he and Preston came within a few miles of Dublin. O'Neill was for an immediate attack; but Preston wanted to com-

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municate with Ormonde, who held the city. Once more dissension lost the Irish people the golden moment. Ormonde gave the city into the hands of the parliamentarians and fled to France. Broken in health, declared a traitor by the council of the Confederation, O'Neill died a year later and Ireland lay at the mercy of the enemy.

Erin has had many devoted sons, but none more true to her best self or more terrible to her enemies than Owen Roe O'Neill. While he admitted the overlordship of the English king, his aim was virtual independence. A devout Catholic, he stood for religious freedom. His ideal was Ireland for the Irish. But the Confederation was ruled by men of narrow vision and they spurned the very man who alone could have won their cause. Once more disunion robbed Erin of her hopes. An elegy by an unknown poet, translated by Dr. Sigerson, shows how bitterly the people rued his loss:

I stood at Cavan o'er thy tomb;
Thou spok'st no word through all my gloom;
O want! O ruin! O utter doom!
O great lost heir of the house of Niall!
I care not now whom death may borrow;
Despair sits by me night and morrow,
My life henceforth is one long sorrow,
And thou beneath the sod.

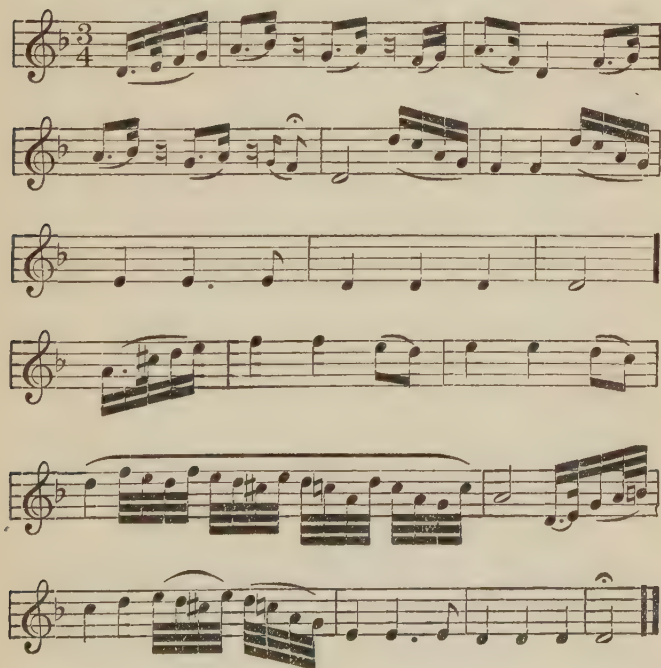
Katherine Tynan Hinkson pictures the dead warrior awaiting the predestined hour, which shall bring the heroes of Erin once more to face the foe:

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Owen Roe O'Neill,
The kingliest king that ever went uncrowned,
Sleeps in his panoply of gold and steel,
Ready to wake.

A magnificent keen has been set by Sir Charles Stanford to words by Charles Perceval Graves, mourning the hero's fate. It is an elegiac strain that will vie with the most eloquent grief of Beethoven or Handel.

Ex. 39. Lament.



The landing of Cromwell and his Puritans ushered

in the darkest hour of Erin's story. The Ironsides and their grim captain came as ministers of the wrath of God. They looked upon the Irish, not as men and women made in the image of God, but as children of the devil. Some of them believed that, when the Savior was shown the kingdoms of the world, Ireland was hidden from his sight as the peculiar appanage of the fiend. It had been spread abroad that, at the storming of Cashel, some forty Irish were found who, when stripped, had tails "near a quarter of a yard long." In the eyes of an ignorant, passionately prejudiced people, these things were proof, strong as holy writ, that the Irish were not human, but bestial. The zealots of the day raged against the Irish in a strain which, to the ears of our colder faith, sounds like religious insanity. A sample is quoted by Hardiman from a book printed in London in this same year of the taking of Cashel. Says the author:

I beg upon my hands and knees that the expedition against them may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our soldiery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us and cursed is he that shall do that work of the Lord negligently. Cursed be he that holdeth his sword back from blood. Yea. Cursed be he that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood, that doth not recompense them doubly for their hellish treachery to the English; that maketh them not heaps upon heaps and their country a dwelling place for dragons, an astonishment to nations. Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand to be spared, that pities or spares them; and let him be accursed that curseth them not bitterly.

The Cromwellian expedition was conducted in the

spirit of this adjuration. It made Cromwell's name a word to curse with and placed a gulf of hate between Ireland and England. Yet, it is to be remembered that many who perished in his undisguised massacres were English Catholics, who had made common cause with their co-religionists against the Puritans. Drogheda was the first place to fall, with its garrison of 2000 men. Clarendon in his *History of the Rebellion* says that every man that was related to the garrison and all the citizens who were Irish—man, woman and child—were put to the sword. The dispatches of Cromwell show that this was an under-statement. "I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the inhabitants," said he in his report to the parliament; "I do not believe that thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes." After relating how, on the Sunday previous, the Catholics had celebrated Mass in St. Peter's Church, Cromwell adds, with a note of grim triumph: "In this very place near a thousand of them were put to the sword, flying hither for safety. . . . All their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously, but two, who were taken prisoners and killed." Clarendon says that all manner of cruelty was practiced by the soldiery. The friars held crucifixes before them; but that only made death the surer. "God, in His justice brought this judgment upon them," wrote Cromwell to Speaker Lenthall. "I wish all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed, the praise of this mercy

belongs." The last place of refuge for the unhappy people was the church. They hid themselves in lofts and galleries and the tower, and there the work of murder went on until they were all slain. To protect themselves, as they climbed the steep stairways, the Cromwellians would take a child and use it as a buckler. A brother of Anthony Wood, the Oxford historian, was one of the assailants, and his relation of what took place under his own eyes is an authentic illustration of the Cromwellian meaning of "mercy." Mr. Wood's account concludes:

After they had killed all in the church, they went into the vaults underneath, where all the flower and choicest of the women and ladies had hid themselves. One of these, a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to save her life and, being stricken with a profound pitie, he took her under his arm, went with her out of the church, with intentions to put her over the works to shift for herself, but a soldier, perceiving his intentions, he ran his sword through her . . . whereupon Mr. Wood, seeing her gasping, took away her money, jewels, etc., and flung her down over the works.

Here is a massacre in the doing of which the murderers glory. They are doing God's work; they are destroying His enemies. How would that plea be received by the tribunal of heaven, with the murdered innocents of Drogheda for witnesses?

At Wexford 300 families gathered round the great cross in the market place. The Cromwellians slew them, one and all, young and old, women and

little children. The sight of the cross was more calculated to arouse the worst passions of the Puritans than to allay them. All that savored of Catholicism was held accursed. "I meddle not with any man's conscience," wrote Cromwell; "but if by liberty of conscience be meant the liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to be plain-dealing; where the parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed."

The story of Pierce Ferriter illustrates the grim character of Cromwellian warfare. Ferriter belonged to that large class of Irish gentry which played the harp for recreation. He was also a poet. But his genius as poet and musician availed him nothing. The Cromellians laid siege to his castle in County Kerry and, seeing that defense was hopeless, Ferriter offered to surrender on condition that quarter was given to himself and his men. The terms were granted; but, once they had him in their power, the victors put him in prison and, after keeping him there for a couple of years, they hanged him on what is now Fair Hill, near Killarney. In happier days a friend made Ferriter the present of a beautiful harp and the musician celebrated in a poem which has fortunately been preserved. Thanks to O'Curry, we can rightly apply the technical terms used by the author. Cor is the cross tree or harmonic curve of the harp; Lamchrann is the front pillar, and the Com is the belly or sound board. Here is the poem, and an exquisite one it is, even in the literal English translation:

The key of music and its gate,
 The wealth, the abode of poetry,
 The skillful, neat Irishwoman,
 The richly festive moaner.
 Children in dire sickness, men in deep wounds;
 Sleep at the sounds of its crimson board;
 The merry witch has chased all sorrow,
 The festive home of music and delight.
 It found a Cor in a fruitful wood in (Magh) Aoi;
 And a Lamhchrann in the fort of Seantrói;—
 The rich, sonorous discourse of the musical notes;
 And a comely Com from Eas da Econn.
 It found Mac Sithduill to plan it,
 It found Cathall to be its artificer,
 And Beanglann—great the honor,—
 Got (to do) its fastenings of gold and its emblazonings,
 Excellent indeed was its other adorning in gold,
 Parthalon Mor Mac Cathail,
 The harp of the gold and the gems,
 The prince of decorators is Parthalon.

To minimize the influence of the priests, Cromwell drove the Irish gentry out of Leinster, Munster and Ulster and gave their lands to reward his Ironsides. Only those who could prove "constant affection" for England since 1641 were permitted to remain in possession of their estates, and the decision was left to courts of claims with Puritan judges for arbiters. Not only Catholics, English and Irish alike, who had sympathized with the king, but Presbyterians of like mind were driven out. For most of them the only portion offered was "Hell or Connaught." The only people allowed to remain in the other three provinces were laborers and tradesmen with whose services not even the Cromwellians could dispense. The

Catholic Irish—those who did not play the hypocrite—were given to understand that if any of them, irrespective of age or sex, were found outside of Connaught after the first of May, 1654, they might be put to death by anyone who met them. The Irish soldiers, whom it would have been dangerous to drive to bay, were given the privilege of leaving the country, and so real a boon did they esteem it that between 30,000 and 40,000 profited by the permission.

The memory of one expatriated soldier is recalled by the famous song, "Shane O'Dwyer of the Glen," both words and tune of which still survive. It is thought that the Shane of the song was a younger brother of Colonel Edmund O'Dwyer, who led the forces of the Confederation in Tipperary and proved so dangerous an enemy to the parliamentarians that Cromwell exempted him from pardon. Edmund—and probably Shane with him—sadly gave up the old home at Kilmanagh, in Tipperary, and set sail for Spain with 500 followers. The song in which their name is celebrated voices the people's longing for the days when the land was their own, their grief for the desolation that walks in the track of the stranger, and their determination to do or die for Érin. The glen in the song is the glen of Aherlow, where the Desmond was slain. Here is the pith of the song, which Dr. Sigerson has made into a beautiful English lyric:

I've seen full many a May-time,
Suns lead on the day-time,

Horns ring in that gay time
 With birds' mellow call;
 Badgers flee before us,
 Wood-cocks startle o'er us,
 Guns make pleasant chorus
 Amid the echoes all.

The fox run high and higher,
 Horsemen shouting nigher,
 The peasant mourning nigh her
 Fowl that mangled be;
 Now they fell the wildwood,
 Farewell, home of childhood.
 Ah! Shane O'Dwyer a Gleanna,
 Joy is not for thee.

He mourns his dogs tied up, unable to chase the stag from the hills.

If peace came but a small way,
 I'd journey down to Galway,
 And leave, though not for alway,
 My Erinn of ills.

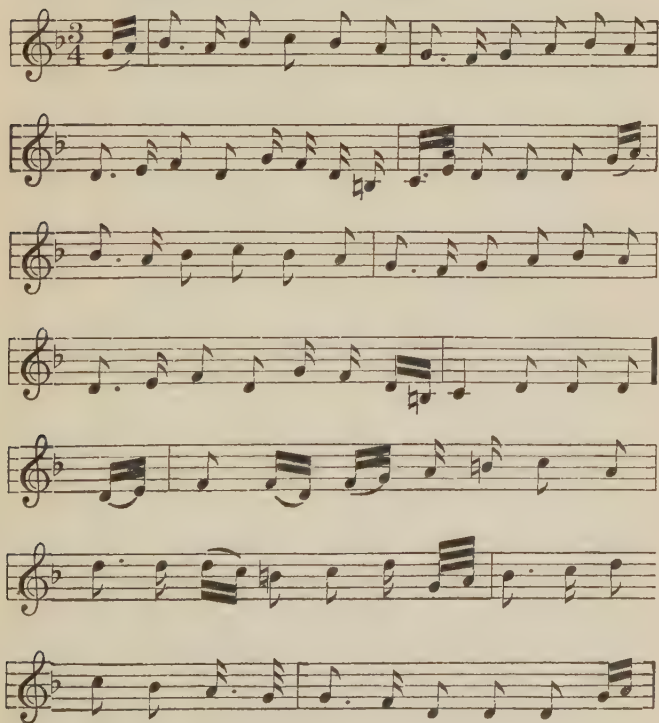
'Alas! no warrior column fights for Ireland on the wasted plains. The name of Erin is toasted no more in city, camp or palace. Shane exclaims:

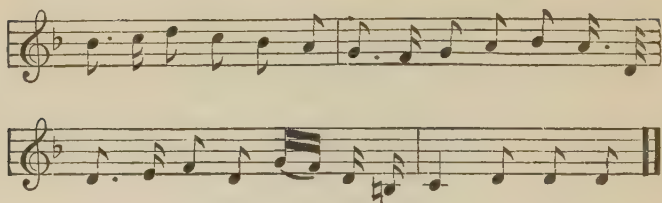
Oh! When shall come the shouting,
 The English flight and routing?
 We hear no joyous shouting
 From the blackbird yet;
 But more warlike glooms the omen,
 Justice comes to no men,
 Priests must flee the foemen,
 To hilly caves and wet.

He regrets that sinless death was not his before the undoing of his bright hope. The rest is pure rebel autobiography:

Now my lands are plunder,
 Far my friends asunder,
 I must hide me under
 Heath and bramble screen,
 If soon I cannot save me
 By flight from foes that crave me,
 O Death, at last I'll seek thee,
 Our bitter foes between.

Ex. 40. Shane O'Dwyer of the Glen.





We are probably justified in referring to this period that popular song, "The County of Mayo." The Cromwellians gave the Irish permission to take service in the army of any nation at amity with the Commonwealth. Some 7000 went to Spain; others went to fight under the Prince of Conde; 5000 followed Lord Muskerry to join the forces of the king of Poland. "The County of Mayo" seems to be the leave-taking of an Irishman going to seek fortune in Spain:

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping all the
night;
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun, 'tis royally, I'd sing thy praise, Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in plenty and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went
round.
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced
to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own
Mayo.

They're altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown
and high,

With their hair bags and their top-knots, for I pass their
buckles by—

But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so
That I must depart for foreign lands and leave my sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as lord upon the hill,
And that Colonel Hugh Mac Grady should be lying dead and
low,

And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

The Cromwellian proscription also included Sir Patrick Bellew, captain of the force raised by the Confederacy in Louth. His name is preserved in Sir Patrick Bellew's March. The "Sir," however, is a courtesy conferred by the people out of admiration, but probably for as good reason as has earned many a man the royal accolade. Bellew was possessor of an estate of between five and six thousand acres: hence, possibly the unwillingness to pardon the owner. The division of all this land taken from the Irish gentry led to trouble. It was hotly disputed whether the division should be judicial or left to chance. The soldiers—was it religion or the gambling instinct?—said that they "Would rather take a lot upon a barren mountain from the Lord than a portion of the most fruitful valley from their own choice." So the allotment was left to chance. Those who got the barren mountain, however, were little satisfied and much bad blood resulted.

The authorities had good reason to hope that now, at least, Ireland was in a fair way to become English. Yet, within a hundred years, the descend-

ants of these same Ironsides were talking Gaelic and thinking from the Irish standpoint. The attempt to anglicize Ireland by colonization failed as completely as the effort to make the Irish English by act of parliament.

CHAPTER XI

THE JACOBITE ILLUSION

ON the restoration of the Stuarts Protestant royalists and Federated Catholics who had been deprived of their estates by Cromwell looked for restitution. But Oliver's Ironsides and the Adventurers were in possession, and what they had they declared they would hold. Nevertheless, Charles promised to reinstate all "Innocent Papists," meaning thereby all Catholics who could prove that they had had no hand in the insurrection of 1641 and had not borne arms against King Charles. To meet their demands the soldiers and adventurers agreed to give up a third part of their land and the hearing of claims was begun. Some 600 cases were heard and in most instances the claims were made good. A cry of indignation went up from those in possession and the king and his advisers were so dismayed that the remaining claims, over 3000 in number, were not allowed to come to a hearing. The action of the government thus amounted to a ratification of the Cromwellian settlement, and to that settlement is traceable the curse of Irish landlordism. Lecky quotes authorities to show the astounding change of ownership which the Cromwellian adjustment brought about. Sir William Petty states that, before 1641, two-thirds of the ground capable of cul-

tivation was owned by Catholics. According to Colonel Lawrence, a Cromwellian officer, before 1641, the Irish held ten acres to one held by the English; after the passing of the Act of Settlement, in 1660, four-fifths of the whole country was in the hands of the Protestants. In the words of William O'Connor Morris, "The Protestants, English and Scotch, were now in possession of about three-quarters of the soil. The English Catholics and Catholic Irish, five-sixths of the population, had the remaining quarter."

This revolution in the ownership of the land changed the Irish people into a race of dependents. Many of the old stock fled to the continent and took foreign service. Others remained behind to beget children whom nothing but an unconquerable spirit of independence prevented from degenerating into serfdom.

It seemed as though the government were bent on reducing the Irish to beggary. Irish colonial trade was killed by legislative enactment. Under the Navigation Act of 1660 Irish ships enjoyed the same privilege as English. But the act was withdrawn and Irish trade with the colonies came abruptly to an end. Well might Dean Swift write in the bitterness of his heart, "The conveniency of ports and harbors which nature bestowed so liberally on this kingdom is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon." The woolen trade had been discouraged by Strafford in the reign of Charles the First and the English par-

liament of William of Orange completed its destruction. In 1699 this industry gave employment to 12,000 Protestant families in Dublin and 30,000 in the rest of the country. But, when English trade was at stake Irishmen were rivals, whatever their religion. The Protestant Irish parliament—Sinn Feiners of an earlier day—resented the injustice keenly, pledged themselves to wear none but clothes of Irish manufacture and to furnish their houses with nothing but Irish furniture. The sinister effect of anti-Irish discrimination is told by Swift. Says he, "Whoever travels through this country and observes the face of nature, or the faces and habits and dwellings of the natives, would hardly think himself in a land where either law, religion, or common humanity was professed."

What marvel that when James the Second claimed the throne by the might of the sword, Ireland should rally to his standard? There was Gaelic blood in his veins; his religion was their religion. William, on the other hand, was alien in blood and faith. The Stuart manners and love of art, their misfortunes and, above all, the Catholic faith, appealed with irresistible force to the Celts. James became the symbol of all that the Irish people loved. Unfortunately, never was the passionate longing of a race centered on a less heroic or an unwiser man. His appointment of Richard Talbot as lord lieutenant of Ireland made it clear to the Protestants that he was actuated by no broad-minded spirit of toleration, but simply aimed to substitute one form of

religious despotism for another. Vastly different was the attitude of the Irish parliament of 1689. That body passed an act establishing religious liberty in Ireland and ordered the Protestants to pay tithes to their ministers, the Catholics to their priests. But the terrors of the Penal Days had to be gone through before the blessed day of religious toleration should dawn. How Talbot's appointment was viewed by the king's army may be gathered from the song of "Lilliburlero," written by Lord Wharton. The song is an interesting illustration of the attitude wont to be taken by English aristocrats towards the "Meere Irish." It gained additional currency through the melody to which it was sung—a melody sometimes claimed as the composition of Henry Purcell, but published under the title of an "Irish tune," while Purcell was still alive.

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
 Dat we shall have a new deputie?
 Ho! by Shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote
 And he will cut all de English troate,
 Dough by my soul de English do prate
 De law's on dare side and Creish knows what.
 But if dispence do come from de Pope,
 We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.
 For de good Talbote is made a lord
 And with brave lads is coming abroad,
 Who all in France have taken a sware
 Dat dey will have no Protestant heir.
 Ara! but why does he stay behind?
 Ho! by my soul 'tis a Protestant wind.
 But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore
 And we shall have commissions gillore;

And he dat will not go to de Mass
Shall be turn out and look like an ass.
Now, now de hereticks all go down,
By Chrish and Shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.
Dare was an old phophecy found in a bog,
"Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog";
And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
For Talbot's de dog and James is the ass.

With feelings like this war was inevitable. When the Protestants under Inchiquin were defeated they fled North. Derry, with its primitive wall and ditch, became stronghold and there, to this day, stand the old guns, which the defenders used with such telling effect upon the Jacobite army. When the Jacobites came to take possession of the town, a band of prentice youths shut the gates in their faces. A yell of "No surrender" rose from the walls at the King's approach and a shot laid low an officer by his side. To this day the inhabitants of Derry play the old march tune of "No Surrender" on the anniversary of shutting and opening the gates. The very women took part in the defense and for over a hundred days they kept the enemy at bay, saving themselves in the end, to use their own words, "As the Israelites in the Red Sea." To-day we can survey the conflict unmoved by party passion and remember only the heroism which it brought forth. The Jacobite Irish, shut up in Limerick, displayed like heroism, men and women alike. If only both sides could have known their interests were one and joined forces for Ireland's weal! But a long age had to pass by before Ireland, in common with the rest of

the world, learned that men may differ in religion and yet be mutually helpful citizens of the same commonwealth. It was the Young Ireland party which first recognized and insisted on that truth. John de Jean Frazer, a Catholic, addressed the following lines to his Protestant brother:

Come! pledge again thy heart and hand—
 One grasp that ne'er shall sever;
 Our watchword be "Our native land!"
 Our motto—"Love for ever!"
 And let the Orange lily be
 Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for me;
 And we for one another.

Everything was against the Jacobites, but most of all, the king they fought for. He made enemies of the people of Dublin by forcing them to accept base coinage; he watched the battle of the Boyne from a neighboring height, while William had his shoulder knot carried away by an Irish bullet in the thick of the fight. A famous Irish gunner named Burke had William covered with his piece. "Sire, I have three kingdoms covered," he exclaimed, looking to the king for the order to fire. "Make not my daughter a widow," said James, and Burke was so disgusted that he deserted to the Williamites. "You may fight for yourself now," he said; "for I will fight no more for you! You are not worth fighting for." James did not wait for the end, but posted full speed to Dublin and was the first to carry the news of his own defeat. "My Irish subjects ran

away from me," he said to the Countess of Ormonde at Dublin Castle. "Your majesty must be a quick runner then," was the answer, "for you are a long way in advance of them, as none of them have arrived yet."

"Change kings and we will fight the battle over again," an Irish officer wrathfully exclaimed to the Williamites. Little wonder the victors expressed their joy in the strong, rugged measures of "Protestant Boys," for they had a king to fight for who was worthy the name. Time was when the following lines sung to the ancient tune of "The Boyne Water" would provoke a brawl. But the most ardent Celt will hardly refuse the tribute of a thrill of martial ardor at these stirring measures:

Both foot and horse, they marched on, intending them to
batter,

But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he crossed
over the water.

When that King William did observe the brave Duke Schom-
berg falling,

He reined his horse with a heavy heart, on the Enniskill-
eners calling:

"What will you do for me, brave boys—see yonder men
retreating?

Our enemies encouraged are, and English drums are beat-
ing."

He says, "My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one
commander,

For God shall be our king this day, and I'll be general
under."

After the Boyne came Aughrim and Limerick, dis-

asters remembered in "Lamentations" of the profoundest melancholy. Patrick Sarsfield might have averted the defeat at Aughrim; he might even have changed it into victory; but St. Ruth, the French commander, was afraid the young Irishman might steal some of his glory. So he put him where all he could do was to cover the retreat. St. Ruth was killed by a cannon shot; the soldiers were leaderless against the veterans of England and Holland. Still they fought fiercely and the Williamite loss was little less than that of the Irish. The peasants say that, after the battle, the fairies were seen dancing in the raths around Aughrim, for glee at the defeat of their ancient enemies. "The Lamentation of Aughrim" is the sigh of the Gael for Ireland's perished hopes. It gave Moore the inspiration of "Forget Not the Field."

Forget not the field where they perished,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone and the proud hopes they cherished,
 Gone with them and quenched in their grave.

O could we from death recover
 Those hearts as they bounded before,
 In the face of high heaven to fight over
 That combat for freedom once more;

Could the chain but an instant be riven,
 Which tyranny flung round us then,
 No, it is not in men nor in Heaven
 To let tyranny bind it again.

For a time, under Sarsfield's leadership, the Irish held their own against the foe. The achievements

of the young hero have made him the darling of the popular imagination. Like Owen Roe O'Neill, he is heroic even in defeat. In the prime of life, physically magnificent as Washington, Norman and Gael by ancestry, he commanded the respect of his enemies and the veneration of his followers. During the first siege of Limerick, when he heard that heavy siege guns were being brought for the reduction of the city, he stole away by night with a chosen company, located the siege train near Silvermines, blew it up, and made his way back home almost unscathed. This exploit was celebrated by David O'Bruder in the following verse:

All Mononia was stricken with sorrow,
 When the prince did, without restraint,
 Muster his mighty troops and artillery
 On the borders of Innishannon,
 But Sarsfield left not a bomb, boat or mortar,
 Or a farthing's worth of their brass equipments,
 Without scattering them in Ballyneety,
 As the wind extinguishes the flame of a candle.

An attempt was made to take the city by storm. The very women took part in the defense, stood in the trenches, flung stones and broken bottles in the faces of the assailants. Two thousand of William's best men were lost in the fight and the siege had to be raised. At the beginning of the second siege Talbot died and the leadership devolved on Sarsfield. But the position was one out of which not even his genius could extract victory. There was talk of treachery and the following verse gives a

sort of dark immortality to Colonel Henry Luttrell, who is said to have "sold the pass" to William's forces. He lived in Dublin hated and despised until, some twenty years later, he was shot while riding in a sedan chair.

If heaven be pleased when mortals cease to sin,
If hell be pleased when villains enter in,
If earth be pleased when it entombs a knave,
All must be pleased, for Luttrell's in his grave.

Terms of capitulation were agreed upon and the Irish troops marched out with arms, ordnance and ammunition, drums beating and colors flying. The articles of surrender guaranteed the Catholics "such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second." More than this, there was to be freedom of trade; the adherents of King James were to be confirmed in their estates, and there was to be a general amnesty. The Irish soldiers who wished to do so were to be allowed to take service abroad. A great boulder was the rude desk on which the treaty was signed, and that stone stands to this day by Thomond Bridge, a monument of England's broken pledge and Ireland's trustfulness. English historians do not dwell on this transaction. It is easier to ignore than explain it away. Let any Englishman unblinded by pride of race but learn the truth and he will understand how Irishmen came to regard Saxon faith as faithlessness.

The breach of the treaty of Limerick was the beginning of the penal days. Its memory lives in the strains of "Limerick's Lamentation." In Scotland they call this air "Lochaber no More" and would fain believe it their own. Irish tradition assigns its composition to Miles O'Reilly, a famous harper of County Cavan, and, in all probability, it was carried over to Alba by Thomas Connellan, an Irish musician who became baillie of Edinboro. For this air Moore wrote the song "When Cold in the Earth Lies the Friend Thou Hast Loved."

King William would have acted the part of a soldier and a gentleman; but his advisers were stronger than he. Only one-fifth of the land of the Jacobites was restored to its owners. William wanted to favor the Earl of Clancarty; but the grand jury of County Cork warned him that to do so would be prejudicial to the Protestant interest. As the Clancarty estates were in Protestant hands, the cogency of the reasoning is obvious. Well might David O'Bruder, the bard, exclaim:

One single foot of land there is not left to us, even as alms from the state. No, not what one may make his bed upon; but the state will accord us the grace-strange-of letting us go to Spain to seek adventures.

The state of native Irish was pitiable. A poet wrote while the war was still going on:

The warriors are no better off than their clergy; they are being cut down and plundered by them [the English] every day. See all that are without a bed, except the furze of the

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mountains, the bent of the curragh, and the bog myrtle beneath their bodies.

Under frost, under snow, under rain, under blasts of wind, without a morsel to eat but watercress, green grass, sorrel of the mountains or clover of the hills. Och! my pity to see their nobles forsaken.

Some 20,000 soldiers left home rather than submit. "The Wild Geese" the people called them, after the feathered migrants which annually whiten the Irish shores and fly away to the South. They had fought for Ireland and been worsted. Now they must seek fortune in another clime. Most of them would never more see the cliffs of Erin. Yet exile seemed preferable to bondage, though the leave-taking was bitter. Mothers were parted from sons, wives from husbands. The Dublin "Intelligence," printed in 1691, tells with what circumstances of brutality the embarkation was carried out. The account says that Wahop, the officer in charge,

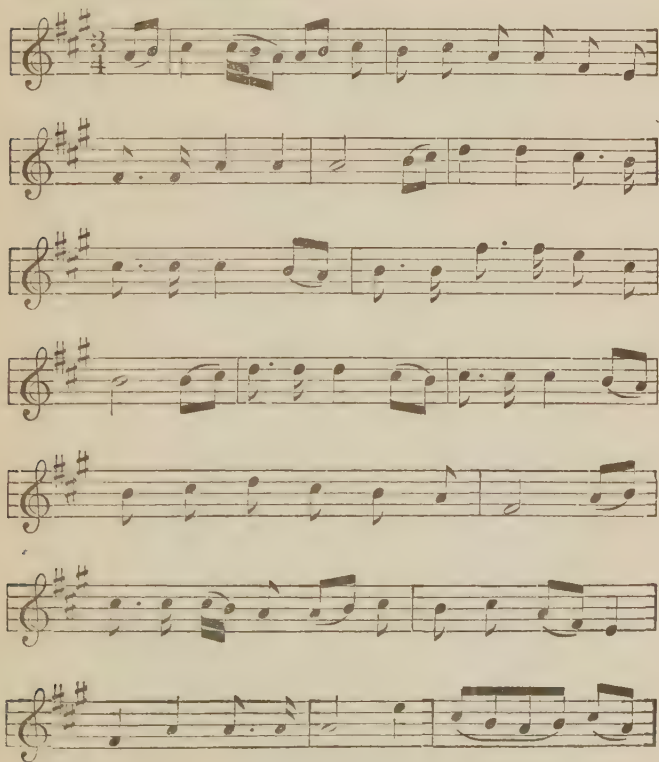
"pretending to ship the soldiers in order, according to his lists of them, first carried the men on board. Many of the women, at the second return of the boats for the officers, catching hold to be carried on board, were dragged off with the boats and, through fearfulness, losing hold, were drowned. Others who yet held fast had their fingers cut off and came to the same miserable end, in sight of their husbands and relations."

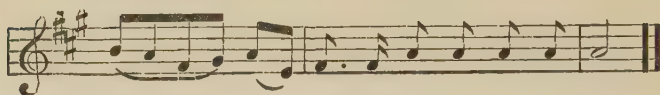
It used to be believed—and Bunting shared in the belief—that the touching air known as "The Wild Geese" was sung by the women gathered on shore at this time. There is no reason why this should not be so. Certain it is that the references to the exiled soldiers in song and story are innumerable. A

father who had lost his son by drowning cries out for grief that the youth had not sailed with the fighting men:

My grief and my loss that you had not gone on shipboard,
In company with Sir James, as the Wild Geese have done;
Then my loving trust would be in God that I would have
your company again
And that the stormy sea should not become the marriage bed
of my children.

Ex. 41. The Wild Geese.





But most of all had Ireland cause to mourn the loss of her bravest son, Patrick Sarsfield. The day of oppression had come and their protector was leaving them. They lamented his going and drew pictures of his triumphant return. A farewell, put into the mouth of an old soldier, broken by war, shows how the people felt. Not the whole of the poem is here given, but the pith and marrow of it. Who its author was we do not know.

Farewell, O Patrick Sarsfield! May luck be on your path!

Your camp is broken up; your work is marred for years;
But you go to kindle into flame the King of France's wrath,
Though you leave sick Erin in tears.

Och! Ochone!

May the white sun and moon rain glory on your head,

All hero as you are and holy man of God!

To you the Saxons owe a many an hour of dread,
In the land you have often trod.

Och! Ochone!

I'll journey to the North, over mount, moor and wave.

'Twas there I first beheld, drawn up in file and line,
The brilliant Irish hosts—they were the bravest of the brave;
But alas! they scorned to combine.

Och! Ochone!

I saw the royal Boyne, when its billows flashed with blood.

I fought at Graine Og, where a thousand horsemen fell;
On the dark empurpled field of Aughrim too I stood,
On the field of Tubberdonny's Well.

Och! Ochone!

But for you, Londonderry, may plague smite and slay
Your people! May ruin desolate you, stone by stone.
Through you many a gallant youth lies coffinless to-day,
With the winds for mourners alone.
Och! Ochone!

How many a noble soldier, how many a cavalier,
Careered along this road, seven fleeting weeks ago,
With silver-hilted sword, with matchlock, and with spear,
Who now, mavrone, lieth low.
Och! Ochone!

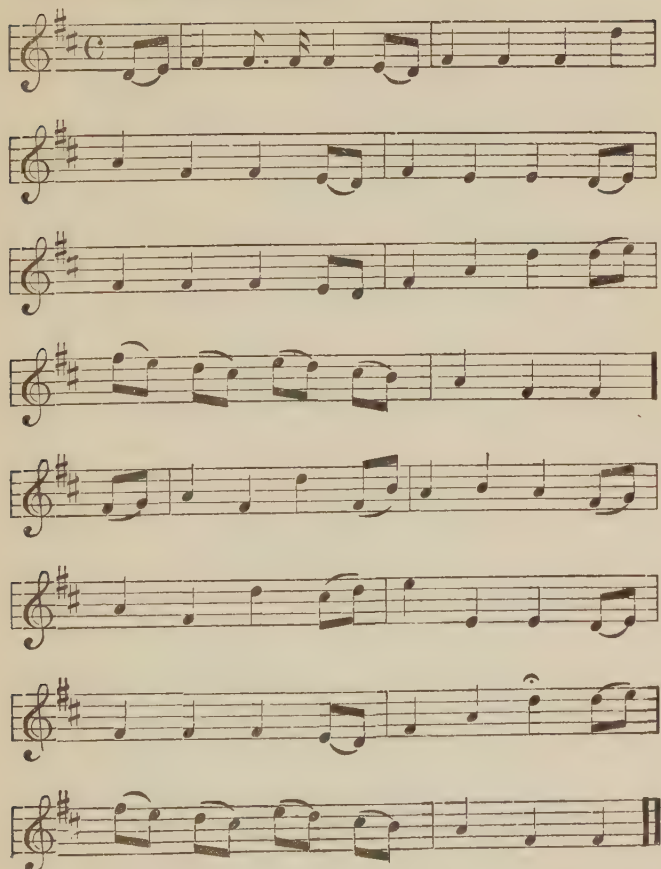
All hail to thee, Ben Edar! But ah! on thy brow
I see a limping soldier, who battled and who bled
Last year in the cause of the Stuart, though now,
The worthy is begging his bread.
Och! Ochone!

On the Bridge of the Boyne was our first overthrow;
By Slaney the next, for we battled without rest;
The third was at Aughrim. Oh, Eire, thy woe
Is a sword in my bleeding breast.
Och! Ochone!

In the service of France Sarsfield well justified the reputation he had won in Ireland. He took part in the defeat of his old enemy, William, at Steenkirk and was complimented by the Marechal de Luxembourg, the French commander. Louis the Fourteenth made him camp marshal. But his glorious career was cut short by death. He was stricken by a ball on the field of Landen, in 1693, and, when he saw the blood flow, he cried out in the grief of his heart, "O! that this were for Ireland." For half a cen-

ture the Irish Brigade continued to give proof of its mettle, steadily recruited by exiles from Erin. The colors they captured from the English at Ramilies hung in the choir of the church of the Benedictine nuns at Ypres. They were the fruit of a brilliant charge headed by Lord Clare, who lost his life. At Fontenoy the English had nearly won the day, when the Marechal de Saxe ordered the Irish Brigade to charge. They obeyed his word with fierce zest, crying "Remember Limerick and Saxon faith." For a time the English soldiers stood firm; but they were only fighting for a soldier's pay; the Irishmen were spurred on by the memory of a thousand wrongs. The pipers played "St. Patrick's Day" and "The White Cockade" and, to this music, the Brigade swept the Saxon soldiery before them. It was the last time that the Irish pipes were used in war. They ended with a note of triumph. Well might George the Second exclaim, when he heard the news, "Curse the laws which deprive me of such soldiers." He was right; the best blood of Ireland flowed in the men of that brigade. Privateers would put into the secluded Western harbors and take off recruits. The English knew what was going on; but they were powerless to prevent it. A large company of mourners would follow the body of an old woman to some remote cemetery among the hills and never return. They had taken service with England's enemies, just as Irishmen did in the Boer war and will continue to do until Ireland governs herself.

Ex. 42. The White Cockade.



Morty Oge, one of the O'Sullivans of Bearhaven, was denounced to the authorities as a captain in the French service. He shot the informer, fortified himself in his home and prepared to stand a siege. For

a time he kept the soldiers at bay. But there was a traitor in the house, a servant named Scully. This wretch damped his master's powder and placed him at the mercy of the enemy. While he was trying to make his escape, O'Sullivan was shot. They tied a rope round his body, fastened it to a boat and towed the poor carcass from Bearhaven to Cork. There the head was cut off and fixed in a spike above the county jail. The old nurse of O'Sullivan, or someone using her as spokesman, composed a lament for her master and it is a fine example of Gaelic sorrow and power of imprecation. Here are a couple of verses taken from the version of Jeremiah Joseph Callahan:

Had he died calmly,
 I would not deplore him,
 Or if the wild strife,
 Of the sea-war closed o'er him.
 But with ropes round his white limbs
 Through ocean to trail him,
 Like a fish after slaughter—
 'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
 Of his people pursue them:
 Scully that sold him,
 And soldier that slew him!
 One glimpse of heaven's light
 May they see never!
 May the hearthstone of hell
 Be their best bed for ever!

To belong to the Brigade was the darling ambition of Irish youth, and how passionately the

women sympathized with it the old song of "Shule Aroon" makes clear to us. An Irish girl is singing:

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhurnin, slan!

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhurnin, slan!

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhurnin, slan!

But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance;
If he e'er come back, 'tis but a chance,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhurnin, slan!

People hoped that some day the Brigade would come back again and drive Shane Bwee, or "Yellow John," as they nicknamed the followers of William of Orange, out of the country. John O'Cunningham, a poet who flourished about the third decade of the eighteenth century, put the longing into verse:

O wait till I reach the year Fifty-Four,
And I promise the High God shall free you,
He shall shiver your Sassenach chains evermore,
And victor the nations shall see you.
The thunder and lightning
Of battle shall rage;

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Twixt Tralee and Berehaven it shall be;
And down by Lough Eirin
Our leader shall wage
Fierce war to the death against Shane Buidhe.

The Wild Geese shall return and we'll welcome them home,
So active, so armed and so flighty
A flock was ne'er known to this island to come
Since the years of Prince Fionn the mighty.
They will waste and destroy,
Overturn and o'erthrow;
They'll accomplish whate'er may in man be;
Just heaven! they will bring
Desolation and woe
On the hosts of the tyrannous Shane Buidhe.

But the Brigade never came back. Its soldiers and many Irishmen besides served their warlike apprenticeship all over the world, waiting and praying for the day when they should fight for Ireland. Spain had five Irish regiments; Naples had one. Lally Tollendal, fighting for France, disputed England's sway in India; Peter Lacy became military adviser to Peter the Great.

But those left at home, when Sarsfield went away, were in sorry plight. Not all bent the knee, however. There were fiery spirits who, robbed of their lands but unwilling to leave Erin, took to the hills and waged a guerrilla warfare on the stranger. Raparees they were called from the long pike they used. They descended by night and dealt out grim justice to the Saxon who dwelt in the home of the Gael. Caught, they were put to death as malefactors. Many a ruined Irish gentleman led this wild life

and the peasantry looked on the Rapparees with a sort of fearful pride. One of the number was Eamon a Cnoc or Edmund of the Hill, otherwise Edmund O’Ryan, a native of Kilmanagh. A song has come down to us which bears his name and it gives us a graphic picture of the life of the outlawed Gael. It is cast in the form of a dialogue between Edmund and his sweetheart:

“You, with voice shrill and sharp,
Like the high tones of a harp,
Why knock you at my door like a warning?”
“I am Ned of the Hill,
I am wet, cold and chill,
Toiling o’er hill and dale since morning.”
“Ah, my love, is it you?
What on earth can I do?
My gown cannot find a corner.
Ah! they will soon find you out;
They’ll shoot you, never doubt,
And it’s I that will then be a mourner.”

“Long I’m wandering in woe,
In frost and in snow,
No house can I enter boldly;
My plows lie unyoked;
My fields weeds have choked;
And my friends they look on me coldly.
Forsaken of all,
My heart is in thrall;
All withered lies my life’s garland.
I must look afar
For a brighter star,
Must seek my home in a far land.”

It may be marveled at that the duplicity of Charles and the unkingliness of James did not dis-

illusion the Irish of the Stuarts. But the misfortunes of the fugitive monarch, the picturesque figures of the Old and Young Pretenders and, above all, the persecution which the Irish themselves had to undergo for the sake of religion at the hands of William and his successors, tended to throw a glamour over the exiled house and to identify their cause with Erin's happiness. Men remembered that, when Charles the Second was on the throne, the people could go to Mass without fear; the priest came and went at pleasure; in those days it was not criminal to be a Catholic. But the time was coming when Irishmen would be told from the bench that the law did not presume a Papist to exist in the kingdom and that he could not breathe without the connivance of the king. The songs of the age are full of expressions of grief and anger at the persecution which was being practiced, and, in order to be able to appreciate them, it is necessary to know the nature of the terrible Penal Code. No Protestant reader need feel hurt by this necessary recital of Catholic wrongs. William of Orange would have kept the promise which General Ginkel made in his name as a condition of the capitulation of Limerick and granted the Catholics the unfettered exercise of their religion. But he dared not thwart the will of the people who had put him on the throne. The attitude of the ruling minority in Ireland is well set forth in a letter issued by the corporation of Dublin in 1693:

“A Protestant king, a Protestant House of Com-

mons, a Protestant hierarchy, the courts of justice, the army, the navy and the revenue in all their branches Protestant—and this system fortified and maintained by a connection with the Protestant state of Great Britain. The Protestants of Ireland will never relinquish their political position, which their fathers won with their swords and they therefore regard as their birthright.”

The legislative expression of the spirit of that letter was the long martyrdom of the Penal days. The Irish parliament, overwhelmingly Protestant through the rotten boroughs established by James the First, framed an oath, to be taken by all its members, declaring the tenets of the Catholic Church to be false. That meant the exclusion of Catholics from all share in the making of the laws of the land. For 145 years no Catholic sat in the Irish parliament. The Protestant minority legislated for the whole people and their object was openly avowed by Lord Capel as “a firm settlement of Ireland upon a Protestant interest.” They began by excluding Catholics from voting at parliamentary elections. A few years later Catholics were excluded from participation in any elections whatever. A distich on a bust of King William annually painted by the corporation of Dublin is eloquently indicative of the spirit in which the lawgivers went to work:

May we never want a Williamite
To kick the breech of a Jacobite.

In the eyes of this legislature the Catholic Irish

were "the enemy." That was the name by which they were commonly called. Even the galleries of the parliament house were closed against them.

The Catholics were now politically impotent. The next step was to reduce them to poverty. A law was passed forbidding Catholics to purchase manors or tenements, or to hold a lease for more than 31 years. If the farm of a Catholic yielded a profit equal to more than a third of the rent, it passed into the hands of the Protestant who first made the fact known to the authorities. Entrance to the learned professions was barred. No one could be a barrister or solicitor, or hold any civil or military office, without first taking the oath of abjuration, and the lawyer who married a Catholic incurred his wife's disabilities. No convert to Protestantism could be a justice of the peace so long as his wife or children remained Catholic. A Catholic might not even be a gamekeeper, for gamekeepers carry arms, and that Catholics were forbidden to do under penalty of whipping or the pillary. "Quarterage" in the shape of excessive taxes was imposed on Catholic tradesmen who sought a livelihood in town and, if they grumbled at the illegality of the imposts, they were threatened with the oath of abjuration. Some towns would not permit a Catholic within the walls. Dean Swift wrote of one such borough:

Jew, Turk or Atheist
May enter here, but not a Papist.

A Catholic parent could not be guardian to his

own child. If a child, no matter how young, chose to declare himself a Protestant, he was taken from the father and placed in the care of his nearest Protestant relative. More than this, he was allowed an annuity from the paternal estate and the father had to declare the value of his possessions to enable the court to fix the amount of the allowance. If a wife conformed to the Protestant religion, the law insured her a jointure from her husband's possessions. Everyone was bound to attend the services of the Established church—Catholic and Presbyterian alike—under penalty of fine. Pilgrimages were declared to be “inconsistent with the safety of the kingdom.”

All clergymen, even bishops, were ordered to leave the country by 1689. To return was high treason. A reward of £30 was offered to anyone who discovered the whereabouts of a priest, or £50 for an archbishop. Any Catholic over 18 might be questioned by a magistrate and, if he refused to tell where he last heard Mass, he had to pay a fine of £20 or go to prison for a year. On the other hand, any priest who would conform to the state religion might earn a salary of £30 a year. Popish schoolmasters and tutors were menaced with fine, imprisonment and transportation. Anyone convicted of sending his child abroad to be educated as a Catholic, lost his right to sue, was incapacitated from receiving any legacy, and forfeited his goods and chattels forever and his lands for life.

Mass was said in caves, in mountain fastnesses,

in the shadow of great trees, with watch zealously kept for the priest hunter. Priests and bishops went among their flocks disguised as pipers. Sometimes their presence was winked at by the authorities. For many of the Protestant magistrates regarded the laws against their Catholic brethren with aversion. One provision of the code entitled a Protestant, on the tender of £5, to demand the horse which a Catholic was riding or driving, no matter how valuable it might be. Once a Protestant made this demand on a Catholic gentleman and the Catholic immediately knocked the fellow down. The case was taken into court and the magistrate upheld the Catholic on the ground that the Protestant had no right to the bridle which the horse was wearing at the time he laid hands on it. When informed of the whereabouts of a priest, the magistrate, if kindly disposed, would secretly send word of his coming and arrive just too late to effect an arrest. So loath indeed were the Protestant gentry to put the penal laws in execution that the priest hunters complained to parliament. The legislators thereupon passed a resolution "That all magistrates and all persons whatsoever who neglect or omit to put the penal laws into execution were betraying the liberties of the kingdom." They also resolved "That the prosecuting and informing against Papists was an honorable service to the government."

Every means was adopted to prevent fraternity and good understanding between Protestants and Catholics. After the rebellion of 1745 an act

was passed annulling marriages between Catholics and Protestants, and the penalty of hanging was denounced against any priest who should marry two Protestants or a Catholic and a Protestant.

From Williamite and Hanoverian the Irish had nothing to hope. They turned to the Stuarts as Erin's heaven-appointed deliverers. The Stuart failings were forgotten; the bards lauded the Old and Young Pretenders as heroes. James the Second, however, gave small room for encomiums, though Irish hopes soared high. Diarmuid MacCarthy puts Catholic sentiment on James' accession in a picturesque verse:

Thanks be to God, this sod of misery
Is changed as though by blow of wizardry;
James can pass to Mass in livery,
With priests in white and knights and chivalry.

People no longer trembled at the mention of Oliver and his grim soldiery. A brighter day had dawned. So the people fondly believed. Dr. Douglas Hyde has extricated from that mine of Gaelic lore of which he is the guardian, a poem which gives a remarkable picture of the transformation. Here it is, in English prose. Would that other translators had gone to work in the same way and not tortured good Gaelic poetry into bad English verse.

There goes John (John Bull). He has no red coat on him (now) and no "Who goes there?" beside the gate, seeking a way (to enrich himself) contentiously, in the face of the law, putting me under rent in the night of misfortune.

Where goes Ralph and his cursed bodyguard, the devilish

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prentices, the rulers of the city, who tore down on every side the blessed chapels, banishing and plundering the clergy of God?

They do not venture (now) to say to us "You Popish rogue"; but our watchword is "Cromwellian dog." The cheese-eating clowns are sorrowful, returning, every greasy lout of them, to their trades, without gun or sword or arm exercises; their strength is gone; their hearts are beating.

After transplanting us and every conceivable treachery, after transporting us over sea to the country of Jamaica, after all whom they scattered to France and Spain.

All who did not submit to their demands, how they placed their heads and hearts on stakes, and all of our race who were valiant in spirit, how they put them to death vilely, disgustingly.

Lady Gregory thinks she can hear the king calling to Erin in "Cean dubh Dilis":

The women of the village are in madness and trouble,
Pulling their hair and letting it go with the wind;
They will not take a boy of the men of the country,
Till they go into the rout with the boys of the king.

Shane MacDonnell, called Claragh, from the hill at the foot of which he was born, was the bardic sponsor of the Old Pretender. Claragh's kinsman, General MacDonnell, remembered as The MacAlisdrum, was shamefully done to death at the battle of Knockranoss, in 1647. He went to parley with Lord Inchiquin's men and they slew him. Claragh never forgave the English for this murder. Two songs in particular Claragh consecrated to the Jacobite cause. One, sung to the air of "The White Cockade," is known as "Claragh's Lament." In it

he bewails the sorrows of the Stuarts and protrays
the Old Pretender as the flower of chivalry:

The tears are ever in my wasted eye,
My heart is crushed and my thoughts are sad;
For the son of chivalry was forced to fly,
And no tidings come from the soldier lad.

CHORUS

My heart it danced when he was near,
My hero, my Caesar, my chevalier.
But while he wanders on the sea,
Joy can never be joy to me.

Mute are the minstrels that sang of him;
The harp forgets its thrilling tone;
The brightest eyes of the land are dim,
For the pride of their aching sight is gone.

The gallant, graceful, young chevalier,
Whose look is bonny as his heart is gay;
His sword in battle flashes death and fear,
While he hews through falling foes his way.

O'er his blinding cheeks his blue eyes shine,
Like dewdrops glistening on the rose's leaf;
Mars and Cupid all in him combine,
The blooming lover and the godlike chief.

He has the grace of Phoebus or the youthful
Engus. The poet concludes:

The name of my darling none must declare,
Though his fame be like sunshine from shore to shore;
But Oh! may heaven-heaven hear my prayer,
And waft my hero to my arms once more.

The second fine song in which Claragh gave voice
to his Jacobite sentiments was "Grania Waile." It

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caught its lilt from the fine old air (Ex. 38) named after Grace O'Malley. The tone of this song is sanguine and spirited and it was probably written before the disaster of Culloden. It is matter for regret that John Dalton, the translator, speaks of Grana Weal, instead of Grana Waile. These poems are now being done into English that is more worthy of them.

O'er the high hills of Erin what bonfires shall blaze,
What libations be poured forth—what festival days!
While minstrels and monks, with one heart pulse of zeal,
Sing and pray for the king and his own Grana Weal.

The monarch of millions is riding the sea;
His revenge cannot sleep and his guards will not flee;
No cloud shall the pride of our nobles conceal,
When the foes are dispersed that benight Grana Weal.

The mighty in thousands are pouring from Spain,
The Scots—the true Scots shall come back again;
To far-distant exile no more shall they steal,
But waft the right king to his own Grana Weal.

Raise your heart and exult, my beloved, at my words,
Your eyes to your king, and your hands to your swords;
The Highlands shall send forth the bonneted Gael,
To grace the glad nuptials of Grana Weal.

And Louis, and Charles, and the heaven-guided Pope,
And the king of the Spaniards shall strengthen our hope;
One religion—one kindred—one soul they shall feel,
For our heart-enthroned exile and Grana Weal.

With weeping and wailing, and sorrow and shame,
And anguish of heart that no pity dare claim,
The craven English churls shall all powerless kneel
To the home-restored Stuart and Grana Weal.

John O'Tuomy, poet and hedge schoolmaster,
prophesies the speedy return of James to Erin:

To disenthral
By the might of his sword, our long-chained isle.

Kings Philip and James, and their marshaled hosts,
A brilliant phalanx, a dazzling band,
Will sail full soon for our noble coasts,
And reach in power Inis Eilge's strand.
They will drive afar to the swaying sea
The sullen tribe of the dreary tongue;
The Gaels again shall be rich and free;
The praise of the bards shall be loudly sung.

The Irish Jacobites firmly believed that, if the Old Pretender had landed in Ireland, instead of in Scotland, his cause would have been successful. They point out that, in 1715, the year before the rising known as the "Fifteen," there was enlisting for James in Ireland, and so serious a view did the authorities take of the matter that 130 Jacobites were arrested and three of them hanged on St. Stephen's Green. A contemporary Scots ballad says:

Let our great James come over
And baffle Prince Hanover.
With hearts and hands, in loyal bands,
We'll welcome him at Dover.

But the Gaels were probably quite as much moved by indignation at Shane Bwee—using the term as a general nickname for the hated Saxon—as by love for the Stuarts. The Stuart virtues were problem-

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atical; Ireland's woes were only too apparent—chiefs in exile, the Mass proscribed, bards discouraged, the Gael a slave where once he ruled as lord. Some poet unknown put the popular feeling vigorously in “The Expulsion of Shane Bwee”:

Though spoiled of the land where our fathers have reigned,
 Though bound to the plow and the harrow,
 Though goaded to life we feebly sustained
 The tasks of a hard-hearted Pharaoh.
 Yet when Charles shall come,
 At the beat of his drum,
 No Williamite more shall a man be.
 When the Stuarts draw nigh,
 The long-pampered shall fly,
 And Erin be lightened of Shane Bui.

Gadelians, my boys, shall then rule o'er the land,
 And the churls shall be slaves, as you now are;
 Our armies shall thrive under native command
 And our cities exult in their power.
 The Mass shall be sung
 And the bells shall be rung,
 And bards to each Tanist and Clan be;
 Fear and shame shall unite
 To drive from our sight
 Our heaven-cursed oppressors and Shane Bui.

To the Irish mind the very virtues of Shane Bwee
 smacked of greed and self aggrandizement. Here
 is a composite portrait:

One Sunday morning as I rambled on the road,
 Sorrowful, gloomy and penniless,
 I happened to meet a comely young maiden,
 A watching the thief known as Shane Bwee,

He is a smith and a tailor—a fine printer of books,
 And I have no doubt he can write well;
 He can make wines from the blossom of trees,
 And can swim and dive in the ocean.

He is the best at the cudgel, the first in the gap,
 The first to thresh his corn;
 The first in spring to till his land,
 And more skilled in the law than a judge.

While Shane thought only of his own well-being, the Gael mourned the absence of the old gentry, "Feastless, houseless, leaderless," who had flown away with the "Wild Geese." The MacCarthy Mor, that Lord Clancarty whom King William would fain have helped, but dared not, is referred to in many a ballad. Hardiman tells a touching story about one of these exiles, who stole back to Ireland to see once more the old home before he died. Here it is in Hardiman's own words: "A gentleman who owned a considerable part of the MacCarthy estates in Cork was walking in his domains one evening in the middle of the eighteenth century. He observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree and, approaching, found an aged man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. 'Forgive me, sir,' said he, 'my grief is idle, but to mourn is a grace to the desolate heart and humble spirit. I am a MacCarthy, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins, and all this ground. This tree was planted by my own hands and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have

long been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. I am an old man and fated probably for the last time to bid farewell to the place of my birth and the house of my forefathers.'” Hardiman thought the returned exile was probably Florence, son of Denis, who followed James to France in 1691 and died in that country in 1748.

John O'Tuomy sings the exiles in his “Lament for the Fenians,” one of the many songs set to the tune of the “White Cockade,” a melody which, by the way, refers to the white favors worn by the ladies of Munster at festival times, not to a military cockade:

It makes my grief, my bitter woe,
To think how lie our nobles low,
Without sweet music, bards or lays,
Without esteem, regard or praise.

O! my peace of soul is fled,
I lie outstretched like one half dead,
To see our chieftains, old and young,
Thus trod by the churls of the dismal tongue.

Oh! who can well refrain from tears,
Who sees the hosts of a thousand years
Expelled from this their own green isle,
And bondsmen to the base and vile?

He sings of Eoghan Mor, of Finn Mac Cool, of Niall and Brian, and concludes:

Alas! it has pierced mine inmost heart,
That Christ allowed our Crown to depart
To men who defile His Holy Word,
And scorn the Cross, the Church, the Lord.

Andrew Magrath of Limerick, whom they called the “Mangaire sugach” or Merry Pedler, well said what was in the people’s heart:

But oh! my wound, my woe, my grief,
 It is not for myself or mine—
 My pain, my pang without relief,
 Is nothing how our nobles pine!
 Alas! for them and not for me!
 They wander without wealth or fame,
 While clowns and churls of a low degree
 Usurp their gold, their lands, their name.

In such days of gloom the poet sees visions and, telling them, helps to keep hope alive among his fellow men. Erin herself comes to the bardic brethren and makes her moan at the sad servitude into which she has fallen. Egan O’Rahilly tells how a beautiful maiden appeared to him and prophesied the downfall of those who had banned the rightful king. But, when he drew near to her, she flew away to the fairy mansions of Slieve Luachra and, following fast, the poet found in a “magic palace reared of old by Druid art.”

There a wild and wizzard band with mocking, fiendish laughter
 Pointed out me her I sought, who sat low beside a clown;
 And I felt as though I never could dream of pleasure after,
 When I saw the maid so fallen whose charms deserved a
 crown.

He reproaches her bitterly for consorting with one so unworthy.

But answer made she none; she wept with bitter weeping,
 Her tears ran down in rivers, but nothing could she say;

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She gave me then a guide for my safe and better keeping,—
The Brightest of the Bright, whom I met upon my way.

The least sophisticated of O'Rahilly's bearers could grasp the allegory. Erin was ever the distressed fair one, Shane Bwee the ogre, and Prince Charlie the hero. The Princess goes by many names. She is Shiela gal ny Connellan and pictures the brave days to come:

Then bards and books shall flourish
And gladness light the looks of all;
Then generous knights shall nourish
Our golden fame of open hall,
Brave men and chiefs to lead them
Shall flash their spears in valor's van,
And glorious days of freedom
Crown Shiela gal ni Connellan.

They call her Moireen ny Cullenan and she mourns her exiled prince. But she looks forward to the day when:

The Gaels shall come
And with their victor legions,
Lead him and me in triumph home.

As Kathaleen ny Houlahan, with Mangan as interpreter, she sings an inspired note, even in English:

Long they pine in weary woe—the nobles of our land—
Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and banned;
Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's bran,
But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen
ny-Houlahan.

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen;
 Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
 Young she is and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
 Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen
 ny-Houlahan.

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of Thrones
 Vassal to a Saxoneen of cold and sapless bones!
 Bitter anguish wrings our souls, with heavy sighs and groans
 We wait the young deliverer of Kathaleen ny-Houlahan.

Ireland is also "The white-backed auburn cow,"
 the "Drimin dubh Dilis," "The silk of the kine."
 The poor beast complains that she has neither land
 nor dwelling, neither music nor wine. But, though
 sorrowful, she is not spiritless: the old combative-
 ness is in her blood.

Here is Petrie's translation of a verse, and it has
 the merit of saying what the Irish says, a merit un-
 shared by many versions:

Could I but get leave to argue,
 Or a sight of the crown,
 Sassenachs I would leather,
 As I would leather an old brogue,
 Through bogs and through forests,
 Through thorns on a foggy day;
 And it is so I would drive them,
 My Druiminn Donn oge.

The bardic eye, while it idealized the Stuarts,
 was blind to none of the faults of the Hanoverians
 and their Whig supporters. George the Second is
 called "Georgie the Dotard" and abused in good
 round terms. The "base blow" to Alba spoken of

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in the following verse, is a reference to the massacre of Glencoe.

Alas for old Georgey, the tool of a faction!
 "God! what shall I do?" he exclaims in distraction.
 Not one ray of hope from Hanover flashes—
 The lands of my father lie spoiled and in ashes.
 "Nor England nor Eire will yield me a shelter
 And Alba remembers the base blow I dealt her,
 And Denmark is kingless—I've none to befriend me—
 Come Death, weave my shroud, and in charity end me.

Yes, George, and a brilliant career lies before us—
 The God we have served will uplift and restore us—
 Again shall our Mass hymns be chanted in chorus,
 And Charley, our king, our beloved, shall reign o'er us.

Popular detestation of the Whigs finds expression in a poem by Andrew Magrath to the tune of "Leather the Whigs." The verse is full of vigorous abuse and is an admirable example of what the muse can do under the inspiration of hearty political dislike. The chorus suggests the delight which a muscular Celt would have felt in administering a sound thrashing to some particularly odious Whig:

Will you come plankum, plankum,
 Will you come plankum, periwig;
 Will you come plankum, leather and plankum,
 Will you come plankum, periwig.

The song is so significant that it deserves to be given in its entirety. The "blind old goat" is George the Third.

Those insolent Sassenach bands
Shall hold their white mansions, transiently,
Ours again shall be those lands,
Long tilled by our fathers anciently!

We'll have vespers as always our wont,
And sweet hymns chanted melodiously;
'Twill go very hard if we don't
Make the Minister [Pitt] look most odiously.

We'll have bonfires from Derry to Lene,
And the foe shall in flames lie weltering—
All Limerick hasn't a green
Nor a ship that shall give them sheltering.

See Philip comes over the wave!
O! Eire deserves abuse if her
Bold heroes and patriots brave
Don't now drive their foes to Lucifer.

Up! arm now, young men, for our isle!
We have here at hand the whole crew of 'em!
Let us charge them in haste and in style,
And we'll dash out the brains of a few of 'em.

Coming over the ocean to-day
Is Charles, the hero dear to us—
His troops will not ioiter or stay,
Till to Inis Loirc they come here to us.

O, my two eyes might part with their fire,
And palsyng age set my chin astir,
Could I once see those Whigs in the mire,
And the blind old goat without minister.

Not until the death of the Young Pretender in 1788 did the Jacobites give up hope, though every military demonstration, even to the expedition of Thurot in 1760, ended disastrously for the Irish

cause. Thurot, who, according to popular tradition, was an Irishman named O'Farrell, set sail with three ships of war, but was defeated by three English frigates near the Isle of Man. The effort was a vain one; but it inflamed the imagination of the people, and William Heffernan, the blind poet, put their longing into a poem, which was sung to "The Humors of Glynn":

O Patrick, my friend, have you heard the commotion,
 The clangor, the shouting, so lately gone forth?
 The troops have come over the blue-billowed ocean,
 And Thurot commands in the camp of the North.
 Up, up to your post, one of glory and danger;
 Our legions must now neither falter nor fail;
 We'll chase from the island the hosts of the stranger,
 Led on by the conquering prince of the Gael.

Rothe marshals his brave-hearted forces to waken
 The soul of the nation to combat and dare,
 While Georgy is feeble and Cumberland shaken
 And Parliament gnashes its teeth in despair.
 The lads with the dirks from the hills of the Highlands
 Are marching with pibroch and shout to the field,
 And Charlie, Prince Charlie, the king of the islands,
 Will force the usurping old German to yield.

The catastrophe is told in a contemporary ballad:

Before they got their colors struck, great slaughter was made,
 And many a gallant Frenchman on Thurot's decks lay dead;
 They came tumbling down the shrouds, upon his deck they lay,
 While our brave Irish heroes cut their booms and yards away.
 And, as for Monsieur Thurot, as I've heard people say,
 He was taken up by Elliot's men and buried in Ramsay Bay.

To-day we can see that the Jacobite idyll was a

hopeless one from the very beginning. Absolutists by tradition, the Stuarts would only have replaced one tyranny by another. This the Irish themselves were not slow to perceive, when the death of the Young Pretender enabled them to view the situation dispassionately. Raftery, a Gaelic poet nearer to our own day, sums them up with judicial acumen and brevity:

James was the worst man for habits. . . . He laid chains on our bogs and mountains. . . . The father was not worse than the son Charles that left sharp scourges on Ireland. When God and the people thought it time the story to be put down he lost his head. The next James,—sharp blame to him—gives his daughter to William as woman and wife, made the Irish English and the English Irish, like wheat and oats in the month of harvest. It was at Aughrim on a Monday many a son of Ireland found sorrow, without speaking of all that died.

CHAPTER XII

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

THERE is an old jig by the name of "Wood's Halfpence." The name is memorable; for it was Wood's halfpence that, first after the Boyne and Aughrim, brought Catholics and Protestants together in a common cause. There was a shortage of copper coins, and, in 1720, William Wood, an English iron-master, was given a patent to coin £108,000 in pence and halfpence. The issue was debased; worse than that, it was coined for the express purpose of putting £25,000 into the pockets of the Duchess of Kendall, the king's favorite. Swift's Drapier Letters laid bare the whole scandalous job, and though a reward was offered for the name of the author and everyone knew who it was, nobody could be found to give evidence. So strong was popular feeling that the coinage had to be called in.

This occurrence gave the Irish people the first hint of their strength, when united. Primate Boulter noted the situation with alarm. "I find," he wrote, "that the people of every religion, country and party are alike set against Wood's halfpence and that their agreement in this city [Dublin] has had a most unhappy influence in bringing on intimacies between Papists and Jacobites and the Whigs, who before had no correspondence with them."

But the people had to suffer through long years before their condition began sensibly to improve. Not till the American Revolution frightened the government into an apprehension of an outbreak in Ireland, were the Catholics freed from the curse of the Penal Laws or the people as a whole from commercial discrimination. Year by year the peasantry grew poorer and poorer, the middlemen more exacting, the landed gentry more addicted to absenteeism. Swift says that the landlords spent a third of their rent in England and adds that Irish tenants "live worse than English beggars." A few years later, in 1558, Primate Stone testified that "The bulk of the people are not regularly either lodged, clothed or fed, and those things, which, in England, are called necessities of life, are to us only accidents, and we can—and in many cases do—subsist without them." Shane Claragh's poem on James Dawson is a portrait of the landlord type at its worst.

Plentiful is his costly living in the high-gabled, lighted-up mansion of Brian; but tight closed is his door and his heart shut up inside of him, in Aherlow of the fawns, in an opening between two mountains.

His gate he never opens to the moan of the unhappy wretches; he never answers their groans nor provides food for their bodies; if they were to take so much as a little faggot or a crooked rod, he would beat streams of blood out of their shoulders.

The laws of the world he used to tear them constantly to pieces, the ravening stubborn, shameless hound, ever putting in fast fetters the Church of God, and Oh! may the heaven of the saints be a red wilderness for James Dawson.

That this is no overdrawn picture we have evidence from such men as Chesterfield, who was lord lieutenant in 1745, and Arthur Young, the agriculturist, who made a tour of Ireland in the decade of the American Revolution. Chesterfield asserted that "The poor people in Ireland are used worse than negroes by their lords and masters, and their deputies and deputies of deputies." Young, while noting with satisfaction that so much had the age improved in humanity that "even the poor Irish were feeling the benefit," adds: "The landlord of an Irish estate inhabited by Roman Catholics is a sort of despot, who yields obedience in whatever concerns the poor, to no law but that of his will." Nor must the word poor be understood to mean only the peasantry. Young seems to have anticipated the incredulous smile of his fellow countrymen at the Irishman's pride of birth, for he says, writing in 1774: "The lineal descendants of the old families are now to be found, all over the kingdom, working as cottiers on the lands which were once their own."

The Irish woolen trade had been destroyed by Strafford and William; trade with the colonies was cut off; the English market was closed against Irish cattle; Irish fishermen were not allowed to vend their catch in London. Smuggling was the one trade practiced by all classes. So bitter was the people's need that, in 1720, Swift, the first Sinn-Feiner, encouraged his fellow countrymen to wear no clothing save what they had themselves made, and to buy none but Irish furniture. Not till the American

Revolution was there any material improvement and matters grew worse before they mended. When the war with the colonists broke out, the government forbade the exportation of provisions from Ireland. Their object was to cut off supplies from the Americans, and to cheapen food for the British army. A couple of years later, however, frightened by the progress of the revolution and anxious to placate the Irish, the government removed the embargo, permitted the free export of Irish wool and woollen goods and glass, and sanctioned free trade. There is grim irony in the fact that the Ulster Presbyterians, driven out of Ireland by England's suppression of the woollen trade, supplied America with thousands of its best soldiers.

But even more than unjust trade restrictions, the Penal Laws were the cause of misery and want. Such was the working of this terrible code that, while it reduced the great mass of the people to servitude, it impoverished the country as a whole, and did not benefit the ascendant minority. In 1780, when the code had been in operation for fourscore years, Arthur Young admitted its utter failure. "These laws," said he, "have crushed all the industry and wrested most of the property from the Catholics; but the religion triumphs; it is even thought to increase." Nor was the repression of the Catholics without its sinister effect on the ruling minority. Archbishop Synge declared in sorrow: "There are too many amongst us who would rather keep the Papists as they are, in an almost slavish subjection,

than have them made Protestants and thereby entitled to the same privileges as the rest of their fellow subjects."

Lord Chesterfield was the first high official to recognize the folly of the Penal Laws. During his viceroyalty, in 1744, he discouraged the energies of the priest hunters and informers and the condition of the Catholics greatly improved. The first step towards the restoration of the elementary rights of citizenship to the Catholic population was taken in 1771. That it was considered a boon at all shows how terrible was the state of things of which it was an amelioration. The Catholics were allowed to take as much as fifty acres of bog land and reclaim it. If the bog were too deep to build upon, the lessee was permitted to take half an acre of solid land on which to erect a house. But it needed the warning of the American Revolution to awaken the English government to an amending sense of the injustice done the Irish people.

The people had nobody to whom to look for redress. The parliament was aristocratic, sectarian. Three-quarters of the people had no vote and of the 300 members returned by the remaining quarter not more than seventy were elected by the free vote of the people. The spurious boroughs created by the first James still sent representatives to Dublin—mere aristocratic nominees. Not only was the Irish parliament unrepresentative; it was of limited authority. In 1719 the English parliament passed the famous act, the Sixth of George the First, asserting the

right of the English legislature to make laws for Ireland. It also withdrew from the Irish peers the right to hear appeals. What was left of the Irish parliament after this legislation was little more than the shadow of authority, only effective when it happened to be in consonance with the views of the government of Great Britain. The people were rather kept in subjection than governed and the agency by which this effect was obtained was the bureaucracy of Dublin Castle, operating through a judiciary of removables and a sectarian magistracy. The ascendant minority was omnipotent and irresponsible. The country was apparently at peace; but it was the peace of "smothered war." Shorn of their civil rights the people could only work through the machinery of the secret society. Is it wonderful that their will often expressed itself in sinister fashion?

So miserable was the estate of the people that, in 1761, Bishop Berkley doubted "Whether there be upon earth any Christian or civilized people so beggarly, wretched or destitute." The great mass of the peasantry lived on the tilling of small plots of land, which they planted with potatoes. By the very malevolence of fortune this land was subject to the payment of tithes for the support of the clergy of the state church, while grazing land—the land of the capitalist and the wealthy sub-tenants of the great landowners—was exempt from it. It became a financial advantage to the owner or middleman to reduce the land under tillage to the smallest possible

area. Year by year it grew less and less and the more it decreased, the harder it became for the poor people to live. Even the common lands upon which the people had pastured their cows free for ages were invaded by the landlords and their agents.

The enclosure of the common land was one of the principal causes of the Whiteboy outrages in Waterford, Cork, Limerick and Tipperary. Wearing a white shirt over their clothing these ministers of popular vengeance would descend by night upon a district, tear down the newly erected fences—hence their name of “Levelers”—and leave warning letters at the doors of wrong-doing landlords. These letters were signed Joanna Meskell or Captain Dwyer, and woe to the intruder who did not obey them and give up his stolen land. Maiming of cattle, sometimes the torture of human beings, followed non-compliance with the rulings of this nocturnal judiciary. Eugene O’Curry remembered a choral song which they used as a marching tune. It refers to Bonaparte, a reference which reminds us how instinctively Irishmen turn for succor to the enemies of England. Here is a verse:

I have heard news from the West and the South
That Cork has been burned twice by the mob—
General Hoche with his gold-headed sword,
And he clearing the way for Bonaparte.
O woman of the house, isn’t that pleasant?

The Right Boys waged war on the tithe jobbers, agents and middlemen. In vain the priests denounced them from the pulpit. Terrible crimes were

committed. The Steel Boys conspired against the Marquis of Donegal, a rack-renter and a profligate. The Heart of Oak Boys were aroused to action by the ordinance which exacted six days' road mending a year and, where there was a horse, six days' work of the horse also. The gentry neither worked themselves nor contributed to the cost of the work.

More sinister than these societies, which aimed at the betterment of the condition of the people, were such organizations as the Catholic Defenders and the Protestant Peep-of-Day Boys. Their brawls were frequent and eventually they fought a regular battle at a village called the Diamond, near Armagh, when between twenty and thirty people were killed. The Orangemen, founded in 1795, aimed to drive the Catholics out of Ulster. But Irishmen of finer mold rose above sectarian differences. The United Irishmen, founded by Ulster Protestants in 1791, aimed at constitutional reform. Napper Tandy, a Belfast shopkeeper, was one of the leading spirits, and Theobald Wolfe Tone was another.

So much headway did the United Irishmen make that the government became alarmed. To take or administer an oath in a secret society was a capital offense, and this principle of the law was invoked against the United Irishmen. Just before the insurrection of Ninety-eight, a young Presbyterian of Antrim, named William Orr, was charged and convicted of giving the United Irishmen oath to a private soldier named Whitly. The circumstances of his conviction threw the gravest doubt on its validity.

On the very day of the trial four of the jury made affidavits that whisky had been introduced into the jury room and the verdict agreed to under the influence of drink and threats. Next day Whitly confessed that his evidence was false or had been distorted. Three times Orr was reprieved; but finally word came for his execution and the sentence was carried out. On the scaffold he exhorted his countrymen "to be true and faithful to each other, as he had been to them." In the eyes of the people Orr was a martyr, and "Remember Orr" became the watchword of the national movement. The story lives in a poem by Dr. Drennan and the following are the most notable verses:

There our murdered brother lies;
Wake him not with woman's cries;
Mourn the way that manhood ought—
Sit in silent trance of thought.

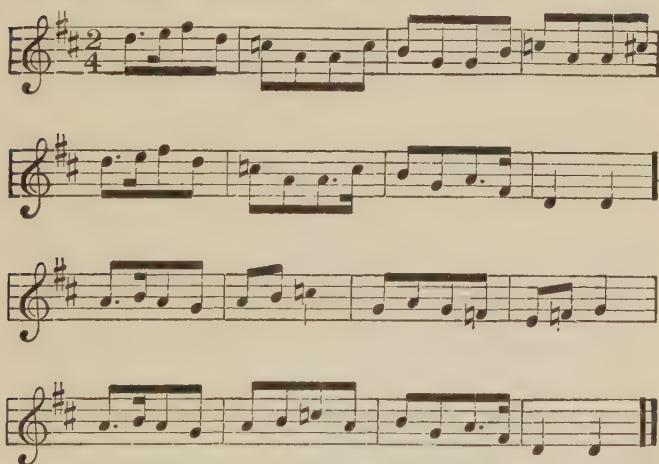
Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke and acted truth;
"Countrymen, unite," he cried,
And died for what our Savior died.

Here we watch our brother's sleep:
Watch with us, but do not weep:
Watch with us through dead of night—
But expect the morning light.

The first ray of hope came to Ireland from the West—from that America which had given a home to so many an exile from Erin. The colonists did not know it; but they were fighting Ireland's battle—England's battle too, freedom's battle. It is

legitimate matter for Irish pride that the rallying tune of the Revolution, "Yankee Doodle," is an Irish air. Many countries have claimed the paternity of this spirited melody. They have called it a Cavalier drinking song; it has been dubbed a Hessian march. Here it is in its pristine state, "All the Way to Galway," an Irish folk-song.

EX. 43. *All the Ways to Galway.*



The withdrawal of English troops left the coast of Ireland unprotected against the depredations of Paul Jones and American privateers. To guard their property the gentry of Down and Antrim began to drill their servants and laborers. The example was imitated far and wide and, before either people or government grasped the significance of what was taking place, Ulster had several thousand volunteers banded together for the defense of the country. For the first time since the capitulation of

Limerick Ireland had an army of her own. Belfast was the birthplace of the idea, and 1779 the year. The volunteers furnished their uniforms and the government, against its will, supplied the arms. Protestants officered the organization; but Catholics joined it in large numbers. Soon the force numbered 100,000 men. So large a body of men, armed and disciplined for combat, could not but be politically self-conscious. The example of America was before their eyes; freedom was in the spirit of the times. The volunteers met and passed resolutions in favor of legislative independence and free trade. The effect on the English was immediate. Fearful of rebellion, the legislators repealed the Sixth of George the First and passed an Act of Renunciation, acknowledging Ireland's right to make her own laws and declaring that that right should never again be called in question. In 1782 the king was the only remaining link between England and Ireland.

The fetters, religious and commercial, which had bound Erin for so long, were shattered. The definitive change came with the repeal of the Test Act, which made conformity with the Established Church a condition of civic fitness. That was in 1778. Four years later an act was passed permitting Catholics to buy and sell land. The ban was taken off the Mass; priests might come and go at pleasure; Catholic schoolmasters might teach without fear of prison. The franchise was restored and, in 1795, William Pitt brought in a Catholic Emancipation bill, and it would have become law but for the

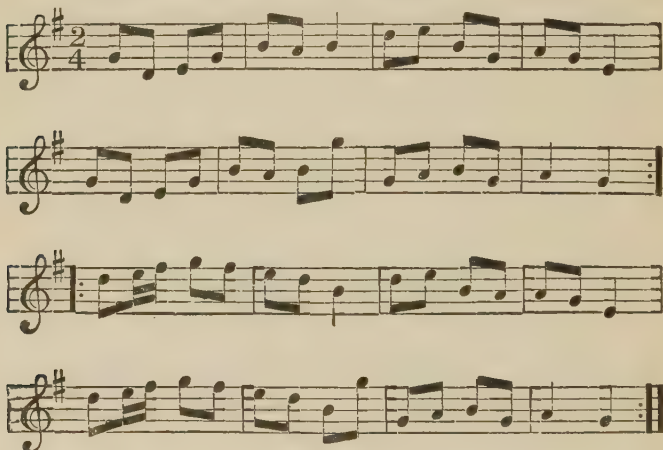
fears of George the Third, who fancied the Protestant Succession was in danger. In addition to the liberties already mentioned, Catholics were allowed to attend Trinity College, and Thomas Moore, the poet, was one of the first to benefit by the change. Another change in the attitude of the government even more surprising was the establishment of Maynooth. For centuries young Irishmen had been sent to France to study for the priesthood and the government greatly feared lest they should become imbued with the ideas of the French revolution. To prevent this they founded Maynooth College and endowed it with an annual grant of £8000. But complete Catholic emancipation was delayed till 1829.

It seemed as though brighter days for Ireland had dawned at last. But the perverse constitution of Grattan's parliament was a fatal stumbling block in the way of the realization of Ireland's aspirations. Corrupt and unrepresentative, it stubbornly resisted the demands of Flood and the Patriotic party. This was in 1732. The Catholics, it must be remembered, were not restored the franchise until 1793. For a time it seemed as though the Volunteers would attempt to force parliament to do the people's will. But there was no O'Connell or Parnell to lead them. Charlemont, the commander, shrank from the issue, and adjourned the meeting of the Volunteers without fixing a day for their reunion. For want of a man, the most effective organization Ireland ever had for forcing the hand of fate melted away. Here is the

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tune to which the Irish Volunteers were wont to march:

Ex. 44. March of the Irish Volunteers.



“No man cometh on more bravely at a charge,” wrote Edmund Spenser of the Irish 300 years ago. “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects,” exclaimed George the Second, when he heard of the charge of Clare’s men at Fontenoy. The Indians of the Middle West called “Garryowen” “The devil’s music,” and President Roosevelt has declared it “The finest marching tune in the world.” So much for the quality of Irish soldiery and Irish marching music.

Disappointed in their hopes, many of the Volunteers joined secret societies. The more idealistic hailed the outbreak of the French Revolution as the dawn of the world’s freedom. The Belfast Whigs

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celebrated the fall of the Bastille with processions; banquets were held and men drank to the National Assembly and the Rights of Man. One of Thomas Moore's earliest memories was such a banquet, and to the air of "Savourneen Deelish" he told of the hopes that Irishmen dared to dream and, alas! the bitter awakening. In this poem Moore is Ireland's bard, the poet who sings her heart's emotions.

'Tis gone, and for ever the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Looked upward and blessed the pure ray ere it fled.

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And, darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing;
And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The Young Hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood.

Then vanished for ever that fair sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remembered, pure, bright and elysian,
As at first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

America was free; the French Revolution had spent itself; but the position of Ireland remained desperate. She asked for the bread of liberty and they gave her a stone. Catholics could vote once more; but such was the constitution of parliament that the boon was of no avail. Despairing of any

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change for the better, the Volunteers allied themselves with the United Irishmen and sought the remedy for Ireland's ills in armed rebellion. Wolfe Tone succeeded in inducing the French government to assist in the establishment of an Irish republic. In December, 1796, 45 ships set sail from Brest with 10,000 soldiers on board, bound for Bantry Bay. Hoche was in command, with Grouchy for second and Wolfe Tone as adjutant general. Hope ran high in Ireland. The Isle of Destiny was to be free once more. Celt and Frenchman were to drive the Saxon before them. Some Irishman whose name has been forgotten crystallized the expectancy of the hour in the song of "The Shan Van Vocht," "The Poor Old Woman," yet another endearing, pitiful name for Erin. It pictures the coming of the French and the uprising of the Gaels in their strength:

Oh! the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the Sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

They are to have their camp at the Curragh of
Kildare and

The boys will all be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

The yeoman will throw off the red and blue and wear "Their own immortal green." The song ends in a prophecy:

And will Ireland then be free?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Will Ireland then be free?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Yes, Ireland shall be free,
 From the center to the sea;
 Then hurrah for liberty!
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

This was the time when the Whiteboys were singing "O woman of the house, isn't that pleasant?" and hopefully picturing Hoche "Clearing the way for Bonaparte." But the same hard fate which, a hundred years earlier, delayed the French fleet until Sarsfield had signed the capitulation of Limerick, was against the Irish once more. For a whole month the French fleet was buffeted by the storm, scattered hither and thither. At last seventeen vessels made their way into Bantry Bay. The French soldiers were eager to land; but the commander was either cautious or fearful and, after a week of waiting, he weighed anchor and sailed away. Meanwhile the people were suffering the miseries of an Insurrection Act. An irregular soldiery was billeted on the peasantry; whipping, half hanging, all manner of cruelty, were practiced on suspected persons to make them reveal the details of the intended rebellion. There was a riding school in the court of justice at Dublin and, in this place, without even the form of trial, men were scourged to make them

tell what they knew. During the whole of 1797 Ireland was practically in a state of rebellion. In Ulster General Lake declared martial law and attempted to disarm the people. Committees of the United Irishmen were arrested at Belfast; the yeomanry was called out; militia regiments were sent over from England. The lower classes, Catholic and Protestant, waged a war of outrage upon one another. People were hiding guns and pikes in the bogs in readiness for a general uprising. The spirit of the hour has been vividly imagined by John Keegan Casey in "The Rising of the Moon." Sixty years had elapsed since the Rebellion when Mr. Casey wrote; but its memories were still vivid.

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
 Eyes were watching thro' that night;
 Many a manly chest was throbbing
 For the blessed warning light.
 Murmurs passed along the railers
 Like the banshee's lonely cry,
 And a thousand blades were flashing
 At the rising of the moon.

There, beside the singing river,
 That dark mass of men were seen—
 Far above the shining weapons
 Hung their own beloved "Green";
 "Death to ev'ry foe and traitor."
 Forward! strike the marchin' tune,
 And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!
 'Tis the risin' of the moon.

The rising was abortive. The plan was detected; the leaders were arrested; the rebellion broke out

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prematurely. Though the Rebels captured Enniscorthy and Gorey, the end came at Vinegar Hill. Two small French expeditions also ended disastrously and Wolfe Tone was captured. They refused him the death of a soldier and he took his own life. Thus ended the rebellion of Ninety-eight. It was tragic, but not inglorious. If we would know what it means to Irishmen to-day, we shall find it in John Kells Ingram's "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-eight?"

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?

Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame?

He's all a knave or half a slave

Who slights his country thus:

But a true man, like you, man,

Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,

The faithful and the few—

Some lie far off beyond the wave,

Some sleep in Ireland, too;

All, all are gone—but still lives on

The fame of those who died;

And true men, like you, men,

Remember them with pride.

They rose in dark and evil days

To right their native land;

They kindled here a living blaze

That nothing shall withstand.

Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—

They fell and passed away;

But true men, like you, men,

Are plenty here to-day.

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Then here's your memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite!
 Though good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate;
 And true men, be you, men.
 Like those of Ninety-eight.

Ingram passed to his rest but a little while ago. In his later manhood he accepted a position under the government which precluded his taking that aggressive position on the subject of Ireland which he assumed in his earlier years. But colleagues tell how, when Irishmen marched by in procession singing "The Memory of the Dead," he would stand by the window, erect and stern, listening intently.

Many a moving story of that time is preserved in verse, the composition of singers of the wayside. Of these tales none was more popular than "The Croppy Boy," and it is significant that the endings vary in different versions. Some preferred the story to end with pathos and appealed to their hearers to "Drop a tear for the Croppy Boy"; others preferred to have him live to fight another day. Here is the version with which Dr. P. W. Joyce has been familiar since childhood and which he publishes in his "Irish Peasant Songs":

'Twas early, early, all in the spring,
 The pretty, small birds began to sing;
 They sang so sweet and gloriously,
 And the tune they played was sweet liberty.

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'Twas early, early, last Thursday night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The fright they gave me was to my downfall:—
I was prisoner taken by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in his guardhouse I was confined,
And in his parlor I was closely tried;
My sentence passed and my spirits low,
And to Duncannon I was forced to go.

My sister Mary in deep distress,
She ran downstairs in her morning dress,
Five hundred pounds she would lay down,
To see me walking through Wexford town.

As I was walking the hills so high,
Who could blame me if I did cry,
With a guard behind me and another before,
And my tender mother crying more and more?

So farewell, father and mother, too,
And, sister Mary, I have but you;
And if e'er I chance to return home,
I'll whet my pike on those yeomen's bones.

Ninety-eight gave Ireland the song which has been called her national anthem, "The Wearing of the Green," a song which is, in the pathos of its melody and the indignant irony of its words, an arraignment of England's Irish policy more potent with simple folk than the eloquence of statesmen. There is in true national poetry an accent of passionate sincerity which goes straight to the heart and cannot be imitated. That accent we find in "The Marseillaise," we find it in "Dixie"; it is present in the "Wacht am Rhein"; it vibrates in

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“Scots Wha Hae”; but nowhere does it ring with a more pathetic thrill than in “The Wearing of the Green.” The writer was a lad when first he heard it sung in Boucicault’s “Arrah na Pogue” in one of the English provincial towns and well he remembers the involuntary tremor of sympathy that went through the audience at the line:-

They’re hanging men and women there for the wearing o’ the
green.

Those were the days of coercion and, when people were able to forget political animosity, Ireland’s sorrows moved them to the depths. In the change of heart that has come over England of late years in its relation towards Ireland, “The Wearing of the Green” has played an important part. Because it was sung in Boucicault’s drama many people have imagined that the clever playwright wrote it. But nobody can claim its authorship. It is an inspired street ballad, born of the sorrow and bitterness of the people. Here is a verse which shows the song, as it were, in process of emergence:

I met with Bonaparte; he took me by the hand,
Saying, how is old Ireland and how does she stand?
’Tis the most distressed country that ever I did see;
They’re hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

And here is the immortal street song in its final form:

Oh, Paddy dear! and did ye hear the news that’s goin’ round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow in Irish ground!

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No more St Patrick's Day we'll keep; his color can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' of the green!

I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she
stand?"

She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' of the
green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the
sod,—

And never fear, 'twill take root there, though under foot 'tis
trod!

When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they
grow,

And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not
show,

Then I will change the color too I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' of the green.

The year 1800 saw the establishment of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. The project was first broached in the speech from the throne; but the Irish parliament, imperfectly representative though it was and wholly Protestant, struck out the clause. But Pitt, the "Great Commoner," was determined on forcing through the scheme; so recourse was had to bribery. Pensions, peerages, government positions, cold cash were offered for votes. It cost £1,260,000 in bribery to pass the measure and Ireland paid the bill. Sir John Parnell demanded that the government should go to the people on the question, but was met with refusal. The act was

passed in face of the passionate antagonism of the Irish people. The Union was at its inception, as it is to-day, a paper union, "loveless, unendeared," conceived in iniquity and begotten in sin.

Irishmen went on their way, dreaming of insurrection and trying to bring it about. Of this number was Robert Emmet, reckless, perhaps foolhardy, judged by the ordinary standard of men, but a martyr in the cause of Irish nationality. His was the kind of failure which makes tyrants tremble. Ireland loves to remember, as something in the nature of a prophecy, the words with which Emmet concluded his defense. They breathe the loftiest patriotism and, if they had been spoken by a Brutus, a Leonidas, or a Garibaldi, every English youth would learn them at school. Englishmen accept Washington as a patriot. Yet if Washington's attempt to free the American colonies had failed, his fate would have been Emmet's fate, and, if Emmet had succeeded, he would to-day be regarded as the father of his country. Harken then to his words:

I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charge of silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace, my memory be left in oblivion and my tomb remain uninscribed until other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.

Emmet's example nerved the Patriots and Daniel

O'Connell to go on until, in 1829, Catholic Emancipation was won and O'Connell himself, the first Catholic to sit in parliament for well nigh a century and a half, took his place at Westminster. But the boon was wrested by fear. The Duke of Wellington told the House of Lords they might choose between emancipation and civil war.

We have seen how, in the Penal Days, the land went out of cultivation because of tithe exactions. The grazing farms of the rich went free; but the impost fell with crushing weight on the peasant, whose little plot of land, sown with potatoes, was all he had to keep the wolf from the door. With an irony as provocative as it was unjust, the Catholic peasant was deprived of part of his narrow sustenance to pay the salary of the Protestant vicar or rector. Even Froude, no pleader of the Irish cause, recognized the injustice. Here is what he says on the matter:

The wealthy Protestant grazing farmers ought to have been the first to bear the expense of the Protestant church. They paid nothing at all. The cost of the Establishment fell, in the South, exclusively on the poorest of the Catholic tenantry. The Munster cottiers paid £7 a year for a cabin and an acre of potato ground. The landlord took his rent from him in labor, at fivepence or sixpence a day; the tithe farmer took twelve to twenty shillings from him besides, and took, in addition, from the very peat which he took from the bog, a tithe called in mockery "smoke money."

Lecky declares that next to the Penal Laws the religious establishment in Ireland was "the most powerful of all agents in demoralizing its people."

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If the tithe had been payable to or through the landlord or direct to the clergyman, the cottiers might, in many cases, have hoped for considerate treatment. But the tithes were farmed out to tithe jobbers, who exacted from the tenants the uttermost farthing. Edmund Wakefield, who wrote an "Account of Ireland" in 1812, witnessed scenes of misery caused by the enforcement of the tithe, which made the tithe war of the thirties a natural consequence. The people were being taxed out of house and home to maintain a clergy not their own. Mr. Wakefield shall testify:

I have seen the favorite cow driven away, accompanied by the sighs, the tears, and the imprecations of a whole family, who were paddling after, through wet and dirt, to take their last affectionate farewell of this, their only friend and benefactor, at the pound gate. I have heard, with emotions which I can scarcely describe, deep curses repeated from village to village, as the cavalcade proceeded. I have witnessed the group pass the domain walls of the opulent owner, whose numerous herds were cropping the most luxuriant pastures, while he was secure from any demand for the tithe of their food, looking on with the most unfeeling indifference.

In Leinster and Munster the bitterness intensified until a veritable state of insurrection prevailed, with armed encounters between people and police and loss of life. At the same time—such was the perverseness of the whole system—hundreds of Protestant clergymen were reduced well nigh to beggary. Raftery, the people's poet, encouraged the Connaught men to stand firm and support their brothers of Munster. He made a poem, which is sung to

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the tune of the Cuis da Ple and Dr. Douglas Hyde gives us the English of it in his "Religious Songs of Connaucht." Here are the most vivid stanzas:

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces,
It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay,"
When we are behind her and Munster challenges,
The guards of England must fall away.
Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
We'll make them budge; we accept their challenges,
We'll have jury and judge in the courts for the Catholics,
And England come down to the Cuis da Ple.

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,
Eating and drinking and sport and play,
Beautiful flowers and trees and foliage,
Dew on the grass through the live-long day.
We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
Thronging the ways, they will all fly back again,
Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
Kindling the chorus of Cuis da Ple.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
From Ennis to Cork and the town of Roscrea,
And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand
again,
Our trumps show large; let us play them manfully;
Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
It is I who shall lilt you the Cuis da Ple.

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our hand is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "long life to Raftery,"
For it is he who could sing you the Cuis da Ple.

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At last, in 1838, the tithe was abolished. But the penury of generations is not to be remedied by the mere erasing of an act from the statute book. Ireland was sapped of her vitality and, when The Hunger came in 1845 and 6, the people had no power to fight it. A million people disappeared off the face of the earth and the horror of that awful time has not passed out of the minds of Irishmen even yet. A song is sung which gives us a thrill of what people went through, when men withered in the fields and the fever swept away whole villages. The name of it is "Over Here." The song has been adapted from the original by Arthur Perceval Graves:

Oh, the praties they are small,
Over here, over here!
Oh, the praties they are small,
Over here!
Oh, the praties they are small,
And we dig them in the fall,
And we ate them, coats and all,
Full of fear, full of fear.

The singer would fain they were geese,
For they live and die at peace,
Till the hour of their decease,
'Atin corn, 'atin corn.

And he concludes:

Oh, we're down into the dust,
But the God in Whom we trust,
Will yet give us crumb for crust,
Over here, over here!

One of Ireland's bitterest grievances against Eng-

land was that she reduced the children to ignorance. A thousand years ago Saxon kings were sending their children to Ireland to be educated. So great was the swarm of scholars that they had to be divided into nations. But England was slow to return the favor. In the years that elapsed between the Williamite wars and the establishment of the national schools, in 1831, the only price at which an education could be obtained for an Irish Catholic child was the sacrifice of his faith. As we have already seen, in the Penal Days, Catholic schoolmasters were forbidden to teach under pain of severe penalties. Either the parents must send their children to the Protestant schools or let them grow up in ignorance. Such were the alternatives offered by the government. Irish parents preferred to send their children to learn what they could in hedge schools, taught by men who gave instruction in defiance of prison and transportation. The gentry were in little better case; for it was against the law to keep a Catholic usher, and to send a child to be educated abroad was a grave offense. In 1730, at the instance of Primate Boulter of Armagh, the government established Charter schools, which had for their professed purpose the education of the Catholic children as Protestants. No justification was pleaded; it was assumed to be a right thing to do. When, in 1735, poorhouses were established at Dublin and Cork, all the children were brought up as Protestants and, to prevent the exercise of any parental influence, the Dublin children were sent to Cork and

the Cork children to Dublin. So solicitous, however, were the mothers for the spiritual welfare of their little ones, that they got themselves hired as nurses in the same institutions. The children themselves been warned what to expect, and when, on Fridays and fast days, meat broth was offered them, they would not drink it and it had to be forced down their throats. Dr. Campbell, the author of "A Philosophical Tour in the South of Ireland," observes that "A Papist would suffer any loss except that of his child rather than send it to one of these schools"—meaning the Charter schools. "Such," he remarks, "is the bigotry of this deluded people that nothing but absolute want can prevail on them to suffer their children to receive an education which, as they conceive, endangers their salvation."

Wrong in the very principle of their institution, these schools degenerated until they reached a state of almost incredible wretchedness. Thomas Howard, the prison philanthropist, made a tour of visitation and declared that their condition was "So deplorable as to disgrace Protestantism and to encourage Popery rather than the contrary." Parliament instituted an inquiry and the revelations bore out Howard's report. But no remedial measures were adopted. For well nigh a century the schools of the great mass of the Irish people were the hedge-rows and glens, barns and hovels in out-of-the-way places. Yet so great was the desire for learning that, under the direction of the hedge schoolmaster, the children not only learned the rudiments, but oftentimes

acquired a knowledge of the classic languages that would put many a collegian to shame. Writing in 1845, Christopher Anderson, a Scotchman, gives us a glimpse into the state of things which prevailed as late as the third and fourth decades of the last century:

I may assure the reader that such has been the eagerness of the Irish to obtain education that children have been known to acquire the first elements of reading, writing and arithmetic without a book, without a pen, without a slate. And indeed the place of meeting was no other than a graveyard. The long flat stones, with their inscriptions, were used instead of books, while a bit of chalk and the stones together served for all the rest. Then we can mention evening scholars, who have been endeavoring literally to go on by help of moonlight, for want of a candle, and even men and women, particularly within these few years, acquiring an ability to read in so short a period that, until the facts of the case are examined or witnessed, the statement might seem incredible.

The day of better things came with the year 1831, when the National Schools were established. Their basic principle was state-aided education in secular subjects. The giving of religious instruction was left to the priest or the minister. At first the people shrank from the new schools. They feared some device to steal away their faith. A poem of Raftery's gives a good idea of the popular attitude,—the translation is Dr. Hyde's:

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.

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Our clergy's word is good, Oh! seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her,
But, if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.

Of course, the authorities would have nothing of Patrick or Bridget. Archbishop Whateley is credited with the authorship of the following quatrain, which Irish scholars were invited to learn:

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled
And made me in these Christian days
A little English child.

But notwithstanding their imperfections, the National Schools were a great boon. As time goes on and Gaelic becomes as essential a part of their teaching as English, something like even-handed justice will have been done.

Here we will rest our case. We have heard the story of Ireland in melody or verse from the vague beginnings down to modern times. We have seen every attempt to destroy Ireland's national sense end in failure. Erin has assimilated and converted to her own use the best that the stranger could offer, and that without losing the personality which is her charm. Thomas Davis dreamed of a time when Irishmen would all work together for the common good, none trying to get an unfair advantage over the other, each extending to each the fullest liberty of self-expression, whether in religion, art or commerce. To-day Irishmen have come nearer to a

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state of organic solidarity than ever before. Religious intolerance is of the past. Protestant and Catholic can worship the same Maker each in his own way; the people are coming back to the land; territories long desolate are beginning to smile again; the population is ceasing to decrease. Most hopeful sign of all, Ireland is trusting to her own initiative. She will work out her own salvation, self-reliant, looking within for the solution of the difficulties which beset her. On this note of self-reliance we will end, with a God-speed in this verse by John O'Hagan:

Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in Ourselves Alone.

THE END

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